

THE
P L A Y S
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

ACCURATELY PRINTED
FROM THE TEXT OF MR. MALONE'S EDITION.

WITH
SELECT EXPLANATORY NOTES.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

CONTAINING
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL,
TWELFTH NIGHT,
WINTER'S TALE,
MACBETH,
KING JOHN.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR C. BATHURST, T. PAYNE AND SON, W. AND
A. STRAHAN, J. F. AND C. RIVINGTON, L. DAVIS, W. OWEN,
B. WHITE, T. LONGMAN, E. LAW, C. BILLY, J. BORDON,
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J. NICHOLLS, R. BALDWIN, J. BEW, J. MURRAY, W. LOWNDSE,
AND THE REST OF THE PROPRIETORS.

MDCCLXXXVI.

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CONTAINING
ALL THAT ENDS WITH
THE TWELFTH NIGHT
WINTER'S TALE
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA
AND KING JOHN

LONDON:
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A. STANLEY, T. AND C. LINDSAY, J. DAVY, W. GIBBS,
R. WHITE, T. LONGMAN, W. LEE, C. GILBY, J. ROBERTS,
T. CADOGAN, G. O. AND J. BARNARD, N. COCHRAN,
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AND THE REST OF THE PROPRIETORS.
MDCCCXXXV.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL,

Vol. III.

B

ALICE WELLS ENDS WELLS



Vol. III

Persons Respected

THE story of *All's Well That Ends Well*, or, as I suppose it to have been sometimes called, *Low's Labour*, is originally indeed the property of Boccaccio, but it came immediately to Shakespeare from Painter's *Gillette of Narbon*, in the first Vol. of the *Palace of Pleasure*, quarto, 1566, p. 88. Shakespeare is indebted to the novel only for a few leading circumstances in the graver parts of the piece. The comick business appears to be entirely of his own formation. STEEVENS.

This comedy, I imagine, was written in 1608. MALONE.

Persons Represented¹.

King of France.

Duke of Florence.

Bertram, Count of Rouffillon.

Lafeu, an old Lord.

Parolles², a follower of Bertram.

Several young French Lords, that serve with Bertram in the Florentine war.

Steward,

Clown,

A Page.

} Servants to the Countess of Rouffillon.

Countess of Rouffillon, mother to Bertram.

Helena, a gentlewoman protected by the Countess.

An old widow of Florence.

Diana, daughter to the widow.

Violenta³,

Mariana, } Neighbours and friends to the widow.

*Lords, attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c.
French and Florentine.*

SCENE, partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.

¹ There is no enumeration of persons in the old copy.

² *Parolles,*] I suppose we should write this name *Paroles*, i. e. a creature made up of empty words. STEEVENS.

³ *Violenta* only enters once, and then she neither speaks, nor is spoken to. STEEVENS.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Rousillon. *A Room in the Count's Palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, the Countess of ROUSILLON, HELENA, and LAFEU, in mourning.

Count. **I**N delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward¹, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam;— you, sir, a father: He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

B 3

Laf.

¹ — in ward,] Under his particular care, as my guardian, till I come to age. It is now almost forgotten in England, that the heirs of great fortunes were the king's wards. Whether the same practice prevailed in France, it is of no great use to enquire, for Shakspeare gives to all nations the manners of England. JONSON.

Howell's fifteenth letter acquaints us that the province of Normandy was subject to wardships, and no other part of France besides; but the supposition of the contrary furnished Shakspeare with a reason why the king compelled Rousillon to marry Helena. TOLLET.

The prerogative of wardship is a branch of the feudal law, and may as well be supposed to be incorporated with the constitution of France, as it was with that of England, till the reign of Charles II.

SIR J. HAWKINS.

Laf. He hath abandon'd his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the process, but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that *had!* how sad a passage 'tis!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretch'd so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think, it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How call'd you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately spoke of him, admiringly, and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have liv'd still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Lif. I would, it were not notorious. — Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer: for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, these commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

Laf.

^a *Passage is any thing that passeth, so we now say, a passage of an author, and we said about a century ago, the passages of a reign. When the countess mentions Helena's loss of a father, she recollects her own loss of a husband, and stops to observe how heavily that word had pass'd through her mind.*

^b *i. e. qualities of good breeding and erudition, (in the same sense that the Italians say, *qualità virtuosa*), and not moral ones. Virtue and virtuous, still keep this signification in the north, and mean ingenuity, and ingenious.*

^c *Her virtues are the better for their simpleness, that is, her excellencies are the better because they are artless and open, without fraud, without*



ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

7

Laf. Your commendations, madam, girt from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can⁵ season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood⁶ from her cheek. No more of this, Helena, go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram! and succeed thy father in manners, as in shape! thy blood, and virtue, Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness Share with thy birth-right! Love all, trust a few, Do wrong to none! be able for thine enemy Rather in power, than use; and keep thy friend Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence, But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will, That thee may furnish⁵, and my prayers pluck down, Fall on thy head! Farewell.—My lord, 'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord, Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best, That shall attend his love.

B 4

Count.

without design. Dr. Warburton has well explained *virtues*, but has not, I think, reached the force of the word *traitors*, and therefore has not shewn the full extent of Shakspeare's masterly observation. *Virtues in an unclean mind are virtues and traitors too.* Estimable and useful qualities, joined with an evil disposition, give that evil disposition power over others, who, by admiring the virtue, are betrayed to the malevolence. The *Tatler*, mentioning the sharpers of his time, observes, that some of them are men of such elegance and knowledge, that a young man who falls into their way, is betrayed as much by his judgment as his passions. JOHNSON.

⁵ To season him here a culinary sense; to preserve by salting.

⁶ — all livelihood— i. e. all appearance of life.

⁷ That may help thee with more and better qualifications.

2 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Count. Heaven blefs him!—Farewell, Bertram.

[Exit Countess.]

Ber. The best wishes, that can be forged in your thoughts, [*to Helena.*] be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: You must hold the credit of your father. [Exit BERTRAM and LAFFEU.]

Hel. O, were that all!—I think not on my father; And these great tears¹ grace his remembrance more, Than those I shed for him. What was he like? I have forgot him: my imagination Carries no favour in it, but Bertram's. I am undone; there is no living, none, If Bertram be away. It were all one, That I should love a bright particular star, And think to wed it, he is so above me: In his bright radiance and collateral light Must I be comforted, not in his sphere? The ambition in my love thus plagues itself: The hind, that would be mated by the lion, Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague, To see him every hour; to sit and draw His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls, In our heart's table²; heart, too capable

7 That is, may you be mistress of your wishes, and have power to bring them to effect.

⁸ The tears which the king and countess shed for him. Or perhaps she means—And these great tears which are now falling in abundance from my eyes, on another account, appear to do more honour to his memory than those which I really shed for him when he died; which flowed in a less copious stream.

⁹ I cannot be united with him and move in the same sphere, but must be comforted at a distance by the radiance that shoots on all sides from him.

Milton, b. x: "—from his radiant seat he rose

"Of high collateral glory." STEEVENS.

² A table was formerly a term for a picture. *Tableau*, Fr. So, on a picture painted in the time of Queen Elizabeth, in the possession of the Hon. Horace Walpole:

"The Queen to Walsingham this table sent,
"Mark of her people's and her own content."

Of every line and trick of his sweet favour² :
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relicks. Who comes here ?

Enter PAROLLES.

One that goes with him : I love him for his sake ;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward ;
Yet these fix'd evils fit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind : withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par. Save you, fair queen.

Hel. And you, monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity³ ?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain⁴ of soldier in you ; let
me ask you a question : Man is enemy to virginity ; how
may we barricado it against him ?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails ; and our virginity, though valiant,
in the defence yet is weak : unfold to us some warlike re-
sistance.

Par. There is none ; man, sitting down before you,
will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers, and
blowers up !—Is there no military policy, how virgins
might blow up men ?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier
be blown up : marry, in blowing him down again, with
the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is

B 5

not

¹ So, in *King John* : " he hath a *trick* of Cœur de Lion's face." *Trick* seems to be some peculiarity of look or feature ; and is an expression taken from *drawing*, and is so explained in another place.—*Trick*, however, may mean *peculiarity*. *Tricking* is used by heralds for the delineation and colouring of arms, &c.

² *Cloth* for naked ; as *superfluous* for over-clothed. This makes the propriety of the antithesis.

⁴ *Stain* for what we now say *tinture* ; some qualities, at least (superficial, of a soldier.

not politick in the commonwealth of nature, to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase⁵; and there was never virgin got, till virginity was first lost. That, you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion; away with it.

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself, is a virgin: virginity murders itself⁶; and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin⁷ in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by't: Out with't: within ten years it will make itself ten, which is a goodly increase; and the principal itself not much the worse: Away with't.

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see. Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes⁸. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which

⁵ I believe we should read, *rational*. TYRWHITT.

Rational increase may mean the regular increase by which rational beings are propagated. STEVENS.

⁶ i. e. he that hangs himself, and a virgin, are in this circumstance alike; they are both *self-destroyers*.

⁷ — *inhibited sin* — i. e. forbidden.

⁸ Parolles, in answer to the question, *how one shall lose virginity to her own liking*? plays upon the word *liking*, and says, *she must do ill, for virginity, to be so lost, must like him that likes not virginity*.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. 11

which wear not now⁹. Your date better¹ is in your pye and your porridge, than in your cheek: And your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd pears; it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a wither'd pear: it was formerly better; marry, yet, 'tis a wither'd pear: Will you any thing with it?²

Hel. Not my virginity yet.

There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phoenix, captain³, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddels, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress⁴, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms⁵,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall:—God send him well!—
The court's a learning place;—and he is one—

Par. What one, i' faith?

Hel. That I wish well.—'Tis pity—

Par. What's pity?

B 6

Hel.

⁹ — *which wear not now.*] Thus the old copy, and rightly. Shakspeare often uses the active for the passive. The modern editors read, — *which we wear not now.* T. W. H. T.

¹ Here is a quibble on the word *date*, which means both *age*, and a kind of candied *fruit* much used in our author's time.

² Perhaps we should read: "Will you any thing with us?" i. e. will you send any thing with us to court? to which Helena's answer would be proper enough—

"Not my virginity yet."

A similar phrase occurs in *Tenelfth Night*, Act III. Sc. 1:

"You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?"

³ — *captain*,] Our author often uses this word for a head or chief.

⁴ *Traitora*, a *traitress*, in the Italian language, is generally used as a term of endearment. The meaning of *Helena* is, that she shall prove every thing to *Bertram*. Our ancient writers delighted in catalogues, and always characterize love by contraries.

⁵ — *christendoms*,] This word, which signifies the collective body of christianity, every place where the christian religion is embraced, is rarely used with much licence on this occasion: but it is used by another ancient writer in the same sense; so that the word probably bore, in our author's time, the signification which he has annexed to it.

12 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt: that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And shew what we alone must think^o; which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.

[Exit Page.]

Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee,
I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charita-
ble star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have so kept you under, that you must
needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward, when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safe-
ty: But the composition, that your valour and fear makes
in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear
well.

Par. I am so full of businessses, I cannot answer thee
acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which,
my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt
be capable of a courtier's counsel^o, and understand what
advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine un-
thankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away:
farewel.

^o And seen by realities what we now must only think. JOHNSON.

^o Mr. Edwards is of opinion, that a *virtue of a good wing* refers to
his nimbleness or fleetness in running away. The phrase, however,
is taken from falconry, as may appear from the following passage in
Marston's *Farewell*, 1606: "I love my horse after a journeying easi-
ness, as he is easy in journeying; my hawk for the goodness of his
wing, &c."

^o I. e. thou wilt comprehend it.

farewel. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so farewell. [*Exit.*]

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my love so high;
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts, to those
That weigh their pains in sense; and do suppose,
What hath been cannot be: Whoever strove
To shew her merit, that did miss her love?
The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

*Flourish of cornets. Enter the king of France, with letters;
Lords and others attending.*

King. The Florentines and Senoys¹ are by the ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1. Lord. So 'tis reported, sir.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible; we here receive it
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.

1. Lord.

¹ She means, by what influence is my love directed to a person so much above me? why am I made to discern excellence, and left to long after it, without the food of hope?

² — *Senoys* —] The *Sanses*, as they are term'd by *Boccaccio* — *Painter*, who translates him, calls them *Sensis*. They were the people of a small republick, of which the capital was *Sienna*. The Florentines were at perpetual variance with them.

14 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

1. *Lord.* His love and wisdom,
 Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead
 For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
 And Florence is deny'd before he comes:
 Yet, for our gentlemen, that mean to see
 The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
 To stand on either part.

2. *Lord.* It may well serve
 A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
 For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

1. *Lord.* It is the count Rouffillon, my good lord, and
 Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;
 Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
 Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
 May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
 As when thy father, and myself, in friendship
 First try'd our soldiership! He did look far
 Into the service of the time, and was
 Disciple of the bravest: he lasted long;
 But on us both did haggish age steal on,
 And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
 To talk of your good father: In his youth
 He had the wit, which I can well observe
 To-day in our young lords; but they may jest,
 Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
 Ere they can hide their levity in honour:
 So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness

Were

I believe, honour is not dignity of birth or rank, but acquired reputation: Your father, says the king, had the same airy flights of satirical wit, with the young lords of the present time, but they do not what he did, hide their unnoted levity in honour, cover petty faults with great merit. This is an excellent observation. Jocular follies, and slight offences are only allowed by mankind in him that overpowers them by great qualities. JOHNSON.

Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them³, and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and, at that time,
His tongue obey'd his hand⁴: who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place⁵;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled⁶: Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now
But goes backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb;

So

³ The text needs to be explained. He was so like a courtier, that there was in his dignity of manner nothing contemptuous, and in his loftiness of wit nothing bitter. If bitterness or contemptuousness ever appeared, they had been awakened by some injury, not of a man below him, but of his equal. This is the complete image of a well bred man, and somewhat like this Voltaire has exhibited his hero Lewis XIV. JOHNSON.

Sir William Blackstone would point this passage differently, and perhaps rightly:

— Ere they can hide their levity in honour,

“ So like a courtier. Contempt &c.” MALONE.

⁴ We should read—His tongue obeyed the hand. That is, the hand of his honour's clock, shewing the true minute when exceptions bid him speak. JOHNSON.

⁵ i. e. He made allowances for their conduct, and bore from them what he would not from one of his own rank. WARBURTON.

I doubt whether this was our author's meaning. I rather incline to think that he meant only, that the father of Bertram treated those below him with becoming condescension, as creatures not indeed in so high a place as himself, but yet holding a certain place; as one of the links, though not the largest, of the great chain of society. MALONE.

⁶ The meaning is,—Making them proud of receiving such marks of condescension and affability from a person in so elevated a situation, and at the same time lowering or humbling himself, by stooping to accept of the encomiums of mean persons for that humility.—The construction seems to be, “he being humbled in their poor praise.” MALONE.

Every man has seen the mean too often proud of the humility of the great, and perhaps the great may sometimes be humbled in the praises of the mean, of those who commend them without conviction or discernment: this, however, is not so common; the mean are found more frequently than the great. JOHNSON.

16 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

So in approof¹ lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech.

King. Would, I were with him! He would always say,
(Methinks, I hear him now; his plaintive words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear.)—*Let me not live!*—
Thus his good melancholy oft began.

On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out,—*let me not live*, quoth he,
After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions:—This he wish'd:

I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room.

2. Lord. You are lov'd, sir;
They, that least lend it you, shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know't.—How long is't, count,
Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet;—
Lend me an arm;—the rest have worn me out
With several applications:—nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;
My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty. [Exit.

¹ *Approof* is approbation.
² Who have no other use of their faculties, than to invent new
modes of dress.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Rouffillon. *A Room in the Count's Palace.**Enter Countess, Steward, and Clown.*

Count. I will now hear: what say you of this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content¹, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, firrah: The complaints, I have heard of you, I do not all believe; 'tis my slowness, that I do not: for, I know, you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clown. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, that I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clown. No, madam, 'tis not so well, that I am poor; though many of the rich are damn'd²: But, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world³, I bel the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clown. I do beg your good will in this case.

Count.

¹ A *Clown* in Shakespeare is commonly taken for a *licensed jester*, or *domestick fool*. We are not to wonder that we find this character often in his plays, since fools were, at that time, maintained in all great families, to keep up merriment in the house. In the picture of Sir Thomas More's family, by Hans-Holbein, the only servant represented is *Petison the fool*. This is a proof of the familiarity to which they were admitted, not by the great only, but the wife. In some plays, a servant, or a rustick, of remarkable petulance and freedom of speech, is likewise called a *clown*. JOHNSON.

² — to even your content.] To act up to your desires.

³ — are damn'd:] See S. Mark x. 25; — S. Luke xviii. 25.

⁴ This phrase has already occurred in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and signifies to be married: and thus, in *As you like it*, Audrey says:

“ — it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world.”

28 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Count. In what case?

Clown. In Isabel's case, and mine own. Service is no heritage: and, I think, I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue of my body; for, they say, bearns are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clown. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go, that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clown. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clown. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clown. I am out of friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clown. You are shallow, madam; e'en great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a-weary of. He, that ears my land, spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop: if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge: He, that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he, that cherishes my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood; he, that loves my flesh and blood, is my friend: ergo, he that kisses my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poyfam the papist, howsoever their hearts are sever'd in religion, their heads are both one, they may joll horns together, like any deer in the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

Clown.

— that ears my land, —] To ear is to plough.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. 19

Clown. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:

*For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.*

Count. Get you gone, fir; I'll talk with you more anon.
Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

Clown. Was this fair face the cause, quoth she, [singing.
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?

*Fond done's, done fond,
Was this king Priam's joy.
With that she sigh'd as she stood,
With that she sigh'd as she stood,
And gave this sentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.*

Count. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, firrah.

Clown. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying of the song: Would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tythe-woman, if I were the parson: One in ten, quoth a! an we might have

— *fond done,* is foolishly done.

This second stanza of the ballad is turned to a joke upon the women: a confession, that there was one good in ten. Whereon the Countess observed, that he corrupted the song; which shews the song said, nine good in ten.

*If one be bad among nine good,
There's but one bad in ten.*

This relates to the ten sons of Priam, who all behaved themselves well but Paris. For though he once had fifty, yet at this unfortunate period of his reign he had but ten; Agathon, Amiphen, Driphobus, Dina, Hector, Helms, Hippobous, Pemmon, Paris, and Pollux.

20 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

have a good woman born but or every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well'; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, fir knave, and do as I command you?

Clown. That man should be at woman's command*, and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty be no puritan*, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.—I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither. [*Exit.*]

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman intirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeath'd her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her, than is paid; and more shall be paid her, than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wish'd me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself, her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surpris'd, without rescue, in the first assault, or ransom afterward: This she deliver'd in the most bitter touch

* This surely is a strange kind of phrasology. I have never met with any example of it in any of the contemporary writers; and if there were any proof that in the lotteries of Queen Elizabeth's time *words* were employed, I should be inclined to read—*lottery words*. MALONE.

* Here is an allusion, violently enough forced in, to satirize the obstinacy with which the *puritans* refused the use of the ecclesiastical habits, which was, at that time, one principal cause of the breach of union, and, perhaps, to insinuate, that the modest purity of the surplice was sometimes a cover for pride.

[*Though honesty be no puritan, &c.*] I cannot help thinking we should read—*Though honesty be a puritan*—TYNWHITT.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. 21

touch of sorrow, that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty, speedily to acquaint you withal; fithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharged this honestly; keep it to yourself: many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt: Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you farther anon. [*Exit Steward.*]

Enter HELENA.

Count. Even so it was with me, when I was young: all

If we are nature's, these are ours, this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong.

Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
It is the shew and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress in youth:
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults;—or then we thought them none,
Her eye is sick on't; I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know, *Helena*: I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother;
Why not a mother? When I said, a mother,
Methought you saw a serpent: What's in mother,
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;

And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine: 'Tis often seen,
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds

A native slip to us from foreign seeds:
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care:—

God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood,

To
That is, according to our recollection. So we say, he is old by my reckoning.

16 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

To say, I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?
Why?—that you are my daughter?

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam;

The count Rouillon cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble;
My master, my dear lord he is; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die:
He must not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your mother?

Hel. You are my mother, madam; 'Would you were
(So that my lord, your son, were not my brother;)
Indeed, my mother!—or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for, than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister*: Can't no other,
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?†

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law;
God shield, you mean it not! daughter, and mother,
So strive upon your pulse: What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness: Now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head*. Now to all sense 'tis gross,
You love my son; invention is ashamed,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,

* There is something exquisitely beautiful in this representation of that suffusion of colour which glimmers around the light when the eyelashes are wet with tears. The poet hath described the same appearance in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

"And round about her tear-distained eye,
"Blue circles stream'd like rainbows in the sky." *HARLEY.*

† — or were you both our mothers,

I care no more for, than I do for heaven,

So I were not his sister:] There is a designed ambiguity: I care no more for, is, I care as much for.—I wish it equally. *FARMER.*

The meaning is obscured by the elliptical diction: Can it be no other way, but, if I be your daughter, he must be my brother?

* The source, the fountain of your tears, the cause of your grief.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

To say, thou dost not: therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 'tis so:—for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, one to the other; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shewn in thy behaviours,
That in their kind they speak it; only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected: Speak, is it so?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue;
If it be not, forswear't: however, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me!

Count. Do you love my son?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress!

Count. Love you my son?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose
The state of your affection; for your passions
Have to the full approach'd.

Hel. Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son:—
My friends were poor, but honest: so's my love;
Be not offended; for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet, in this captious and impenible sieve,
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,

Count. And lack not to lose still? Perhaps we should read:
And lack not to love still. TYA WHITT.

24 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do: but, if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
With chafly, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and Love; O then, give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and give, where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that, her search implies,
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,
To go to Paris.

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore I tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself, I swear.
You know, my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading,
And manifest experience, had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me
In heedfullest reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were
More than they were in note?: amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings, whereof
The king is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it? speak.

Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this;
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,
Haply, been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? He and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,
They,

⁶ i. e. Whose respectable conduct in age shows or proves that you were no less virtuous when young.

⁷ Receipts in which greater virtues were inclosed than appeared to observation.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. 25

They, that they cannot help: How shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine*, have left off
The danger to itself?

Hel. There's something hints,
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your honour
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's care,
By such a day, and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave, and love,
Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court; I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into thy attempts:
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Flourish. Enter King, with young lords taking leave for
the Florentine war; BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and At-
tendants.

King. Farewel, young lords, these warlike principles
Do not throw from you:—and you, my lords, farewel:—
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1. Lord. 'Tis our hope, sir,
After well-enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart

VOL. III.

* Embowell'd of their doctrine,] i. e. exhausted of their skill.

66 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Will not confess, he owes the malady
That does my life besiege. Farewel, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy
(Those 'bated', that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy *) see, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.

2. Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them;
They say, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you serve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewel.—Come hither to me.

[The King retires to a couch.]

1. Lord. O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!

Par. 'Tis not his fault; the spark—

2. Lord. O, 'tis brave wars!

Par. Most admirable: I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with;
Too young, and the next year, and 'tis too early.

Par. An thy mind stand to it, boy, steal away bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn,

But

* To *abate* is used by Shakspeare in the original sense of *abatre*, to depress, to sink, to subdue. By those that inherit but the fall of the last monarchy, are meant the several cities and petty states of Italy which arose out of the ruins of the Roman Empire, the last of the four great monarchies of the world.

• The ancient geographers have divided Italy into the higher and the lower, the Appennine hills being a kind of natural line of partition; the side next the Adriatick was denominated the higher Italy, and the other side the lower: and the two seas followed the same terms of distinction, the Adriatick being called the upper sea, and the Tyrrhene or Tuscan the lower. Now the Sennones or Senois, with whom the Florentines are here supposed to be at war, inhabited the higher Italy, their chief town being Arminium, now called Rimini, upon the Adriatick.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. 27

But one to dance with^a! By heaven, I'll steal away.

1. *Lord.* There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

2. *Lord.* I am your accessory; and so farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body^b.

1. *Lord.* Farewel, captain.

2. *Lord.* Sweet monsieur Parolles!

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin: Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals.—You shall find in the regiment of the Spinil, one captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrench'd it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me.

2. *Lord.* We shall, noble captain.

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices! [*Exeunt Lords.* What will you do?

Ber. Stay; the king— [*seeing him rise.*

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrain'd yourself within the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most receiv'd star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be follow'd: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most finewy sword-men. [*Exeunt BER. and PAR.*

Enter LAFEU.

Laf. Pardon, my lord, [*knelling.*] for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll see thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's a man

Stands, that has brought his pardon. I would, you

C

Had

^a In Shakspeare's time it was usual for gentlemen to dance with swords on.

^b We two growing together, and having, as it were, but one body, our parting is a tortured body; i. e. cannot be effected but by a disruption of limbs which are now common to both.

28. ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy; and
That, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Good faith, across⁴:

But, my good lord, 'tis thus; Will you be cur'd
Of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat

No grapes, my royal fox? yes, but you will,

My noble grapes, an if my royal fox

Could reach them: I have seen a medicine,

That's able to breathe life into a stone;

Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary⁵

With sprightly fire and motion; whose simple touch

Is powerful to arise king Pepin, nay,

To give great Charlemain a pen in his hand,

And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why, doctor she: My lord, there's one arriv'd,

If you will see her,—now, by my faith and honour,

If seriously I may convey my thoughts

In this my light deliverance, I have spoke

With one, that, in her sex, her years, profession⁶,

Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more

Than I dare blame my weakness⁷: Will you see her,

(For that is her demand,) and know her business?

That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafau,

Bring in the admiration; that we with thee

May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,

By wond'ring how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,

And

⁴ "With all my heart, sir; though you had broken my head across."

⁵ A species of dance formerly in use.

⁶ By profession I meant her declaration of the end and purpose of her coming.

⁷ Lafau's means that the amazement he excited in him was so great, that he could not impute it merely to his own weakness, but to the wonderful qualities of the object that occasioned it.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. 29

And not be all day neither. [Exit Lafew.]

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter LAFEW with HELENA.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways;

This is his majesty, say your mind to him:

A traitor you do look like; but such traitors

His majesty seldom fears: I am Cressid's uncle⁷,

That dare leave two together; fare you well. [Exit.]

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?

Hel. Ay, my good lord; Gerard de Narbon was
My father; in what he did profess, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him;

Knowing him, is enough. On his bed of death

Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,

Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,

And of his old experience the only darling,

He bad me stow up, as a triple eye⁷,

Safer than mine own two, more dear; I have so.

And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd

With that malignant cause wherein the honour

Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,

I come to tender it, and my appliance

With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden;

But may not be so credulous of cure,—

When our most learned doctors leave us; and

The congregated college have concluded,

That labouring art can never ransom nature

From her inavoidable estate,—I say we must not

So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,

To prostitute our past-cure malady

To empiricks; or to disserve so

Our great self and our credit, to esteem

A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

C 3

Hel.

⁷ I am like Pandarus.

⁸ i. e. a third eye.

30 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains ;
I will no more enforce mine office on you ;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful :
Thou thought'st to help me ; and such thanks I give,
As one near death to those that wish him live :
But, what at full I know, thou know'st no part ;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy :
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister :
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes. Great floods have flow'd
From simple sources ; and great seas have dry'd,
When miracles have by the greatest been deny'd.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises ; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.

King. I must not hear thee ; fare thee well, kind maid ;
Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid :
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd :
It is not so with him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows :
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent ;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim ;
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident ? Within what space
Hop'st thou my cure ?

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring

Their

I am not an impostor that proclaim one thing and design another.

Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
 Ere twice in murr and occidental damp
 Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;
 Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
 Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;
 What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
 Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
 What dar'st thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,¹—
 A strumpet's boldness; a divulged shame,²—
 Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name
 Sear'd otherwise; no worse of worst extended,
 With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak;
 His powerful sound, within an organ weak³;
 And what impossibility would slay
 In common sense, sense saves another way.⁴
 Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate
 Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate;
 Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all
 That happiness can prime and happy call:
 Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
 Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
 Sweet practitioner, thy physick I will try;
 That ministers thine own death, if I die.

C 4

Hel.

¹ *Tax of impudence*, i. e. to be charged with having the boldness of a strumpet:—*a divulged shame*; i. e. to be traduced by odious ballads:—*my maiden's name sear'd otherwise*; i. e. to be stigmatised as a prostitute: *no worse of worst extended*; i. e. to be so defamed that nothing severer can be said against those who are most publicly reported to be infamous.

² The verb, *dash speak*, in the first line, should be understood to be repeated in the construction of the second, thus:

His powerful sound speaks within a weak organ.

³ *And what impossibility would slay*

In common senses sense saves another way. i. e. And that which, if I trusted to my reason, I should think impossible, I yet, perceiving thee to be actuated by some blessed spirit, think thee capable of effecting.

⁴ May be counted among the gifts enjoyed by thee. JOHNSON.

Hel. If I break time, or sinch in property;
Of what I spoke, unplied let me die;
And well desert'd: Not helping, death's my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promise me?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my scepter, and my hopes of heaven.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance

To choose from forth the royal blood of France;

My low and humble name to propagate

With any branch or image of thy state:

But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know

Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand; the premises observ'd,

Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd;

So make the choice of thy own time; for I,

Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.

More should I question thee, and more I must;

Though, more to know, could not be more to trust;

From whence thou cam'st, how tended on,—But rest

Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.—

Give me some help here, ho!—If thou proceed

As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Rouillon. A Room in the Count's Palace.

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the height
of your breeding.

Clown. I will shew myself highly fed, and lowly taught;
I know my business is but to the court.

Count. To the court! why, what place make you special,
when you put off that with such contempt? But to the
court!

Clown.

¹ In *property* seems to be here used, with much laxity, for—in the deed
performance.

Clown. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court: but, for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer, that fits all questions.

Clown. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks⁶; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clown. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffaty punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger⁷, as a pancake for Shrove-tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clown. From below your duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

Clown. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't: Ask me, if I am a courtier; it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could:—I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clown. O Lord, sir⁸;—There's a simple putting off:—more, more, a hundred of them.

C 5

Count.

⁶ This expression is proverbial.

⁷ It was the practice in former times for the woman to give the man a ring as well as for the man to give her one. An anonymous writer, however, with some probability, supposes that this is one of those covert allusions in which Shakespeare frequently indulges himself.

⁸ A ridicule on that foolish explosive of speech then in vogue at court.

34. ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clown. O Lord, sir,—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clown. O Lord, sir,—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whip'd, sir, as I think.

Clown. O Lord, sir,—Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, *O Lord, sir*, at your whipping, and spare not me? Indeed, your *O Lord, sir*, is very sequent to your whipping; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clown. I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my—*O Lord, sir*: I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clown. O Lord, sir,—Why, there't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir, to your business: Give Helen this, And urge her to a present answer back:

Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son;

This is not much.

Clown. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you: You understand me?

Clown. Most fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE III.

Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, LAFBU, and PAROLLES.

Laf. They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern² and familiar things, supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear¹.

Par.

² — modern—] i. e. common, ordinary.

¹ Fear is here the object of fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our later times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquish'd of the artists,—

Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus;

Laf. Of all the learned and authentick fellows,—

Par. Right, so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be help'd,—

Par. Right; as 'twere, a man assur'd of an—

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in shewing, you shall read it in,—What do you call there?

Laf. A shewing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it I would have said; the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier: 'fore me I speak in respect—

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most facinorous spirit², that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Laf. Very hand of heaven.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak—

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a farther use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—

Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter King, HELENA, and Attendants.

Par. I would have said it; you say well: Here comes the king.

Laf. Lustick³, as the Dutchman says: I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head: Why, he's able to lead her a corrantio.

C. 6

² Facinorous is wicked.

³ Lustick is the Dutch word for lusty, cheerful, pleasant.

36 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Par. Mort du Vinaigre! Is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.—

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd lease
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use: thy frank election make;
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when love please!—marry, to each, but one*!

Laf. I'd give bay Curtal^s, and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken⁺ than these boys',
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:

Not one of those, but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,

Heaven hath, through me, restor'd the king to health.

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,

That, I protest, I simply am a maid:—

Please it your majesty, I have done already:

The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,

We blush, that thou should'st choose; but, be refus'd.

Let the white death[?] sit on thy cheek for ever;

We'll ne'er come there again.

King. Make choice; and, see,

Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;

And to imperial Love, that god most high,

Do

* i. e. except one; meaning Bertram.

^s i. e. a bay, dock'd horse.

⁺ A broken mouth is a mouth which has lost part of its teeth.

[?] The white death is the chloroform. JOHNSON.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

37

Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my suit?

1. *Lord.* And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute⁸.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw ames-
ace⁹ for my life.

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threateningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

2. *Lord.* No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great love grant! and so I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her? An they were sons of
mine, I'd have them whipt; or I would send them to the
Turk, to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid [*to a Lord.*] that I your hand should
take;

I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:

Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed

Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her:
sure, they are bastards to the English; the French ne'er
got them.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4. *Lord.* Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet¹,—I am sure, thy father
drunk wine.—But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth
of fourteen; I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not say, I take you; [*to Ber.*] but I give
Me, and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

King.

⁸ i. e. I have no more to say to you. So, Hamlet: "—there's
in silence."

⁹ i. e. the lowest chance of the dice.

¹ Old Lafen having, upon the supposition that the lady was refused,
reproached the young lords as boys of ice, throwing his eyes on Ber-
tram who remained, cries out, *There is one yet into whom his father
put good blood;—but I have known thee long enough to know thee for
an ass.*

38. ALL'S WELL, THAT ENDS WELL.

King. Why then, young Bertram, take her, she's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your highness, In such a business give me leave to use The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram, What she has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord; But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st, she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down. Must answer for your raising? I know her well; She had her breeding at my father's charge: A poor physician's daughter my wife!—Disdain Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title^a thou disdain'st in her, the which I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods, Of colour, weight, and heat^b, pour'd all together, Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off In differences so mighty: If she be All that is virtuous, (save what thou dislike'st, A poor physician's daughter,) thou dislike'st Of virtue for the name: but do not so; From lowest place when^c virtuous things proceed, The place is dignify'd by the doer's deed: Where great additions swell^d, and virtue none, It is a dropied honour: good alone Is good, without a name; villainess is so: The property by what it is should go, Not by the title. She is young, wife, fair, In these to nature she's immediate heir^e.

And

^a 'Tis only title—] i. e. the want of title.

^b That is; which are of the same colour, weight, &c.

^c The old copy has—whence.

^d Additions are the titles and descriptions by which men are distinguished from each other.

^e To be immediate heir is to inherit without any intervening transmitter. She inherits youth, beauty, &c. immediately from nature; but honour is transmitted by ancestors.

And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the fire: Honours thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a slave,
Debauch'd on every tomb; on every grave,
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,
Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue, and she,
Is her own dower; honour, and wealth, from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou should'st strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I am glad;
Let the rest go.

King. My honour's at the stake; which to defeat,
I must produce my power¹: Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love, and her desert; that canst not dream,
We, poizing us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We please to have it grow: Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travails in thy good:
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,

Into

¹ The implication or clause of the sentence (as the grammarians say) serves for the antecedent; "—which danger to defeat." FARMER.

The French verb *defaire* (from whence our *defeat*) signifies to free, to disembarass, as well as to destroy. *Defaire un noeud*, is to untie a knot; and in this sense, I apprehend, *defeat* is here used. It may be observed, that our verb *undo* has the same varieties of signification; and I suppose even Mr. Theobald would not have been much puzzled to find the sense of this passage, if it had been written;—*My honour's at the stake; which to undo, I must produce my power.* TYRWHITT.

40 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Into the staggers¹, and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate,
Loosing upon thee in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity: Speak; thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes: When I consider,
What great creation, and what dole of honour,
Flies where you bid it, I find, that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 'twere, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoize; if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the king,
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night²: the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.

[*Exeunt King, Ber. HBL. Lords, and Attendants.*]

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir!

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recan-
tation.

Par. Recantation?—My lord? my master?

Laf. Ay; Is it not a language, I speak?

Par. A most harsh one; and not to be understood with-
out bloody succeeding. My master?

Laf. You companion to the count Roussillon?

Par. To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

Laf.

¹ One species of the *staggers*, or the *berserker's apoplexy*, is a raging im-
patience which makes the animal dash himself with destructive violence
against posts or walls. To this the allusion, I suppose, is made.

² The *brief* is the *contrast of opposites*, or the *silence of the church*,
Expedient in other places for *expeditions*.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. 45

Laf. To what is count's man; count's master is of another stile.

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries¹, to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass; yet the scarfs, and the bannerets, about thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up²; and that thou art scarce worth.

Par. Had'st thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserv'd it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast a pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge; that I may say, in the default³, he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor

¹ — for two ordinaries,] While I sat twice with thee at table.

² To take up, is to contradict, to call to account, as well as to pick off the ground.

³ — in the default,] That is, at a need.

42 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

poor doing eternal: for doing I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [Exit.]

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter LAFEV.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's marry'd, there's news for you; you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: He is my good lord: whom I serve above, is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think, thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords, and honourable personages, than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [Exit.]

* This the poet makes Parolles speak alone; and this is nature. A coward should try to hide his poltroonery even from himself.—An ordinary writer would have been glad of such an opportunity to bring him to confession.

Enter

A young
3 Kick
4 The

Enter BERTRAM.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then.—Good, very good; let it be conceal'd a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, sweet heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, sweet heart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me:—
I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the import is,
I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known: To the wars, my boy,
to the wars!

He wears his honour in a box unseen,
That hugs his kicksy-wicksy³ here at home;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed: To other regions!
France is a stable; we that dwell in't, jades;
Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It shall be so; I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak: His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike; Wars are no strife
To the dark house, and the detested wife⁴.

Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I'll send her straight away: To-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it.—

'Tis hard;

A young man, married, is a man that's marr'd:

Therefore

³ *Kicksy-wicksy* is a made word in ridicule and disdain of a wife.

⁴ *The dark house* is a house made gloomy by discontent.

44 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:
The king has done you wrong; but, hush! 'tis so.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The same. Another Room in the same.

Enter HELENA and Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly; Is she well?

Clow. She is not well; but yet she has her health: she's very merry; but yet she is not well: but thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i' the world; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well?

Clown. Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clown. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave! How does my old lady?

Clown. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clown. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is with-in a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

Clown. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou art a knave; that is, before me thou art a knave this had been truth, sir.

Par.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clown. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.—

Madam, my lord will go away to-night;
A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint;
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets,
Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the king;
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, sirrah.

(Exit.)

SCENE V.

Another Room in the same.

Enter LAFU and BERTRAM.

Laf. But, I hope, your lordship thinks not him a
soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

[A probable need.] A specious appearance of necessity.

Par.

45 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a bunting*.

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience, and transgress'd against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent: Here he comes; I pray you, make us friends, I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. These things shall be done, sir. [*to Ber.*]

Laf. 'Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well: Ay, sir; he, sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. Is he gone to the king? [*aside to Parolles.*]

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure, Given order for our horses; and to-night, When I should take possession of the bride;— And, ere I do begin,—

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten:—God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserv'd to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and

* Barrett's *Alphabet*, or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, gives this account of this bird: "Terraneola et rubetra, avis alaudæ similis, &c. Dicta terraneola quod non in arboribus, sed in terra vestetur et alidetur."

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. 47

and all, like him that leapt into the custard⁹; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be, you have mistaken him, my lord.

Las. And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord: and believe this of me, There can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes: trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you, than you have or will to deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil. [Exit.]

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I know him well; and common speech Gives him a worthy pass. Hence comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you, Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave For present parting; only, he desires Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.

You must not marvel, Helen, at my course, Which holds not colour with the time, nor does The ministration and required office On my particular: prepar'd I was not For such a business; therefore am I found So much unsettled: This drives me to entreat you, That presently you take your way for home: And rather muse⁹, than ask, why I entreat you: For my respects are better than they seem; And my appointments have in them a need,

Greater

⁹ It was a foolery practised at city entertainments, whilst the jester or rany was in vogue, for him to jump into a large deep custard, set for the purpose, to set on a quantity of barren spectators to laugh, as our poet says in his *Hamlet*. See the *Devil's an Ass*, by Ben Jonson, Act I. sc. 1. And rather muse, J. To muse is to wonder. So, in *Macbeth*:

"Do not muse at me, my most noble friends."

48 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Greater than shews itself, at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother:

[giving a letter,

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you; so
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that,
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go:
My haste is very great: Farewel; hie home,

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;
Nor dare I say, 'tis mine; and yet it is;

But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something; and scarce so much:—nothing, in-
deed.—

I would not tell you what I would; my lord,—'faith,
yes;—

Strangers, and foes, do funder, and not kiss.

Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur?—Farewel.

[Exit HELENA.

Go thou toward home; where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum,
Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, coragio! [Exit

—the weak I owe:] i. e. I owe.

CHAP

Vor

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. 49

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Florence. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, attended; two French Lords, and others.

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war;
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth
And more thirsts after.

1. Lord. Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our cousin France
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

2. Lord. Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield;
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion: therefore dare not
Say what I think of it; since I have found
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

2. Lord. But I am sure, the younger of our nature,
That surfeit on their ease will, day by day,
Come here for physick.

Duke. Welcome shall they be;
And all the honours, that can fly from us,
Shall on them settle: You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they sell:
To-morrow to the field. *[Exit.]*

³ — I cannot yield, I cannot inform you of the reasons.

⁴ i. e. one not in the secret of affairs. So inward is familiar, admitted to secrets. "I was an inward of his." *Measure for Measure.*

⁵ i. e. as we say at present, our young fellows.

50 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

SCENE II.

Rouffillon. *A Room in the Count's Palace.*

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it, save, that he comes not along with her.

Clown. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clown. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend the ruff, and sing^e; ask questions, and sing; pick his teeth, and sing: I know a man that had this trick of melancholy, sold a goodly manor for a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come.

[opening a letter.]

Clown. I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at court: our old ling and our Isbels o'the country, are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o'the court: the brains of my Cupid's knock'd out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clown. E'en that you have there.

[Exit.]

Count. *[reads.]* I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make her not eternal. You shall hear, I am run away; know it, before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.

Your unfortunate son, BERTRAM.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,

To fly the favours of so good a king;

To pluck his indignation on thy head,

By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous

For the contempt of empire.

^e The tops of the boots in our author's time turned down, and hung loosely o'er the leg. The folding is what the clown means by the ruff. Ben Jonson calls it *ruffe*, and perhaps it should be so here.

Re-ent

Re-enter Clown.

Clown. O madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clown. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be kill'd so soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be kill'd?

Clown. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come, will tell you more: for my part, I only hear, your son was run away. *[Exit Clown.]*

Enter HELENA, and two Gentlemen.

1. *Gen.* Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2. *Gen.* Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience.—'Pray you, gentlemen,—I have felt so many quirks of joy, and grief, That the first face of neither, on the start, Can woman me unto't:—Where is my son, I pray you?

2. *Gen.* Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of Florence: We met him thitherward; for thence we came, And, after some dispatch in hand at court; Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam; here's my passport.

[reads.] When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off, and shew me a child begotten of thy body, that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a then I write a never. This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1. *Gen.* Ay, madam;

And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer; If thou engroffest all the griefs are thine,

D 2

Thou

When thou canst get the ring, which is on my finger, into thy possession.

52. ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Thou robb'st me of a moiety: He was my son;
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he?

2. Gen. Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a foldier?

2. Gen. Such is his noble purpose: and, believe't,
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

1. Gen. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. [reads.] *Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.* 'Tis bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

1. Gen. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply, which
His heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
There's nothing here, that is too good for him.

But only she; and she deserves a lord,
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly, mistress.—Who was with him?

1. Gen. A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have some time known.

Count. Parolles, was't not?

1. Gen. Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness;
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

1. Gen. Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that, too much,
Which holds him much to have.

Count. You are welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him, that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses: more I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.

2. Gen. We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count.

That is, his vices hand him in head.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.

Will you draw near? [*Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.*]

Hel. *Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.*

Nothing in France, until he has no wife!

Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France,

Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I

That chase thee from thy country, and expose

Those tender limbs of thine to the event

Of the none-sparing war? and is it I

That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou

Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark

Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,

That ride upon the violent speed of fire,

Fly with false aim; move the still-piecing air,

That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord!

Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;

Whoever charges on his forward breast,

I am the catfish, that do hold him to it;

And, though I kill him not, I am the cause

His death was so effected; better 'twere,

I met the ravin lion² when he roar'd

With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere,

That all the miseries, which nature owes,

Were mine at once: No, come thou home, Rousillon,

Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,

As oft it loses all; I will be gone:

My being here it is, that holds thee hence;

Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although

The air of paradise did fan the house,

And angels offic'd all: I will be gone;

That pitiful rumour may report my flight,

To console thine ear. Come, night; end, day!

For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. [*Exit.*]

9 The gentlemen declare that they are servants to the countess; she replies, No otherwise than as she returns the same offices of civility.

1 i. e. the air that closes immediately, after a ball has passed through it.

2 i. e. the ravenous; or ravening lion. To ravin is to swallow voraciously.

D 3 SCENE

SCENE III.

Florence. *Before the Duke's Palace.*

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, BERTRAM, Lords, Officers, Soldiers, and others.

Duke. The general of our horse thou art; and we, Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence, Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake, To the extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth; And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm, As thy auspicious mistress!

Ber. This very day, Great Mars, I put myself into thy file: Make me but like my thoughts; and I shall prove A lover of thy drum, hater of love. *[Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Rouffillon. *A Room in the Count's Palace.*

Enter Countess and Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her? Might you not know, she would do as she has done, By sending me a letter? Read it again.

Stew. I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim³, thither gone;

Ambitious love hath so in me offended,

That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,

With sainted vow my faults to have amended.

Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war,

My dearest master, your dear son, may live;

Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far,

His name with zealous fervour sanctify:

His

³ I do not remember any place famous for pilgrimages consecrated in Italy to St. James, but it is common to visit St. James of Compostella, in Spain. Another saint might easily have been found, Florence being somewhat out of the road from Rouffillon to Compostella. JOHNSON.

His taken labours bid him me forgive;

I, his despightful Juno⁴, sent him forth

From courtly friends, with camping foet to live,

Where death and danger dog the heels of worth:

He is too good and fair for death and me;

Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!

Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much⁵,

As letting her pass so; had I spoke with her,

I could have well diverted her intents,

Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam:

If I had given you this at over-night,

She might have been o'er-ta'en; and yet she writes,

Pursuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel shall

Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,

Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,

And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath

Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,

To this unworthy husband of his wife;

Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,

That he does weigh too light⁶: my greatest grief,

Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.

Dispatch the most convenient messenger:—

When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,

He will return; and hope I may, that she,

Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,

Led hither by pure love: which of them both

Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense

To make distinction:—Provide this messenger:—

My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;

Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁴ — *Juno*,] Alluding to the story of Hercules.

⁵ — *lack advice so much*,] *Advice*, is discretion or thought.

⁶ To *weigh* here means to *value*, or *esteem*.

56 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

SCENE V.

Without the Walls of Florence.

A tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow of Florence, DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, and other citizens.

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the fight.

Dia. They say, the French count has done most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander; and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. We have lost our labour; they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour, how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions⁷ for the young earl.—Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under⁸: many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession; but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to advise you further; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

⁷ — in those suggestions—] i. e. temptations.

⁸ To go under the name of any thing is a known expression. The meaning is, they are not the things for which their names would make them pass.

Enter

Enter HELENA, in the dress of a pilgrim.

Wid. I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lie at my house: thither they send one another: I'll question her.—

God save you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le grand.

Where do the palmers^o lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way?

Wid. Ay, marry, is it.—Hark you! [*A march afar off.*]
They come this way.—If you will carry, holy pilgrim,

But till the troops come by,

I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;

The rather, for, I think, I know your hostess

As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours,

That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you?

Dia. The count Roussillon; Know you such a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him;
His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,

He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,

As 'tis reported, for the king had married him

Against his liking; Think you it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth^o; I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman, that serves the count,

Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

D.

Hel.

^o — palmer:—] Pilgrims that visited holy places; so called from a staff, or bough of palm they were wont to carry, especially such as had visited the holy places at Jerusalem.

^o — mere the truth:] The exact, the entire truth.

Hel. O, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examin'd².

Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

Wid. A right good creature: wherefoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.

Hel. How do you mean?
May be, the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does, indeed;
And brokes³ with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

*Enter with drum and colours, a party of the Florentine
army, BERTRAM, and PAROLLES.*

Mar. The gods forbid else!

Wid. So, now they come:—

That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;

That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. He;

That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow;

I would, he lov'd his wife: if he were honest,

He were much goodlier:—Is't not a handsome gentle-
man?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity, he's not honest: Yond's that same
knave,

That leads him to these places; were I his lady,
I'd poison that vile rascal.

Hel.

² — examin'd.] That is, question'd, doubted.

³ — brokes—] To broke is to deal with panders. A broker in our
author's time meant a bawd or pimp.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs: Why is he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i' the battle.

Par. Lose our drum! well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vex'd at something: Look, he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

[*Exeunt* BERTRAM, PAROLLES, *Officers and Soldiers.*]

Wid. The troop is past: Come, pilgrim, I will bring you Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound, Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you:

Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night, the charge, and thanking,
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts on this virgin,
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Camp before Florence.

Enter BERTRAM, *and the two French Lords.*

1. *Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to't; let him have his way.

2. *Lord.* If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

1. *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think, I am so far deceiv'd in him?

1. *Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

2. *Lord.* It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might, at some great and trusty business, in a main danger, fail you.

Ber. I would, I knew in what particular action to try him.

2. *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1. *Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprize him; such I will have, whom, I am sure, he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hood-wink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents: Be but your lordship present at his examination; if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

2. *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says, he has a stratagem for't: when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclination cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter PAROLLES.

1. *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his design; let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2. *Lord.* A pox on't, let it go; 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! Is't but a drum? A drum so lost!—There was excellent command! to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers.

2. *Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that Caesar himself could

4 Holinshed, in his description of Ireland, speaking of Patrick Sarfield, (mayor of Dublin in the year 1551,) and of his extravagant hospitality, subjoins, that no guest had ever a cold or forbidding look from any part of his family: so that his "porter or any other officer, durst not, for both his eares, give the simplest man that resorted to his house, *Tom Drum his entertainment*, which is, to hale a man in by the head, and thrust him out by both the shoulders."

could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had, in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recover'd.

Par. It might have been recover'd.

Ber. It might; but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recover'd: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *his jacket*.

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace, you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know, thou art valiant; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewel.

Par. I love not many words. [Exit.]

1. *Lord.* No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord? that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damn'd than to do't?

2. *Lord.*

3. *i. e. Here lies;—the usual beginning of epitaphs. I would (says Parolles) recover either the drum I have lost, or another belonging to the enemy; or die in the attempt.*

62 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

2. *Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour; and, for a week, escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

1. *Lord.* None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost emboss'd him⁶; you shall see his fall to-night; for indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

2. *Lord.* We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him⁷. He was first smoked by the old lord Lafew: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

1. *Lord.* I must go look my twigs; he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

1. *Lord.* As't please your lordship: I'll leave you.

[*Exit.*]

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you The last I spoke of.

2. *Lord.* But, you say, she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once, And found her wond'rous cold; but I sent to her, By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind, Tokens and letters, which she did re-send; And this is all I have done: She's a fair creature; Will you go see her?

2. *Lord.* With all my heart, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.

Enter HELENN, and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she, I know not how I shall assure you further,

But

⁶ When a deer is run hard and foams at the mouth, in the language of the field, he is said to be *emboss'd*.

⁷ — ere we case him.] i. e. before we strip him naked.

But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses;
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband;
And, what to your sworn counsel^a I have spoken,
Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you;
For you have shew'd me that, which well approves
You are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again,
When I have found it. The count he woos your daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolves to carry her; let her, in fine, consent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it,
Now his important blood^b will nought deny
That she'll demand: A ring the county wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house,
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see
The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then: It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastly absent: after this,

To
^a To your private knowledge, after having required from you an oath
of secrecy.

^b Important here, and elsewhere, is *important*.

64 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded:

Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,
That time, and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musicks of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness: it nothing reads us,
To chide him from our eaves; for he persists,
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then, to-night

Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act;
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:
But let's about it.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Without the Florentine Camp.

Enter first Lord, with five or six Soldiers in ambush.

1. *Lord.* He can come no other way but by this hedge
corner: When you fall upon him, speak what terrible
language you will; though you understand it not your-
selves, no matter: for we must not seem to understand
him; unless some one among us, whom we must produce
for an interpreter.

1. *Sold.* Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1. *Lord.* Art not acquainted with him? knows he not
thy voice?

1. *Sold.* No, sir, I warrant you.

1. *Lord.* But what linsy-woolsey hast thou to speak to
us again?

1. *Sold.* Even such as you speak to me.

1. *Lord.* He must think us some band of strangers i'the
adversary's entertainment: Now he hath a smack of all
neighbouring

That is, foreign troops in the enemy's pay.

neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politick. But couch, ho! here he comes; to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it: They begin to smoke me; and disgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door. I find, my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1. Lord. This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. *[aside.]*

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say, I got them in exploit: Yet slight ones will not carry it; they will say, Came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give; Wherefore? what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

1. Lord. Is it possible, he should know what he is, and be that he is? *[aside.]*

Par. I would, the cutting of my garments would serve the turn; or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

1. Lord. We cannot afford you so. *[aside.]*

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say, it was in stratagem.

1. Lord. 'Twould not do. *[aside.]*

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say, I was stript.

1. Lord. Hardly serve. *[aside.]*

Par. Though I swore I leap'd from the window of the citadel—

1. Lord. — the instance? The roof.

66 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

1. *Lord.* How deep? [*aside.*

Par. Thirty fathom.

1. *Lord.* Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed. [*aside.*

Par. I would, I had any drum of the enemy's; I would swear, I recover'd it.

1. *Lord.* You shall hear one anon. [*aside.*

Par. A drum now of the enemy's! [*Alarum within.*

1. *Lord.* *Tbroca morousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, willianda par corbo, cargo.*

Par. O, ransom, ransom:—Do not hide mine eyes.

[*They seize and blindfold him.*

1. *Sold.* *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

Par. I know, you are the Muskos' regiment,
And I shall lose my life for want of language:
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me,
I will discover that which shall undo
The Florentine.

1. *Sold.* *Boskos wauwado:*—I understand thee, and can
speak thy tongue:—*Kerelybonto:*—Sir, betake thee to thy
faith, for seventeen pontards are at thy bosom.

Par. Oh!

1. *Sold.* O, pray, pray, pray.—
Manka rewanta dulce.

1. *Lord.* *Oscorbi dulchis volivorce.*

1. *Sold.* The general is content to spare thee yet;
And, hood-wink'd as thou art, will lead thee on,
'To gather from thee: haply, thou may'st inform
Something to save thy life.

Par. O, let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I'll shew,
Their force, their purposes: nay, I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

1. *Sold.* But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

1. *Sold.* *Acordo linta.*—

Come on, thou art granted space.

[*Exit, with PAROLLES guarded.*

1. *Lord.* Go, tell the count Roussillon, and my brother,

We

We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled
Till we do hear from them.

2. *Sold.* Captain, I will.

1. *Lord.* He will betray us all unto ourselves ;—
Inform 'em that.

2. *Sold.* So I will, sir.

1. *Lord.* Till then I'll keep him dark, and safely lock'd.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Florence. *A Room in the Widow's house.*

Enter BERTRAM and DIANA.

Ber. They told me, that your name was Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess ;

And worth it, with addition ! But, fair soul,

In your fine frame hath love no quality ?

If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,

You are no maiden, but a monument :

When you are dead, you should be such a one

As you are now, for you are cold and stern ;

And now you should be as your mother was,

When your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No :

My mother did but duty ; such, my lord,

As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more of that !

I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows :

I was compell'd to her ; but I love thee

By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever

Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us,

Till we serve you : but when you have our roses,

You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,

And mock us with our bareness.

Ber. How have I sworn ?

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth ;
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.

What

68 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the Highest to witness: Then, pray you, tell me,
If I should swear by Jove's great attributes,
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him: Therefore, your oaths,
Are words, and poor conditions; but unseal'd;
At least, in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it;
Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts,
That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover: say, thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, shall so persevere.

Dia. I see, that men make hopes, in such a scene,
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power
To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour's such a ring:
My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose: Thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion honour on my part,
Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring:
My house, mine honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber
window;

I'll order take, my mother shall not bear,
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,

Remain

Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:
My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them,
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring; that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, till then; then, fail not: You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Bel. A heaven on earth I have won, by wooing thee.
[Exit.]

Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven and me!
You may so in the end.—
My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in his heart; she says, all men
Have the like oaths; he had sworn to marry me,
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him,
When I am bury'd. Since Frenchmen are so braild,¹
Marry that will, I live and die a maid;
Only, in this disguise, I think't no sin
To cozen him, that would unjustly win. [Exit.]

S C E N E III.

The Florentine Camp.

Enter the two French Lords, and two or three Soldiers.

1. *Lord.* You have not given him his mother's letter?

2. *Lord.* I have deliver'd it an hour since: there is
something in't that stings his nature; for, on the read-
ing it, he changed almost into another man.

1. *Lord.* He has much worthy blame laid upon him,
for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

2. *Lord.* Especially he hath incurr'd the everlasting
displeasure of the king, who had even tun'd his bounty
to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but
you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1. *Lord.* When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I
am the grave of it.

2. *Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here
[Since Frenchmen are so braild,] Braid signifies crafty or deceitful.

¹ — Since Frenchmen are so braild,] Braid signifies crafty or deceitful.
Braid is an Anglo-Saxon word, signifying fraud, abuse.

in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1. *Lord.* Now God delay our rebellion; as we are ourselves, what things are we!

2. *Lord.* Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorr'd ends²; so he, that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself³.

1. *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

2. *Lord.* Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1. *Lord.* That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company⁶ anatomized; that he might take a measure of his own judgments⁷, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

2. *Lord.* We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1. *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

2. *Lord.* I hear, there is an overture of peace.

1. *Lord.* Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

2. *Lord.* What will count Roussillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1. *Lord.* I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2. *Lord.* Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

1. *Lord.*

4 This may mean—they are perpetually talking about the mischief they intend to do, till they have obtained an opportunity of doing it.

5 That is, *betrays his own secrets in his own talk.* The reply shews that this is the meaning.

6 i.e. his companion. The word is so used in *King Henry V.*

7 This is a very just and moral reason. Bertram, by finding how erroneously he has judged, will be less confident, and more easily moved by admonition.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. 71

1. *Lord.* Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled from his house; her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le grand; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplish'd: and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2. *Lord.* How is this justified?

1. *Lord.* The stronger part of it by her own letters; which make her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say, is come, was faithfully confirm'd by the rector of the place.

2. *Lord.* Hath the count all this intelligence?

1. *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2. *Lord.* I am heartily sorry, that he'll be glad of this.

1. *Lord.* How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses!

2. *Lord.* And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encounter'd with a shame as ample.

1. *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whip'd them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues.—

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your master?

Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave; his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2. *Lord.* They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter BERTRAM.

1. *Lord.* They cannot be too sweet for the king's retinence. Here's his lordship now. How now, my lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night dispatch'd sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have conge'd with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertain'd my convoy; and, between these main parcels of dispatch, effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2. Lord. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

1. Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter: But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier?—Come, bring forth this counterfeit module^a; he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

2. Lord. Bring him forth: [*Exeunt soldiers.*] he has sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long^b. How does he carry himself?

1. Lord. I have told your lordship already; the stocks carry him. But, to answer you as you would be understood; he weeps, like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confest'd himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance, to this very instant disaster of his setting in the stocks: And what, think you, he hath confest'd?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2. Lord. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in't, as, I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers, with PAROLLES.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me; hush! hush!

1. Lord.

^a Module being the pattern of any thing, may be here used in that sense. Bring forth this fellow who, by counterfeit virtue pretended to make himself a pattern.

It appears from Minshew that module and model were synonymous.

^b The punishment of a recreant, or coward, was to have his spurs hacked off.

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1. Lord. Hoodman comes!—*Porto tartarossa.*

1. Sold. He calls for the tortures; What will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint: if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

1. Sold. *Besko chimurcho.*

2. Lord. *Boblibindo chicurmurco.*

1. Sold. You are a merciful general:—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

1. Sold. *First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong.* What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scatter'd, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1. Sold. Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do; I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

1. Lord. You are deceived, my lord; this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist, (that was his own phrase,) that had the whole theorick of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2. Lord. I will never trust a man again, for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

1. Sold. Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truth.

1. Lord. He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I can him no thanks * for't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1. Sold. Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

VOL. III.

E

1. Sold.

* To can thanks may exactly answer the French *sevoir gré*. To can is to know.

1. *Sold.* Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot. What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, it will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each: mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each: so that the muster file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks², lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

1. *Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions³, and what credit I have with the duke.

1. *Sold.* Well, that's set down. You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be in the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks, it were not possible with well-weighing sums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt. What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the intergatories⁴: Demand them singly.

1. *Sold.* Do you know this captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: he was a butcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whip'd for getting the sheriff's fool with child; a dumb innocent⁵, that could not say him, nay. [*Dumain lifts up his hand in anger.*

Ber.

² *Cassock* signifies a horseman's loose coat, and is used in that sense by the writers of the age of Shakspeare.

³ — my conditions, —] i. e. my disposition and character.

⁴ — of the intergatories:] i. e. interrogatories. The word was frequently so written in our author's time. MALONE.

⁵ *Innocent* does not here signify a person without guilt or blame, but means, in the good-natured language of our ancestors, an idiot or natural fool. Agreeably to this sense of the word is the following entry of a burial in the parish Register of Charlewood in Surrey: "Thomas Sole, an innocent about the age of fifty years and upwards, buried 19th September, 1609."

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

1. *Sold.* Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

1. *Lord.* Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

1. *Sold.* What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day, to turn him out o'the band: I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

1. *Sold.* Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

1. *Sold.* Here 'tis; here's a paper; Shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know, if it be it, or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1. *Lord.* Excellently.

1. *Sold.* Dian, *The count's a fool, and full of gold,—*

Par. That is not the duke's letter, fir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one count Roussillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish: I pray you, fir, put it up again.

1. *Sold.* Nay, I'll read it first by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy; who is a whale to virginity; and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable, both sides rogue!

1. *Sold.* *When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;*

After he scores, he never pays the score:

Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it;

He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before;

E 2

And

* Gain half of what he offers, and you are well off; if you yield to him, make your bargain secure.

*And say, a soldier, Dian, told thee this,
Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss:
For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.*

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES.

Ber. He shall be whip'd through the army, with this rhyme in his forehead.

2. Lord. This is your devoted friend, fir, the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

1. Sold. I perceive, fir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, fir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, fir, in a dungeon, i'the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

1. Sold. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this captain Dumain: You have answer'd to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour; What is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, fir, an egg out of a cloister⁷; for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them, he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, fir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, fir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1. Lord. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

1. Sold.

⁷ — an egg out of a cloister;] Perhaps the meaning is, He will steal any thing, however trifling, from any place, however holy.

1. *Sold.* What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians,—to belie him, I will not,—and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there call'd Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1. *Lord.* He hath out-villain'd villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him! he's a cat still.

1. *Sold.* His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *quart d'ecu*⁹ he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the intail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1. *Sold.* What's his brother, the other captain Du-main?

2. *Lord.* Why does he ask him of me?

1. *Sold.* What's he?

Par. E'en a crow of the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is: In a retreat he out-runs any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1. *Sold.* If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Roussillon.

1. *Sold.* I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition.

E 3

⁸ — for a *quart d'ecu*—] The fourth part of the smaller French crown; about eight pence of our money.

⁹ This is nature. Every man is on such occasions more willing to hear his neighbour's character than his own.

78 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

sition¹ of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger: Yet, who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken? [aside.]

1. *Sold.* There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you, that have so traiterously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsmen, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir; let me live, or let me see my death!

1. *Sold.* That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [unbinding him.]

So, look about you; Know you any here?

Ber. Good-morrow, noble captain.

2. *Lord.* God bless you, captain Parolles.

1. *Lord.* God save you, noble captain.

2. *Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafew? I am for France.

1. *Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Roussillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well.

[Exeunt BERTHAM, Lords, &c.]

1. *Sold.* You are undone, captain; all but your scarf, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crush'd with a plot?

1. *Sold.* If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir; I am for France too; we shall speak of you there. [Exit.]

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great, 'Twould burst at this: Captain I'll be no more; But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft As captain shall: simply the thing I am Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,

Let

¹ — to beguile the supposition — That is, to deceive the opinion, to make the count think me a man that deserves well.

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Let him fear this ; for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword ! cool, blushes ! and, Parolles, live
Safest in shame ! being fool'd, by foolery thrive !
There's place, and means, for every man alive.
I'll after them.

Exit.

SCENE IV.

Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd
you,

One of the greatest in the christian world
Shall be my surety ; 'fore whose throne, 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel :
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life ; which gratitude
Through stinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer, thanks : I duly am inform'd,
His grace is at Marceilles ; to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know,
I am supposed dead : the army breaking,
My husband hies him home ; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be, before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,
You never had a servant, to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress,
Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompence your love ; doubt not, but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband. But O strange men !
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy^a trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night ! so lust doth play
With what it loaths, for that which is away :

E 4

But

^a Saucy may properly signify *luxurious*, and by consequence *lewd*.

80 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

But more of this hereafter :—You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions³, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you,—
But with the word, the time will bring on summer⁴,
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp⁵. We must away;
Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us⁶:
All's well that ends well: still the fine's⁷ the crown;
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Rouffillon. *A Room in the Count's Palace.*

Enter Countess, LAFEU, and Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-
taffata fellow there; whose villainous saffron would have
made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in
his colour⁸: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this
hour; and your son here at home, more advanced by the
king, than by that red-tail'd humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would, I had not known him! it was the
death of the most virtuous gentlewoman, that ever nature
had praise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh,
and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not
have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may
pick

³ — your impositions,] i. e. your commands.

⁴ With the word, i. e. in an instant of time.

⁵ The meaning of this observation is that as briars have sweetness
with their prickles, so shall these troubles be recompensed with joy.

⁶ Time revives us, may mean, it rouses us.

⁷ — the fine's—] i. e. the end. So, in the *London Prodigal*, 1605:
"Nature hath done the last for me, and there's the fine."

⁸ The general custom of that time, of colouring paste with saffron, is
alluded to. So, in the *Winter's Tale*: "I must have saffron to colour
the warden pyes."

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. 31

pick a thousand sallads, ere we light on such another herb.

Clown. Indeed, fir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the sallet, or, rather, the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not sallet-herbs, you knave, they are nose-herbs.

Clown. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, fir; I have not much skill in grais.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself; a knave, or a fool?

Clown. A fool, fir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clown. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clown. And I would give his wife my bauble, fir, to do her service?

Laf. I will subscribe for thee; thou art both knave and fool.

Clown. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clown. Why, fir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman?

Clown. Eaith, fir, he has an English name; but his phisnomy is more hotter in France, than there¹.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clown. The black prince, fir, *alias*, the prince of darkness; *alias*, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest² thee from thy master thou talk'st of; serve him still.

Clown. I am a woodland fellow, fir, that always loved

E 5-

a great

¹ Part of the furniture of a fool was a *bauble*, which though it be generally taken to signify any thing of small value, has a precise and determinable meaning. It is a kind of truncheon with a head carved on it, which the fool anciently carried in his hand.

² The allusion is, in a probability, to the *Merbus Gallicus*.

³ To *suggest* anciently signified to seduce.

82 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

a great fire; and the master I speak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world, let his nobility remain in his court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some, that humble themselves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender; and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horses be well look'd to, without any tricks.

Clown. If I put any tricks upon 'em, fir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [Exit.]

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy³.

Count. So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will⁴.

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiss: and I was about to tell you, Since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master, to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness hath promised me to do it: and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord, and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he number'd thirty; he will be here to-morrow,

3 — unhappy.] That is, mischievously waggish, unlucky.

4 — he has no pace, but runs where he will.] Should not we read — no place, that is, no station, or office in the family. T. W. H. W. T. T.

A pace is a certain or prescribed walk; so we say of a man meanly obsequious, that he has learned his paces, and of a horse who moves irregularly, that he has no paces. JOHNSON.

morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom fail'd.

Count. It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters, that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship, to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking, with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clown. O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a scar under it, or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour: so, belike, is that.

Clown. But it is your carbonado'd^s face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you; I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clown. Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Marfeilles. *A Street.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting, day and night,
Must wear your spirits low: we cannot help it;
But, since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,

E 6

Re

^s Carbonado'd means scotched like a piece of meat for the gridiron.

84 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Be bold, you do so grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;—

*Enter a gentle Astringer*⁶.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king;
And aid me with that store of power you have,
To come into his presence.

Gent. The king's not here.

Hel. Not here, sir?

Gent. Not, indeed:

He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!

Hel. *All's well that ends well*, yet;
Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit.—
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;

Which:

⁶ An *astringer* or *astringer* is a falconer, and such a character was probable to be met with about a court which was famous for the love of that diversion. So, in *Hamlet*:

"We'll e'en to it like French Falconers."

A gentle *astringer* is a gentleman falconer. The word is derived from *astricus* or *asturcus*, a goshawk, from the Fr. *austour*.

Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it :
I will come after you, with what good speed
Our means will make us means⁷.

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,
What-e'er falls more.—We must to horse again ;—
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Rouffillon. The inner Court of the Count's Palace.

Enter Clown and PAROLLES.

Par. Good Mr. Lavatch, give my lord Lafew this letter : I have ere now, fir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes ; but I am now, fir, mudd'y'd in fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure⁸.

Clown. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of : I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Pr'ythee, allow the wind⁹.

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, fir ; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clown. Indeed, fir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose ; or against any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, fir, deliver me this paper.

Clown. Foh ! pr'ythee, stand away ; A paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman ! Look, here he comes himself.

⁷ Shakespeare delights much in this kind of reduplication, sometimes so as to obscure his meaning. Helena says, *they will follow with such speed as the means which they have will give them ability to exert.*

⁸ By the whimsical caprice of Fortune, I am fallen into the mud, and smell somewhat strong of her displeasure.

⁹ — *allow the wind.*] i. e. stand to the windward of me.

Enter

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a pur of fortune's, fir, or of fortune's cat, (but not a musk-cat,) that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddy'd withal: Pray you, fir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decay'd, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your lordship. [Exit Clown.

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratch'd.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you play'd the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a *quart de'ecu* for you: Let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour, to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't; save your word¹.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than one word, then.—Cox' my passion! give me your hand:—How does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [Trumpets sound.] The king's coming; I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night:

¹ The meaning is, I testify my pity for his distress, by encouraging him with a gracious smile.

² —save your word.] i. e. you need not ask;—here it is.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. 87

night : though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat³ ; go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in the Count's Palace.

Flourish. Enter King, Countess, LAFEU, Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, &c.

King. We lost a jewel of her ; and our esteem⁴ Was made much poorer by it : but your son, As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know Her estimation home⁵.

Count. 'Tis past, my liege : And I beseech your majesty to make it Natural rebellion, done i' the blade of youth⁶ ; When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force, O'erbears it, and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady, I have forgiven and forgotten all : Though my revenges were high bent upon him, And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say. — But first I beg my pardon. — The young lord Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady, Offence of mighty note ; but to himself The greatest wrong of all : he lost a wife, Whole beauty did astonish the survey

OF

³ — you shall eat ;] Parolles has many of the lineaments of Falstaff, and seems to be the character which Shakspeare delighted to draw, a fellow that had more wit than virtue. Though justice required that he should be detected and exposed, yet his *vices sit so fit in him* that he is not at last suffered to starve.

⁴ Esteem is here reckoning or estimate. Since the loss of Helen with her virtues and qualifications, our account is sunk ; what we have to reckon ourselves king of, is much poorer than before.

⁵ — home.] That is, completely, in its full extent.

⁶ In the spring of early life, when the man is yet green. Oil and fire suit but ill with blade, and therefore Warburton reads — *blame* of youth.

83 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Of richest eyes ; whose words all ears took captive ;
Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serve,
Humbly call'd mistrefs.

King. Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call him hither ;—
We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition ? :—Let him not ask our pardon ;
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incensing relicks of it: let him approach,
A stranger, no offender ; and inform him,
So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my liege. [Exit Gentleman.

King. What says he to your daughter ? have you spoke ?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters
sent me,

That set him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I am not a day of season,
For thou may'st see a sun-shine and a hail
In me at once : But to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way ; so stand thou forth,
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repented blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole ;
Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let's take the instant by the forward top ;

For

7 Shakspeare is now hastening to the end of the play, finds his matter sufficient to fill up his remaining scenes, and therefore, as on other such occasions, contracts his dialogue and precipitates his action. Decency required that Bertram's double crime of cruelty and disobedience, joined likewise with some hypocrisy, should raise more resentment ; and that though his mother might easily forgive him, his king should more pertinaciously vindicate his own authority and Helen's merit. Of all this Shakspeare could not be ignorant, but Shakspeare wanted to conclude his play.

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ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. 29

For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them: You remember
The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege: At first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n;
Extended or contracted all proportions,
To a most hideous object: Thence it came,
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd:
That thou did'st love her, strikes some scores away
From the great compt: But love, that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, That's good that's gone: our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave:
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust:
Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.^a
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
The main consents are had; and here we'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day.

Count. Which better than the first, O dear heaven
bless!

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease!

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested, give a favour from you,
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,

That

^a The meaning may be, that hatred still continues to sleep at ease, while love is weeping.

90 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

That she may quickly come.—By my old beard,
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,
The last that e'er I took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.—
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessity'd to help, that by this token
I would relieve her: Had you that craft, to reave her
Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure, I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never saw it:
In Florence was it from a casket thrown me;
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought
I stood ingag'd; but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd,
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath

⁹ Bertram still continues to have too little virtue to deserve Helen,
He did not know indeed that it was Helen's ring, but he knew that
he had it not from a window.

¹ Plutus the grand alchemist, who knows the *tincture* which confers
the properties of gold upon base metals, and the *matter* by which gold
is multiplied, by which a small quantity of gold is made to communicate
its qualities to a large mass of metal.

¹² In

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Hath not in nature's mystery more science,
 Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
 Whoever gave it you: Then, if you know
 That you are well acquainted with yourself,
 Confess 'twas hers², and by what rough enforcement
 You got it from her: she call'd the saints to surety,
 That she would never put it from her finger,
 Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
 (Where you have never come,) or sent it us
 Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour;

And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
 Which I would fain shut out: If it should prove
 That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so;—
 And yet I know not:—thou didst hate her deadly,
 And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
 Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
 More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—

[*Guards seize Bertram.*]

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
 Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
 Having vainly fear'd too little³.—Away with him;—
 We'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove
 This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
 Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
 Where yet she never was.

[*Exit Bertram, guarded.*]

In the reign of Henry the Fourth, a law was made to forbid *all men* to multiply gold, or use any craft of multiplication. Of which law, Mr. Boyle, when he was warm with the hope of transmutation, procured a repeal.

² The true meaning of this expression is, *If you know that your faculties are so sound, as that you have the proper consciousness of your own actions, and are able to recollect and relate what you have done, tell me, &c.*

³ The proofs which I have already had, are sufficient to shew that my fears were not vain and irrational. I have rather been hitherto more easy than I ought, and have unreasonably had too little fear.

Enter

92 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrap'd in dismal thinkings.

Gent. Gracious sovereign,

Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not;
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, for four or five removes, come short
To tender it herself*. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

King. [reads.]—*Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the count Roussillon a widower; his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice: Grant it me, O king; in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.*

DIANA CAPULET.

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this*. I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafau,
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors:—
Go, speedily, and bring again the count.—

[*Exeunt Gentleman, and some Attendants.*]

I am afraid, the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

* Who hath missed the opportunity of presenting it in person to your majesty, either at Marseilles, or on the road from thence to Roussillon, in consequence of having been four or five removes behind you.

Removes are journeys or post-stages.

* The meaning, I think, is I will purchase a son-in-law at a fair, and get rid of this worthless fellow, by selling him out of it. To toll a person out of a fair was a phrase of the time.

Enter

Enter BERTRAM, guarded.

King. I wonder, sir, since wives are monsters to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship⁶,
Yet you desire to marry.—What woman's that?

Re-enter Gentleman, with Widow, and DIANA.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capulet;
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count; Do you know these women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them: Do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embody'd yours,
That she, which marries you, must marry me,
Either both, or none.

Laf. Your reputation [*to Ber.*] comes too short for my
daughter, you are no husband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your highness
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to
friend,
Till your deeds gain them: Fairer prove your honour,
Than in my thought it lies!

Dia. Good my lord,

Ask

⁶ I suppose *lordship* is put for that *protection*, which the husband in
the marriage-ceremony promises to the wife. TAYLOR.

194 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord;
And was a common gamester to the camp?

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him: O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect, and rich validity,
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis it:
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
Confer'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been ow'd, and worn. This is his wife;
That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought, you said?
You saw one here in court could witness it.

Dia. I did, my lord, but loth am to produce
So bad an instrument; his name's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him?
He's quoted⁷ for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd;⁸
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth⁹;
Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
That will speak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think, she has: certain it is, I lik'd her,
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course

Are

⁷ A gamester was formerly used to signify a wanton.

⁸ Whose high respect, and rich validity, } Validity means value.

⁹ The poet has here forgot himself. Diana has said no such thing.

¹ Quoted has the same sense as noted.

² — but to speak a truth: } i. e. only to speak a truth.

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Are motives of more fancy³; and, in fine,
Her insuit coming with her modern grace,
Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring;
And I had that, which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient;
You, that turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me⁴. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband,)
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like
The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter PAROLLES.

Ber. My lord, I do confess, the ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you.—
Is this the man you speak of?

Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
(Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off,)
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been an
honourable gentleman; tricks he hath had in him, which
gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose; Did he love this
woman?

Par. Faith, sir, he did love her; But how?

King.

³ Every thing that obstructs love is an occasion by which love is heightened. And, to conclude, her solicitation concurring with her fashionable appearance, she got the ring.

⁴ May justly loath or be weary of me, as people generally are of a regimen or prescribed diet. Such, I imagine, is the meaning. MALONE.

46 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, fir, as a gentleman loves-a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He lov'd her, fir, and lov'd her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave:—What an equivocal companion is this?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know, he promised me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty: I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things which would derive me all will to speak of, therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are marry'd: But thou art too fine^s in thy evidence; therefore stand aside.—This ring, you say was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways, How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

King.

^s Too fine is, too full of finesse; too artful.

King.
Dia.
King.

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King. This ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now;
To prison with her: and away with him. —
Unless thou tell'st me where thou had'st this ring,
Thou die'st within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty;
He knows, I am no maid, and he'll swear to't:
I'll swear, I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life;
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[Pointing to LAFFEUS.]

King. She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. — Stay, royal sir;

[Exit Widow.]

The jeweller, that owes the ring, is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him:
He knows himself, my bed he hath defil'd;
And at that time he got his wife with child:
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick;
So there's my fiddle. One, that's dead, is quick;
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with HELENA.

King. Is there no exorcist?
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?

VOL. III.

F

Is't

⁶ This dialogue is too long, since the audience already knew the whole transaction; nor is there any reason for puzzling the king and playing with his passions; but it was much easier than to make a pathetic interview between Helen and her husband, her mother, and the king.

⁷ — exorcist,] This word is used, not very properly, for enchanter.

98 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Is't real, that I see?

Hel. No, my good lord;

'Tis but a shadow of a wife you see,

The name, and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both; O, pardon!

Hel. O, my good lord, when I was like this maid,

I found you wond'rous kind. There is your ring,

And, look you, here's your letter; This it says,

When from my finger you can get this ring,

And are by me with child,—This is done:

Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,

Deadly divorce step between me and you!—

O, my dear mother, do I see you living?

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon:—
Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkerchief: So, I thank
thee; wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee: Let
thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story know,

To make the even truth in pleasure flow:—

If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower, [to Diana.]

Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;

For I can guess, that, by thy honest aid,

Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—

Of that, and all the progress, more and less,

Resolvedly more leisure shall express:

All yet seems well; and, if it end so meet,

The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

Advancing.

The king's a beggar, now the play is done:

All is well ended, if this suit be won,

That you express content; which we will pay,

With grise to please you, day exceeding day:

Ours

⁸ Though these lines are sufficiently intelligible in their obvious sense, yet perhaps there is some allusion to the old tale of *The King and the Beggar*, which was the subject of a ballad.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. 99

Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts 9;

Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts 1. [Exeunt.

9 The meaning is: Grant us then your patience; hear us without interruption. And take our parts; that is, support and defend us.

1 This play has many delightful scenes, though not sufficiently probable, and some happy characters, though not new, nor produced by any deep knowledge of human nature. Parolles is a boaster and a coward, such as has always been the sport of the stage, but perhaps never raised more laughter or contempt than in the hands of Shakspeare.

I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram; a man noble without generosity, and young without truth; who marries Helen as a coward, and leaves her as a profligate: when she is dead by unkindness, sneaks home to a second marriage, is accused by a woman whom he has wronged, defends himself by falsehood, and is dismissed to happiness.

The story of Bertram and Diana had been told before of Mariana and Angelo, and, to confess the truth, scarcely merited to be heard a second time. JOHNSON.

107

TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

TWELFTH-NIGHT.



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10 3 * * * THERE is great reason to believe, that the serious part of this comedy is founded on some old translation of the seventh history in the fourth volume of *Belleforest's Histoires Tragiques*. It appears from the books of the Stationers' Company, July 15, 1596, that there was a version of "*Epitomes des cent Histoires Tragiques, partie extraictes des actes des Romains, et autres, &c.*" Belleforest took the story, as usual, from Bandello. The comick scenes appear to have been entirely the production of Shakspeare. Ben Jonson, who takes every opportunity to find fault with Shakspeare, seems to ridicule the conduct of *Twelfth-Night* in his *Every Man out of his Humour*, at the end of Act III. sc. vi. where he makes *Mitis* say, "That the argument of his comedy might have been of some other nature, as of a duke to be in love with a countess, and that countess to be in love with the duke's son, and the son in love with the lady's waiting-maid: *some such cross wooing, with a clown to their serving-man*, better than be thus near and familiarly allied to the time." STEEVENS.

I suppose this comedy to have been written in 1614. If however the foregoing passage was levelled at *Twelfth-Night*, my Speculation falls to the ground. MALONE.

Persons Represented.

Orsino, *Duke of Illyria.*

Sebastian, *a young gentleman, brother to Viola.*

Antonio, *a sea-captain, friend to Sebastian.*

A sea-captain, friend to Viola.

Valentine, } *Gentlemen attending on the Duke.*

Curio, }

Sir Toby Belch, *uncle to Olivia.*

Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.

Malvolio, *steward to Olivia.*

Fabian, } *servants to Olivia.*

Clown, }



Olivia, *a rich countess.*

Viola, *in love with the Duke.*

Maria, *Olivia's woman.*

Lords, Priest, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

SCENE, a city in Illyria; and the sea-coast near it.

TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, CURIO, and Lords; Musicians attending.

Duke. **I**F musick be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.—Enough; no more;
'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity¹ and pitch soever,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical².

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:

F 5

O, when

¹ Validity is here used for value.

² High-fantastical, means no more than fantastical to the bright.

O, when my eyes did see Olivia first,
 Methought, she purg'd the air of pestilence;
 That instant was I turn'd into a hart³;
 And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
 E'er since pursue me.—How now? what news from her?

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
 But from her hand-maid do return this answer:
 The element itself, till seven years heat⁴,
 Shall not behold her face at ample view;
 But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
 And water once a day her chamber round
 With eye-offending brine: all this, to season
 A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh,
 And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
 To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
 How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
 Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
 That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,
 These sovereign thrones, are all supply'd, and fill'd,
 (Her sweet perfections,) with one self-king!—
 Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
 Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopy'd with bowers.

[*Exeunt.*]

³ This image evidently alludes to the story of Acteon, by which Shakspeare seems to think men cautioned against too great familiarity with forbidden beauty. Acteon, who saw Diana naked, and was torn in pieces by his hounds, represents a man, who indulging his eyes, or his imagination, with the view of a woman that he cannot gain, has his heart torn with incessant longing. An interpretation far more elegant and natural than that of Sir Francis Bacon, who, in his *Wisdom of the Ancients*, supposes this story to warn us against enquiring into the secrets of princes, by shewing, that those who know that which for reasons of state is to be concealed, will be detected and destroyed by their own servants.

⁴ Heat for heated. The air, till it shall have been warmed by seven revolutions of the sun, shall not see her.



SCENE

WHAT YOU WILL.

SCENE II.

The Sea-coast.

Enter VIOLA, Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

Cap. This is Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elyfium.

Perchance, he is not drown'd:—What think you, sailors?

Cap. It is perchance, that you yourself were sav'd.

Vio. O my poor brother! and so, perchance, may he be.

Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and this poor number sav'd with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's gold:
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born,
Not three hours travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble duke in nature, as in name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him;
He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late:
For but a month ago I went from hence;
And then 'twas fresh in murmur, (as, you know,

F 6

What

We know not whether the nobility of the name is comprised in
duke, or in Orsino, which is the name of a great Italian family.

TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

What great ones do, the less will prattle of,) That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count That dy'd some twelve-month since; then leaving her In the protection of his son, her brother, Who shortly also dy'd: for whose dear love, They say, she hath abjur'd the fight And company of men.

Vio. O, that I serv'd that lady; And might not be deliver'd to the world; Till I had made mine own occasion mellow, What my estate is⁶!

Cap. That were hard to compass; Because she will admit no kind of suit, No, not the duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain; And though that nature with a beauteous wall Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits With this thy fair and outward character. I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously, Conceal me what I am; and be my aid For such disguise as, haply, shall become The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke⁷; Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him, It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing, And speak to him in many sorts of musick, That will allow⁸ me very worth his service. What else may hap, to time I will commit; Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap.

⁶ I wish I might not be made publick to the world, with regard to the state of my birth and fortune, till I have gained a ripe opportunity for my design. Viola seems to have formed a very deep design with very little premeditation: she is thrown by shipwreck on an unknown coast, hears that the prince is a bachelor, and resolves to supplant the lady whom he courts.

⁷ Viola is an excellent schemer, never at a loss; if she cannot serve the lady, she will serve the duke.

⁸ To allow is to approve.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see!

Vio. I thank thee: Lead me on.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, and MARIA.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure, care's an enemy to life⁹.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted¹.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight, that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man² as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats; he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir

⁹ Alluding to the old proverb, *Care will kill a cat.*

¹ A ludicrous use of the formal *law-phrase*. It is the usual language of lawyers: "To have and to hold the said demised premises &c. with their and every of their rights, members &c. (except before excepted)."

² — as tall a man—] *Tall* means stout, courageous.

20 TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o'th' viol-de-gambo³, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed,—almost natural: for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath a gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels, and subtractors, that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece; I'll drink to her, as long as there's a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria: He's a coward, and a coysiril⁴, that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o'the toe like a parish-top⁵. What, wench? Castiliano vulgo; for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, sir Andrew, accost⁶.

Sir

³ The *viol-de-gambo* seems, in our author's time, to have been a very fashionable instrument. In *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606, it is mentioned, with its proper derivation:

"Her *viol-de-gambo* is her best content,

"For 'twixt her legs she holds her instrument."

⁴ A *coysiril* is a paltry groom, only fit to carry arms, but not to use them. He is properly the servant of a man at arms, or life-guard of a prince. Each of the life-guards of Henry VIII. had a coysiril that attended upon him. Hence it came to signify a low mean man.

⁵ This is one of the customs now laid aside. A large top was formerly kept in every village, to be whipped in frosty weather, that the peasants might be kept warm by exercise, and out of mischief, while they could not work. "To sleep like a *parish-top*," is a proverbial expression. A top is said to *sleep*, when it turns round with great velocity, and makes a smooth humming noise.

⁶ To *accost*, had a signification in our author's time that the word now

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mrs. Mary Accost,—

Sir To. You mistake, knight: accost, is; front her, board her⁷, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, sir Andrew, 'would thou might'st never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again; Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir⁸.

Sir And. Why, I think so; I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir.

now seems to have lost. In the second part of *The English Dictionary*, by H. C. 1655, in which the reader "who is desirous of a more refined and elegant speech," is furnished with *hard words*, "*to draw near*," is explained thus: "To *accost*, appropriate, appropinquate." See also Cotgrave's Dict. in v. *accoster*.

⁷ Dr. Johnson observes in his Dictionary, that one of the senses of to *board* is, to attack, or make the first attempt upon a person;—*aborder quelqu'un*. In the common French Dictionary, "*aborder une femme*," is translated "to board a woman, to pick her up." To *board*, as it is explained by Dr. Johnson, is evidently derived as Mr. Steevens has observed, from the original naval term.

⁸ She may intend to insinuate, that it is not a lover's hand, a moist hand being vulgarly accounted a sign of an amorous constitution. The Chief Justice in the second part of *King Henry IV.* enumerates a *dry hand* among the characteristics of debility and age.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, fir; I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [*Exit MARIA.*]

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary; When did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down: Methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a christian, or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, fir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoy*, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy*? do, or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest, it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent! it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

Sir And. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, fir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself, here hard by, woes her.

Sir To. She'll none o'the count; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o'the strangest mind i'the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under

der the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man⁹.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture¹? why dost thou not go
to

⁹ *Ague-cheek*, though willing enough to arrogate to himself such experience as is commonly the acquisition of age, is yet careful to exempt his person from being compared with its bodily weakness. In short, he would say with Falstaff,—"I am old in nothing but my understanding."

¹ The real name of the woman whom I suppose to have been meant by *Sir Toby*, was *Mary Frith*. The appellation by which she was generally known, was *Moll Cut-purse*. She was at once an *hermaphrodite*, a prostitute, a bawd, a bully, a thief, a receiver of stolen goods, &c. &c. On the books of the Stationers' Company, August 1610, is entered—"A Booke called the Madde Prankes of Merry Mall of the Bankside, with her walks in man's apparel, and to what purposes Written by John Day." Middleton and Decker wrote a comedy, of which she is the heroine. The title of this piece is—*The Roaring Girl*, or, *Moll Cut-purse*; as it hath been lately acted on the Fortune Stage, by the Prince his players, 1611. The frontispiece to it contains a full length of her in man's clothes, smoaking tobacco. As this extraordinary personage appears to have partaken of both sexes, the curtain which *Sir Toby* mentions, would not have been unnecessarily drawn before such a picture of her as might have been exhibited in an age, of which neither too much delicacy or decency was the characteristic.—*Mary Frith* was born in 1584, and died in 1659.—In a MS. letter in the British Museum, from John Chamberlain to Mr. Carleton, dated February 11, 1611—12, the following account is given of this woman's doing penance:—"This last Sunday *Moll Cut-purse*, a notorious baggage, that used to go in men's apparel, and challenged the field of diverse gallants, was brought to the same place, [St. Paul's Cross,] where she wept bitterly, and seemed very penitent; but it is since doubted she was maudlin drunk, being discovered to have tippel'd of three quarts of sack, before she came to her penance. She had the daintiest preacher or ghostly father that ever I saw in the pulpit, one Radcliffe of Brazen-nose College in Oxford, a likelier man to have led the revels in some inn of court, than to be where he was. But the best is, he did extreme badly, and so wearied the audience that the best part went away, and the rest tarried rather to hear *Moll Cut-purse* than him."

to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace². What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? wert we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's sides and heart³.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's clothes.

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love; Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, CURIO, and Attendants.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you a while aloof.—Cesario, Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd

² i. e. a *cinq-pace*; the name of a dance, the measures whereof are regulated by the number five. The word occurs elsewhere in our author.

³ Alluding to the medical astrology still preserved in almanacks, which refers the affections of particular parts of the body, to the predominance of particular constellations.

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WHAT YOU WILL.

15

To thee the book even of my secret soul :
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her ;
Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow,
Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofit return.

Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my lord ; What then ?

Duke. O, then, unfold the passion of my love,
Surprize her with discourse of my dear faith :
It shall become thee well to act my woes ;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it ;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say, thou art a man : Diana's lip
Is not more smooth, and rubious ; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill, and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part .
I know, thy constellation is right apt
For this affair :—Some four, or five, attend him ;
All, if you will ; for I myself am best,
When least in company :—Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best,
To woo your lady :—yet, [*aside.*] a barrful strife !
Who-e'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exit.*]

4 That is, thy proper part in a play would be a woman's. Women were then personated by boys.

5 i. e. a contest full of impediments.

SCENE

16 TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

SCENE V.

A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter MARIA and Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips, so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he, that is well hang'd in this world, needs to fear no colours⁶.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer⁷: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom, that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd, for being so long absent; or, to be turn'd away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out⁸.

Mar. You are resolute then?

Clo. Not so neither; but I am resolved on two points.

Mar. That, if one break⁹, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way; if sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar.

⁶ This expression frequently occurs in the old plays.

⁷ — lenten answer:] A *lean*, or as we now call it, a dry answer.

⁸ It is common for unsettled and vagrant serving-men, to grow negligent of their business towards summer; and the sense of the passage is: If I am turned away, the advantages of the approaching summer will bear out, or support all the inconveniences of dismissal; for I shall find employment in every field, and lodging under every hedge.

⁹ — if one break,] Points were laces with metal tags, by which the trunk-hose, or breeches, were fastened to the doublet.

WHAT YOU WILL.

17

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o'that; here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit*]

Enter OLIVIA, and MALVOLIO.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: For what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.—God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: Besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, Madonna², that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself, if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the butcher mend him: Any thing, that's mended, is but patch'd³: virtue, that transgresses, is but patch'd with sin; and sin, that amends, is but patch'd with virtue: If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, What remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower.—the lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, *Cuculus non facit monachum*; that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good Madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good Madonna,

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, Madonna; Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli.

¹ — *Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.* Hall, in his *Chronicle*, speaking of the death of Sir Thomas More, says, "that he knows not whether to call him a foolish wise man, or a wise foolish man."

² — *Madonna.* Ital. mistress, dame. So, *La Madonna*, by way of pre-eminence, the *Blessed Virgin*.

³ Alluding to the patch'd or particoloured garment of the fool.

TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Oli. Well, fir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good Madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Cla. I think, his soul is in hell, Madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, Madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Cla. God send you, fir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn, that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two-pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone: Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distemper'd appetite: to be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets: There is no slander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury indue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fools *!

Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman, much desires to speak with you.

Oli.

* May Mercury teach thee to lie, since thou liest in favour of fools.

Oli. From the count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman; Fie on him! [*Exit MARIA.*] Go you, Malvolio; if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit MALVOLIO.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, Madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool: whose scull Jove cram with brains, for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak *pickled* matter.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman? What gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here⁵—A plague o' these pickle-herrings!—How now, son?

Clo. Good Sir Toby,—

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery: There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil; an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*]

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clown. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat⁶ makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my

⁵ 'Tis a gentleman here—] Sir Toby was going to describe the gentleman, but is interrupted by the effects of his *pickled* bearing.

⁶ i. e. above the state of being warm in a proper degree.

TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drown'd: go, look after him.

Clown. He is but mad yet, Madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [Exit Clown.]

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you: I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post⁷, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of man kind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you, or no.

Oli. Of what personage, and years, is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: Call in my gentleswoman.

Mal. Gentleswoman, my lady calls. [Exit.]

⁷ It was the custom for that officer to have large posts set up at his door, as an indication of his office. The original of which was, that the king's proclamations, and other publick Acts, might be affixed thereon by way of publication.—Dr. Letherland was of opinion, that "by this post is meant a post to mount his horse from, a horse-block, which, by the custom of the city, is still placed at the sheriff's door."

Re-enter

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face;
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her; Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,
—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house,
for I never saw her: I would be loth to cast away my
speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I
have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me
sustain no scorn; I am very comptible^s, even to the least
sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that
question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me
modest assurance, if you be the lady of the house, that I
may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very
fangs of malice, I swear, I am not that I play. Are you
the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp your-
self; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve.
But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech
in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my
message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you
the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis po-
etical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feign'd; I pray you, keep
it in. I heard, you were saucy at my gates; and al-
low'd your approach, rather to wonder at you than to
hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have

VOL. III.

G

reason,

^s Viola begs she may not be treated with scorn, because she is very
submissive, even to lighter marks of reprehension.

TWELFTH NIGHT: OR,

reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue².

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to-hull here³ a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant⁴, sweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind⁵.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? What would you?

Vio. The rudeness, that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exit MARIA.*] Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? in what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is hereby. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text: but

we

² — skipping a dialogue.] Wild, frolic, mad.

³ To drive to and fro upon the water, without sails or rudder.

⁴ Ladies, in romance, are guarded by giants, who repel all improper or troublesome advances. Viola, seeing the waiting-maid so eager to oppose her message, intreats Olivia to pacify her giant.

Viola likewise alludes to the diminutive size of *Maria*, who is called on subsequent occasions, *little villain*, *youngest wren of nine*, &c.

⁵ *Mind* signifies either *business* or *inclination*. Viola, taking advantage of the ambiguity of the word, replies as if Olivia had used it in the latter sense; though, as a messenger, she was not to speak her own mind, but that of her employer.

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we will draw the curtain, and shew you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: Is't not well done?

[Unveiling.]

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent⁴, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand lay'd on:

Lady, you are the cruellest she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out diverse schedules of my beauty: It shall be inventoried; and every particle, and utensil, labell'd to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to 'praise me'?

Vio. I see you what you are: you are too proud; But, if you were the devil, you are fair. My lord and master loves you; O; such love Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adoration's fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him: Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulg'd⁶, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And, in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense,
I would not understand it.

G 2

Oli.

⁴ Blended, mix'd together; the antient participle of the verb to blend.

⁵ To appraise, or appreciate me. The foregoing words, *schedules*, and *inventoried*, shew that this is the meaning.

⁶ In voices well divulg'd,] Well spoken of by the world.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much: What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post⁷, lady: keep your purse;
My master, not myself, lacks recompence.
Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt! Farewel, fair cruelty. [Exit,

Oli. What is your parentage?

Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:

I am a gentleman.—I'll be sworn thou art;

Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon:—Not too fast;—soft! soft!
Unless the master were the man⁸.—How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be,—
What, ho, Malvolio!—

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,

The

⁷ *Post*, in our author's time, signified a messenger.

⁸ Unless the dignity of the master were added to the merit of the servant, I shall go too far, and disgrace myself. Let me stop in time.

WHAT YOU WILL.

25

The county's man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not; tell him, I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hye thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will.

[Exit.

Oli. I do I know not what; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, shew thy force: Ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed, must be; and be this so! [Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Sea-coast.

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not, that
I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly over
me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, distem-
per yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave, that
I may bear my evils alone: It were a bad recompence
for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No, sooth, sir; my determinate voyage is mere
extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch
of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am
willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners
the rather to express myself: You must know of me then,
Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I call'd Rodo-
rigo;

G 3

² *Mine eye &c.*] I believe the meaning is, I am not mistress of my
own actions; I am afraid that my eyes betray me, and flatter the youth
without my consent, with discoveries of love. JOHNSON.

I think the meaning is, I fear that my eyes will seduce my under-
standing; that I am indulging a passion for this beautiful youth, which
my reason cannot approve. MALONE.

¹ *—to express myself.*] That is, to reveal myself.

rigo; my father was that Sebastian of Messina², whom I know, you have heard of: he left behind him, myself, and a sister, both born in an hour; If the heavens had been pleas'd, would we had so ended! but you, sir, alter'd that; for, some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not, with such estimable wonder³, over-far believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: she is drown'd already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*]

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!—

I have many enemies in Orsino's court,

Else would I very shortly see thee there:

But, come what may, I do adore thee so,

That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*]

—Messaline. Sir Thomas Hanmer very judiciously offers to read *Misella*, an island in the Archipelago; but Shakspeare knew little of geography, and was not at all solicitous about orthographical nicety.

² Shakspeare often confounds the active and passive adjectives. *Estimable wonder* is *esteeming wonder*, or *wonder and esteem*. The meaning is, that he could not venture to think so highly as others of his sister:

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interpre

SCENE II.

*A Street.**Enter VIOLA, MALVOLIO following.**Mal.* Were not you even now with the countess Olivia?*Vio.* Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.*Mal.* She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: And one thing more; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.*Vio.* She took the ring of me! I'll none of it.*Mal.* Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so return'd: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. *[Exit.]**Vio.* I left no ring with her: What means this lady? Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her! She made good view of me; indeed so much, That, sure, methought her eyes had lost her tongue⁴, For she did speak in starts distractedly.

She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion Invites me in this churlish messenger.

None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.

I am the man;—If it be so, (as 'tis,)

Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,

Wherein the pregnant enemy⁵ does much.

How easy is it, for the proper-false

In women's waxen hearts to set their forms⁶!

G 4

Alas,

⁴ We say a man *loses* his company when they go one way and he goes another. So Olivia's tongue lost her eyes; her tongue was talking of the duke, and her eyes gazing on his messenger.⁵ The dexterous fiend, or enemy of mankind.⁶ To set their forms means, to plant their images, i. e. to make an impression on their easy minds. Mr. Tyrwhitt concurs with me in this interpretation. STEEVENS.

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we;
 For, such as we are made of, such we be.
 How will this sadge⁷? My master loves her dearly;
 And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
 And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:
 What will become of this? As I am man,
 My state is desperate for my master's love;
 As I am woman, now alas the day!
 What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe?
 O time, thou must untangle this, not I;
 It is too hard a knot for me to untie.

[Exit.

S C E N E III.

A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, and Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Approach, sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere*², thou know'st,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfill'd can: To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; so that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives consist of the four elements?

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I say!—a stoop³ of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Clown.

⁷ How will this sadge? To sadge is to suit, to fit.

² *Saluberrimum est*. This adage our author found in Lilly's Grammar.
³ A stoop, cadus, a trooppa, Belgis stoop. Ray's Proverbs, p. 111.
 In Hexam's Low Dutch Dictionary, 1660, a gallon is explained by *een haant van twee sloopen*. A stoop, however, seems to have been something more than half a gallon. In a catalogue of the rarities of the Anatomy-Hall at Leyden, printed there, quarto, 1701, is "The bladder of a man containing four stoop, (which is something above two English gallons) of water."

Clown. How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three¹?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast². I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg; and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very good, i'faith. I sent thee six-pence for thy leman³; Had'st it?

Clown. I did impetico⁴ thy gratillity⁵; for Malvolio's nose is no whip-flock⁶; My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is six-pence for you: let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a—

Clown. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life⁷?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

¹ Shakespeare had in his thoughts a common sign, in which two wooden heads are exhibited, with this inscription under it: "*We three loggerheads be.*" The spectator or reader is supposed to make the third.

² *Breast*, is *voice*. So, in the Statutes of Stoke College, founded by Archbishop Parker, 1535, *Strype's Parker*, p. 9. — "Which said queristers, after their *breasts* are changed," &c. that is, after their voices are broken.

³ The money was given him for his *leman*, i. e. his mistress.

⁴ This, Sir T. Hanmer tells us, is the same with *impocket thy gratuity*. He is undoubtedly right; but we must read: *I did impeticoat thy gratuity*. The fools were kept in long coats, to which the allusion is made. There is yet much in this dialogue which I do not understand.

⁵ The handle of a whip, round which a strap of leather is usually twisted, and is sometimes put for the whip itself.

⁶ By a song of *good life*, the Clown means a song of a *moral turn*; though Sir Andrew answers to it in that signification, *Good life is harmless mirth or jollity*. It may be a Gallicism: we call a jolly fellow a *bon vivant*.

S O N G.

Clown. O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
 O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
 That can sing both high and low:
 Trip no further, pretty sweetening;
 Journeys end in lovers' meeting;
 Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i'faith!

Sir To. Good, good.

Clown. What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
 Present mirth hath present laughter;
 What's to come, is still unsure:
 In delay there lies no plenty;
 Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
 Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance? indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

Clown. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain: let our catch be, *Thou knave*.

Clown. Hold thy peace, thou knave, knight? I shall be constrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight?

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins: *Hold thy peace*.

Clown. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i'faith! come, begin. [*They sing a catch*].

Enter

7 That is, drink till the sky seems to turn round.

8 Our author represents weavers as much given to harmony in his time.

9 The catch above mentioned to be sung by Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and the Clown, from the hints given of it, appears to be so contrived as that each of the singers calls the other knave.

10 *They sing a catch.* We are informed by Sir John Hawkins that this catch, beginning *Hold thy peace*, together with the musical notes, is preserved in a book, entitled *DEUTEROMELIA*, printed in 1609.

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here? If my lady have not call'd up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian², we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsay³, and *Three merry men be we*⁴. Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly-valley, lady! *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady,* lady⁵! [Singing.]

Clown. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O, the twelfth day of December,— [Singing.]

Mar. For the love o' God, peace.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an ale-house of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers'⁶ catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

G 6

Sir

² Mr. Steevens observes, that it is in vain to seek the precise meaning of this term of reproach. Whatever was the origin of the expression, it probably was used, in process of time, as a vague term of reproach, without any determinate meaning.

³ In Dunsley's *Pills to purge Melancholy* is a very obscene old song, entitled *Peg-a-Ramsay*. Nash mentions *Peg of Ramsay* among several other ballads. It appears from the same author, that it was likewise a dance performed to the musick of a song of that name.

⁴ *Three merry men be we*, is likewise a fragment of some old song.

⁵ The ballad of SUSANNA, from whence this line [*There dwelt &c.*] is taken, was licensed by T. Colwell, in 1562, under the title of "The goodly and constant wyfe Susanna."

Tilly-valley was an interjection of contempt which Sir Thomas More's lady is recorded to have had very often in her mouth.

⁶ A *cozier* is a taylor, from *coudre* to sew, part. *cousu*, French.

Ateliers, it appears from Minshieu, signified a *barber*, or mender of old clothes, and also a cobbler.—Here it means the former.

Sir To. We did keep time, fir, in our catches. Sneak up?¹

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. Farewel, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.²

Mal. Nay, good fir Toby.

Clown. His eyes do shew his days are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. But I will never die.

Clown. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go? [Singing.

Clown. What an if you do?

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clown. O no, no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o'time, fir?³ ye lie.—Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?⁴

Clown. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i'the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i'the right.—Go, fir, rub your chain with crums:⁵—A stoop of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means

¹ *Sneak up!*] Of this cant phrase it is not easy to ascertain the meaning. It occurs in many of the old comedies. From the manner in which it is used in all of them, it seems to have been synonymous to the modern expression, *Go and hang yourself*.

² This entire song, with some variations, is published by Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*.

³ In the Mss. of our author's age, *tune* and *time* are often quite undistinguishable; the second stroke of the *u* seeming to be the first stroke of the *m*, or *vise versa*.

⁴ It was the custom on holidays or saints' days to make cakes in honour of the day. The Puritans called this, superstition, and in the next page Maria says, that *Malvolio* is sometimes a kind of Puritan.

⁵ Stewards anciently wore a chain as a mark of superiority over other servants.

means for this uncivil rule¹; she shall know of it, by this hand. [Exit.]

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed, as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field; and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight; I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword⁴, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know, I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us⁵, possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser; an affection'd ass⁶, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so cramm'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all, that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar.

¹ Rule is method of life; so misrule is tumult and riot.

On this occasion, however, rule, is something less than common method of life. It occasionally means the arrangement or conduct of a festival or merry-making, as well as behaviour in general.

There was formerly an officer belonging to the court, called Lord of Misrule. In the country, at all periods of festivity, an officer of the same kind was elected.

⁴ A nayword is what has been since called a bye-word, a kind of proverbial reproach.

⁵ That is, inform us, tell us, make us masters of the matter.

⁶ Affection'd means affected. In this sense it is used in Hamlet.

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated: I can write very like any lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. As, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my physick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewel. [Exit.

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea?

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me; What o' that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to-bed, knight;—Thou had'st need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not in the end, call me Cut.

Sir

? This conceit, though bad enough, shews too quick an apprehension for *Sir Andrew*: It should be given, I believe, to *Sir Toby*; as well as the next short speech: O, 'twill be admirable. *Sir Andrew* does not usually give his own judgment on any thing; till he has heard that of some other person.

— *Penthesilea*] i. e. amazon.

— call me Cut.] i. e. call me a booby.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come knight.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, VIOLA, CURIO, and Others.

Duke. Give me some musick:—Now, good morrow, friends:—

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song;
That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought, it did relieve my passion much;
More than light airs, and recollected¹ terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:—
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in: he is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[*Exit CURIO. — Musick.*]

Come hither, boy; If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me:
For, such as I am, all true-lovers are;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save, in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is thron'd².

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye

Hath

¹ *Recollected* signifies, nearly to its primitive sense, recalled, repeated, and alludes to the practice of composers, who often prolong the song by repetitions.

² i. e. to the heart.

Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour³.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years, i'faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven; Let still the woman take
An elder than herself⁴; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roses; whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO, and Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last night:—
Mark it, Cesario; it is old, and plain:
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free⁵ maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chaunt it; it is silly sooth⁶,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age⁷.

Clown.

³ — *favour*.] The word *favour* ambiguously used.

⁴ Our author did not in this instance follow his own doctrine. His wife was seven years older than him.

⁵ Perhaps, *vacant, unengaged, easy in mind*. JOHNSON.

Perhaps, *free* means here—not having yet surrendered their liberty to man;—unmarried. MALONE.

⁶ — *silly sooth*.] It is plain, simp'e truth.

⁷ I. e. sports and plays with a love subject, as they did in old times. To *dally* is to play harmlessly. So, in Act III. "They that *dally* sweetly with words." The *old age* is the *ages pass*, the times of simplicity.

Clown. Are you ready, fir?

Duke. Ay; pr'ythee, sing.

[Musick.]

S O N G.

Clown. Come away, come away, death,

And in sad cypress let me be laid^o;

Fly away, fly away, breath;

I am slain by a fair cruel maid.

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,

O, prepare it;

My part of death^o no one so true

Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,

On my black coffin let there be strown;

Not a friend, not a friend greet

My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:

A thousand thousand sighs to save,

Lay me, O, where

Sad true-lover ne'er find my grave,

To weep there.

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clown. No pains, fir; I take pleasure in singing, fir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clown. Truly, fir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clown. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the
tailor

* In the books of our author's age the thin transparent lawn called *cyprus*, which was formerly used for scarfs and handbands at funerals, was constantly spelt *cypress*. It is from the context alone therefore that we can ascertain whether *cyprus* or *cypress* was intended by our old writers. Mr. Warton has suggested in his late edition of *Milton's Poems*, that the meaning here is,—“Let me be laid in a shroud made of *cyprus*, not in a coffin made of *cypress* wood.” But in a subsequent line of this song the shroud, we find, is *white*. There was indeed white *cyprus* as well as black; but the epithet *sad* is inconsistent with white, and therefore we suppose the wood to have been here meant.

o Though *death* is a part in which every one acts his *share*, yet of all these actors no one is *so true* as I.

tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal¹!—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where; for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewel.

[Exit Clown.

Duke. Let all the rest give place.—Once more, Cefario,

[Exeunt CURIO and Attendants.

Get thee to yon same sovereign cruelty:

Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,

Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;

The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,

Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;

But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,

That nature pranks² her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But, if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. 'Sooth, but you must.

Say, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,

Hath for your love as great a pang of heart

As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;

You tell her so; Must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's fides,

Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,

As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart

So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.

Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—

No motion of the liver, but the palate,—

That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt³;

But mine is all as hungry as the sea,

And

¹ The opal is a gem which varies its appearance as it is viewed in different lights.

² The miracle and queen of gems is her beauty. Shakspeare does not say [as Dr. Warburton has asserted,] that nature pranks her in a miracle; but in the miracle of gems, that is, in a gem miraculously beautiful; To prank is to deck out to adorn. See Lye's Etymological.

³ The Duke has changed his opinion of women very suddenly. It was a few minutes before that he said they had more constancy in love than men.

And can digest as much : make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe :
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps; were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord : She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i'the bud
Feed on her damask cheek : she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?
We men may say more, swear more : but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will ; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But dy'd thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too⁴;—and yet I know not :—
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme:

To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no deny⁵. [Exit.]

⁴ This was the most artful answer that could be given. The question was of such a nature, that to have declined the appearance of a direct answer, must have raised suspicion. This has the appearance of a direct answer, *that the sister died of her love*; she (who passed for a man) saying, she was all the daughters of her father's house.

⁵ *Denay* is *denial*. To *deny* is an antiquated verb some times used by Holinshed, and also by Warner in his *Albion's England*, 1602.

SCENE V.

Olivia's Garden.

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK,
and FABIAN.*

Sir To. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out of favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue: Shall we not, sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain:—How now, my metal of India?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk; he has been yonder i'the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow, this half hour; observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [*The men hide themselves.*] Lie thou there; [*throws down a letter.*] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit MARIA.*]

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me, she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-weening rogue!

Fab.

—my metal of India?] My precious girl, my girl of gold.

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets⁷ under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue:—

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be count Malvolio:—

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example for't; the lady of the strachy⁸ married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look, how imagination blows him⁹.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state¹⁰,—

Sir To. O for a stone-bow¹¹, to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown; having come from a day-bed¹², where I have left Olivia sleeping:

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state: and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them, I know my place, as I would they should do theirs,—to ask for my kinsman Toby:

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and, perchance, wind

⁷ To jet is to strut, to agitate the body by a proud motion.

⁸ Here is an allusion to some old story (says Dr. Johnson) which I have not yet discovered. Perhaps a letter has been misplaced, and we ought to read—*strachy*; i. e. the room in which linen underwent the once most complicated operation of *straching*.

⁹ — *blows him*.] i. e. puffs him.

¹⁰ — *my state*,—] i. e. a sumptuous chair with a canopy over it.

¹¹ — *stone-bow*,] That is, a cross-bow, a bow which shoots stones.

¹² — *from a day-bed*,] i. e. a couch.

TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

wind up my watch⁴, or play with my some rich jewel: Toby approaches; court'sies there to me⁵:

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars⁶, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control;

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o'the lips then?

Mal. Saying, *Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech;*—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkenness.

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight;

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. One Sir Andrew:

Sir And. I knew, 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here⁷?

[*taking up the letter.*]

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she

⁴ — wind up my watch,—] In our author's time watches were very uncommon. When Guy Faux was taken, it was urged as a circumstance of suspicion that a watch was found upon him. Pocket-watches were brought from Germany into England about the year 1580.

⁵ The term to court'sie was applied to both sexes.

⁶ It may be worth remarking, perhaps, that the leading ideas of *Malvolio*, in his humour of state, bear a strong resemblance to those of *Alnaschbar* in the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*. Some of the expressions too are very similar.

⁷ What employment have we here?] A phrase of that time, equivalent to our common speech of—*What's to do here?*

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she her great P's? It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: Why, that?

Mal. [*reads.*] *To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:* her very phrases!—By your leave, wax.—Soft: and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady: To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [*reads.*] *I love know, I love:*

But who?

Lips do not move,

No man must know.

No man must know.—What follows? the numbers alter'd!

No man must know: if this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock⁸!

Mal. *I may command, where I adore:*

But silence, like a Lucrece knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;

M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. *M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.*—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dress'd him!

Sir To. And with what wing the flannet⁹ checks at it!

Mal. *I may command where I adore.* Why, she may command

⁷ — *her great P's.*] In the direction of the letter which Malvolio reads, there is neither a C, nor a P, to be found. This was perhaps an oversight in Shakspeare; or rather, for the sake of the allusion hinted at in the following note, he chose not to attend to the words of the direction. We are afraid some very coarse and vulgar appellations are meant to be alluded to by these capital letters.

⁸ — *brock!*] i. e. badger.

⁹ — *flannet.*—] The name of a kind of hawk is very judiciously put here for a *flannet*, by Sir Thomas Hanmer. To check, says Latham in his book of Falconry, is "when crows, rooks, pies, or other birds, coming in view of the hawk, she forsaketh her natural flight, to fly at them." The *flannet* is the common stone hawk which inhabits old buildings and rocks; in the North called *flanchil*. I have this information from Mr. Lamb's notes on the ancient metrical history of the battle of Flodden.

command me; I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity¹. There is no obstruction in this;—And the end;—What should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly;—*M, O, A, I.*—

Sir To. O, ay! make up that;—he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter² will cry upon't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. *M*,—Malvolio;—*M*,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. *M*,—But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O*³ shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, *O*.

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. *M, O, A, I*;—This simulation is not as the former:—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft; here follows prose.—*If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to incur thyself to*

what
[— formal capacity.] i. e. any one in his senses, any one whose capacity is not dis-arranged, or out of form.

² Sowter is here, we suppose, the name of a hound. Sowterly, however, is often employed as a term of abuse. A sowter was a cobbler. The meaning is, This fellow will, notwithstanding, catch at and be duped by our device, though the cheat is so gross that any one else would find it out. Our author, as usual, forgets to make his simile answer on both sides; for it is not to be wondered at that a hound should cry or give his tongue, if the scent be as rank as a fox.

³ By *O* is here meant what we now call a *hempen collar*.
I believe he means only, it shall end in sighing, in disappointment.

STEVENS.

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This phrase

what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite⁴ with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings⁵; and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd⁶: I say, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewel. She, that would alier services with thee,

The fortunate-unhappy.

Day-light and champion discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politick authors, I will baffle sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-de-vice⁷ the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-garter'd; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars be praised!—Here is yet a postscript. *Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well:*

VOL. III.

H

therefore

⁴ Be opposite—] That is, be adverse, hostile. An opposite in the language of our author's age meant an adversary. See a note on *K. Ricard III.* Act V. sc. iv. To be opposite with was the phraseology of the time. So, in Sir T. Overbury's *Character of a Precisian*, 1616: "He will be sure to be in opposition with the papist" &c.

⁵ Before the civil wars, yellow stockings were much worn—So, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, P. II. 1615: "What stockings have you put on this morning, madam? if they be not yellow, change them."—The yeomen attending the earl of Arundel, lord Windsor, and Mr. Fulke Greville, who assisted at an entertainment performed before Q. Elizabeth, on the Monday and Tuesday in Whitsun week 1551, were dressed in yellow worsted stockings.

⁶ It appears, that the ancient puritans affected this fashion.

⁷ —I will be point-de-vice] i. e. with the utmost possible exactness. This phrase is of French extraction;—a point, *servise*.

*therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'y-
thee.*—Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile; I will do every
thing that thou wilt have me. [Exit.

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension
of thousands to be paid from the Sophy¹.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device;

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such an-
other jest.

Enter MARTA.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o'my neck?

Sir And. Or o'mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip², and
become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I'faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that,
when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true, does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ³ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark
his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in
yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-
garter'd, a fashion she detests⁴; and he will smile upon
her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition,
being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot
but

¹ Alluding, as Dr. Farmer observes, to Sir Robert Sherley, who was
just returned in the character of *Embassador from the Sophy*. He boasted
of the great rewards he had received, and lived in London with the
utmost splendour.

² The following passage might incline one to believe that *tray-trip*
was the name of some game at tables, or draughts. "There is great
danger of being taken sleepers at *tray-trip*, if the *king* sweep suddenly."
Cecil's Correspondence, Lett. x. p. 136. B. Jonson joins *tray-trip* with
mem-chance. *Alchemist*, A & V. sc. iv.

³ — aqua-vitæ — is the old name of *strong waters*.

⁴ Sir Thomas Overbury, in his character of a *footman without gards*
on his coat, represents him as "more upright than any *cross-garter'd*
gentleman-usher."

WHAT YOU WILL.

47

but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

The same.

Enter VIOLA, and Clown with a tabor.

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy musick: Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clown. No, sir, I live by the church³.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clown. No such matter, sir; I do live by the church: for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'st say, the king lies⁴ by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clown. You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril glove⁵ to a good wit; How quickly the wrong side may be turn'd outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they, that daily nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clown. I would therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

H 3

Clown.

³ The *Clown*, I suppose, wilfully mistakes his meaning, and answers, as if he had been asked whether he lived by the *sign of the tabor*, the ancient designation of a musick shop. It was likewise the sign of an eating-house kept by Tarleton, the celebrated clown or fool of the theatre before our author's time; who is exhibited in a print prefixed to his *Jests*, quarto, 1611, with a *tabor*. Perhaps in imitation of him the subsequent stage-clowns usually appeared with one.

⁴ Lies here as in many other places in old books, signifies—dwells, sojourns.

⁵ i. e. a glove made of kid leather: *chevreau*, Fr. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*: "— a wit of *cheveril*—" Again, in a proverb in Ray's collection: "He hath a conscience like a *cheveril's* skin."

Clown. Why, fir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton: But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clown. Troth, fir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clown. Not so, fir, I do care for something: but in my conscience, fir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, fir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

Clown. No, indeed, fir; the lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, fir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger: I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

Clown. Foolery, fir, does walk about the orb, like the sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry, fir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think, I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences for thee.

Clown. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee; I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clown. Would not a pair of these have bred, fir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clown. I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, fir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, fir; 'tis well begg'd.

Clown. The matter, I hope, is not great, fir, begging but a beggar; Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, fir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin:

I might

I might say, element; but the word is over-worn. [*Exit.*]

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;

And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit:

He must observe their mood on whom he jests,

The quality of persons, and the time;

And, like the haggard⁶, check at every feather

That comes before his eye. This is a practice,

As full of labour as a wise man's art:

For folly, that he wisely shews, is fit;

But wise men's folly⁷, fall'n, quite taints their wit.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, and Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

Vio. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the list⁸ of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance: But we are prevented.

⁶ The hawk called the *haggard*, if not well trained and watched, will fly after every bird without distinction. The meaning may be, that he must catch every opportunity, as the wild hawk strikes every bird. But perhaps it might be read more properly: Not like the *haggard*—He must choose persons and times, and observe tempers, he must fly at proper game, like the trained hawk, and not fly at large like the unreclaimed *haggard*, to seize all that comes in his way.

⁷ The folly which he shews with proper adaptation to persons and times, is fit, has its propriety, and therefore produces no censure; but the folly of wise men when it falls or happens, taints their wit, destroys the reputation of their judgment.

⁸ — the list—] is the bound, limit, farthest point.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Most excellent accomplish'd lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! *Rain odours!* well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant⁹ and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed:—I'll get 'em all thrèe all ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exit Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, and MARIA.*] Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world, Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment: You are servant to the count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours; Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts, 'Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts On his behalf:—

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;

I bade you never speak again of him:

But, would you undertake another suit,

I had rather hear you to solicit that,

Than musick from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, 'beseech you: I did send,

After the last enchantment you did here,

A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse

Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:

Under your hard construction must I fit,

To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,

Which

⁹ Pregnant means ready, as in *Measure for Measure*, Act I. sc. i.—
Vouchsafed for vouchsafing.

Which you knew none of yours : What might you think ?
 Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
 And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
 That tyrannous heart can think ? To one of your receiving¹
 Enough is shewn ; a cyprus², not a bosom,
 Hides my heart : So let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grace³ ; for 'tis a vulgar proof,
 That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again :
 O world, how apt the poor are to be proud !
 If one should be a prey, how much the better
 To fall before the lion, than the wolf ? [*Clock strikes.*
 The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
 Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you :
 And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
 Your wife is like to reap a proper man :
 There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-hoe⁴ :

Grace, and good disposition, attend your ladyship !
 You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me ?

Oli. Stay :

I pr'ythee, tell me, what thou think'st of me.

Vio. That you do think, you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right ; I am not what I am.

Oli. I would, you were as I would have you be !

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am,
 I wish it might ; for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
 In the contempt and anger of his lip !

H 4

A murd'rous

¹ i. e. to one of your ready apprehension. She considers him as an arch page.

² — a cyprus,] is a transparent stuff.

³ — a grace ;] is a step, sometimes written *grasse* from *degrees*, &c.

⁴ This is the name of a comedy by T. Decker, 1607. He was assisted in it by Webster, and it was acted with great success by the children of Pauls, on whom Shakspeare has bestowed such notice in *Hamlet*, that we may be sure they were rivals to the company patronised by himself.

A murd'rous guilt shews not itself more soon
 Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
 Ocfario, by the roses of the spring,
 By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
 I love thee so, that, maugre³ all thy pride,
 Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
 Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
 For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:
 But, rather, reason thus with reason-fetter:
 Love fought is good, but given unsought is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
 I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
 And that no woman has⁶; nor never none
 Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
 And so adieu, good madam; never more
 Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again: for thou, perhaps, may'st move
 That heart, which now abhors, to like his love. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

A Room in Olivia's House.

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK,
 and FABIAN.*

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to
 the count's serving-man, than ever she bestowed upon me;
 I saw't i'the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy; tell me that?

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward
 you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass o'me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of
 judgment and reason.

Sir

—maugre— J. i. e. in spite of.

And that heart and bosom I have never yielded to any woman.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men, since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did shew favour to the youth in your sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver: You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have bang'd the youth into dumbness. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulk'd: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now fall'd into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour, or policy.

Sir And. And't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist⁷; as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it: and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand⁸; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou *thou'st* him some thrice⁹; it shall not be amiss; and

⁷ The *Brownists* were so called from Mr. Robert Browne, a noted separatist in queen Elizabeth's reign. See Strype's *Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, 1589. The *Brownists* seem, in the time of our author, to have been the constant objects of popular satire.

⁸ — in a martial hand;] *Martial hand*, seems to be a careless scrawl, such as shewed the writer to neglect ceremony. *Curst*, is petulant, crabbed. A curst cur, is a dog that with little provocation snarls and bites.

⁹ These words seem to me directly levelled at the attorney-general Coke, who, in the trial of Sir W. Raleigh, [1603,] attacked him with all the following indecent expressions:—"All that he did was by thy instigation, thou wiper; for I thou *thee*, thou *traytor*!" (Here, by the

as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down; go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: About it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo*: Go.

[*Exit Sir ANDREW.*]

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver it.

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were open'd, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite¹, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes².

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me: yon' gull Malvolio is turn'd heathen, a very renegado; for there is no christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such

way, are the poet's *three thou's.*) "*You are an odious man.*"—" *Is he base? I return it into thy throat, on his behalf.*"—" *O damnable atheist!*"

"*Thou art a monster; thou hast an English face, but a Spanish heart.*"—" *Thou hast a Spanish heart, and thyself art a spider of bell.*"—" *Go to, I will lay thee on thy back for the confident'st traitor that ever came at a bar, &c.*"

The resentment of our author, might likewise have been excited by the contemptuous manner in which Lord Coke has spoken of players, and the severity he was always willing to exert against them.

¹ *Opposite* in our author's time was used as a substantive, and synonymous to *adversary*.

² The women's parts were then acted by boys, sometimes so low in stature, that there was occasion to obviate the impropriety by such kind of oblique apologies. The wren generally lays nine or ten eggs at a time, and the last hatch'd of all birds are usually the smallest and weakest of the whole brood.

such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-garter'd?

Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i'the church.—I have dogg'd him, like his murderer: He does obey every point of the letter that I dropp'd to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines, than is in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will strike him³; if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Street.

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you; But, since you make your pleasure of your pains, I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire, More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth; And not all love to see you, (though so much, As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,) But jealousy what might befall your travel, Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger, Unguided, and unfriended, often prove Rough and unhospitable: My willing love, The rather by these arguments of fear, Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio, I can no other answer make, but, thanks, And thanks, and ever thanks: Oft good turns Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:

H 6

But,

³ We may suppose, that in an age when ladies struck their servants, the box on the ear which queen Elizabeth is said to have given to the earl of Essex, was not regarded as a transgression against the rules of common behaviour.

But, were my worth⁴, as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the relicks of this town⁵?

Ant. To-morrow, sir; best, first, go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night;
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renoun this city.

Ant. 'Would, you'd pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his gallies,
I did some service; of such note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel,
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffick's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out:
For which, if I be laps'd in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse:
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge,
With viewing of the town; there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for
An hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.

Seb. I do remember.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁴ *Worth* in this place means *wealth* or *fortune*.

⁵ I suppose he means the *relicks* of *saints*, or the remains of ancient
buildings.

SCENE

WHAT YOU WILL.

SCENE IV.

Olivia's Garden.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Oli. I have sent after him: He says, he'll come⁶;
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or borrow'd,
I speak too loud.—

Where is Malvolio?—he is sad, and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes;—
Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, madam;

But in very strange manner. He is sure, posselt, madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam,

He does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best
To have some guard about you, if he come,
For, sure, the man is tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.—I'm as mad as he,

Enter MALVOLIO.

If sad and merry madness equal be.—

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho. [*smiles fantastically.*]

Oli. Smil'st thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad: This does make some
obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; But what
of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the
very true sonnet is: *Please one, and please all.*

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter
with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs:
It did come to his hands, and commands shall be exe-
cuted. I think, we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweet heart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli.

⁶ i. e. I suppose now, or admit now, he says he'll come.

TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and
kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes; Nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness be-
fore my lady?

Mal. Be not afraid of greatness:—'Twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. Some are born great,—

Oli. Ha?

Mal. Some achieve greatness,—

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. And some have greatness thrust upon them.

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. Remember, who commended thy yellow stockings;—

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. And wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd.

Oli. Cross-garter'd?

Mal. Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. If not, let me see thee a servant still.

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orsino's
is return'd; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends
your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit Serv.*] Good Maria, let
this fellow be look'd to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let
some of my people have a special care of him; I would
not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt OLIVIA and MARIA.*]

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse
man than sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly
with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may
appear

⁷ This fantastical custom is taken notice of by Barnaby Riche, in
Faults and vowing but Faults, quarto, circa 1606, p. 6.

⁸ Hot weather often turns the brain, which is, I suppose, alluded to
here.—'Tis midsummer moon with you, is a proverb in Ray's collection,
signifying, you are mad.

appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. *Cast thy humble slough*, says she;—*be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants,—let thy tongue tang with arguments of state,—put thyself into the trick of singularity*;—and, consequently, sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some fir of note, and so forth. I have limed her⁹, but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And, when she went away now, *Let this fellow be look'd to*: Fellow¹! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together; that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance,—What can be said? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, with Sir TOBY, and FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possess'd him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is: How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitch'd!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar.

⁹ I have entangled or caught her, as a bird is caught with *birdlime*.

¹ — *Fellow!*] This word, which originally signified *companion*, was not yet totally degraded to its present meaning; and Malvolio takes it in the favourable sense.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace, this is not the way: Do you not see, you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come² with me. What man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit³ with Satan: Hang him, foul collier⁴!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers; good fir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. [Exit.]

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were play'd upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now; lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he is mad; we may carry it thus, for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have

² *Come, Bid, come,* are words of endearment used by children to chickens and other domestick fowl. An anonymous writer, with little probability, supposes the words in the text to be a quotation from some old song.

³ *Cherry-pit* is pitching cherry-stones into a little hole.

⁴ *Collier* was, in our author's time, a term of the highest reproach — The devil is called *Collier* for his blackness; *Like will to like, says the Devil to the Collier.*

have mercy on him: at which time, we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of mad-men⁵. But see, but see.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Fab. More matter for a May morning⁶.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it; I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so sawcy?

Sir And. Ay, is't? I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*reads.*] *Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow:*

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will shew thee no reason for't.

Fab. A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my fight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense-les.

Sir To. I will away-lay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,—

Fab. Good.

Sir To. Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o'the windy side of the law: Good.

Sir To. Fare thee well; And God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine⁷; but my hope is better,

⁵ If there be any doubt whether a culprit is become *non compos mentis*, after indictment, conviction, or judgment, the matter is tried by a jury; and if he be found either an idiot or *lunatick*, the lenity of the English law will not permit him, in the first case, to be tried, in the second, to receive judgment, or in the third, to be executed. In other cases also inquests are held for the *finding of madmen*.

⁶ It was usual on the first of May to exhibit metrical interludes of the comick kind, as well as the *morris-dance*.

⁷ It were much to be wished that Shakspeare in this and some other passages, had not ventured so near profaneness. He may have mercy upon my soul, in case I should be killed by you; but my hope is that I shall survive the combat, and that you will fall; so look to yourself, for on yours he can have no mercy. Such, I suppose, is the knight's meaning.

better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailiff: so soon as ever thou see'st him, draw; and, as thou draw'st, swear horrible^s: for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swagging accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earn'd him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. *[Exit.]*

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth, he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, (as, I know, his youth will aptly receive it,) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter OLIVIA and VIOLA.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. *[Exeunt Sir T. FAB. and MAR.]*

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out:
There's something in me, that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Viola.

^s Adjectives are often used by our author and his contemporaries adverbially.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears,
Go on my master's griefs.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me⁹, 'tis my picture;
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me, that I'll deny;
That honour, sav'd, may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that,
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: Fare thee well;
A fiend, like thee, might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter Sir TOBY BELCH, and FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of
what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know
not; but thy interceptor, full of despight, bloody as the
hunter, attends thee at the orchard end: dismount thy
tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick,
skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir; I am sure, no man hath any
quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear
from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: there-
fore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your
guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength,
skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubb'd with unhatch'd rapier,
and on carpet consideration¹; but he is a devil in private
brawl:

⁹ *Jewel* does not properly signify a single gem, but any precious ornament or superfluity.

¹ That is, he is no soldier by profession, not a knight banneret, dubbed in the field of battle, but, *on carpet consideration*, at a festivity, or some peaceable occasion, when knights receive their dignity kneeling not on the ground, as in war, but on a *carpet*. This is, I believe, the original of the contemptuous term a *carpet knight*, who was naturally held in scorn by the men of war.

brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulcher: hob, nob*, is his word; give't, or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour; belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil, as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [Exit Sir Toby.]

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know, the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria: Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with sir priest, than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [Exeunt.]

* — *hob, nob,*] This adverb is corrupted from *hap ne hap*; as *would we would, will ne will*; that is, *let it happen or not*; and signifies at random, at the merey of chance. See Johnson's Dictionary.

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Re-enter Sir TOBY, with Sir ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a virago³. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck-in⁴, with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you⁵ as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on: They say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: Stand here, make a good shew on't; this shall end without the perdition of souls: Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. [*Aside.*]

Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA.

I have his horse [*to Fab.*] to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him, the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him⁶; and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, fir; he will fight with you for his oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking

³ *Virago* cannot be properly used here, unless we suppose sir Toby to mean, I never saw one that had so much the look of woman with the prowess of man. Or, why may not the meaning be more simple, "I have never seen the most furious woman so obstreperous and violent as he is?" The old copy reads—*frago*. A *virago* always means a female warrior, or, in low language, a scold, or turbulent woman. If Shakspeare (who knew Viola to be a woman, though sir Toby did not) has made no blunder, Dr. Johnson has supplied the only obvious meaning of the word. *Firago* may however be a ludicrous term of Shakspeare's coinage.

⁴ The *stuck* is a corrupted abbreviation of the *stoccata*, an Italian term in fencing.

⁵ — *he pays you*—] i. e. he *bites* you.

⁶ That is, he has as horrid an idea or conception of him.

66 TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

ing of: therefore draw for the supportance of his vow; he protests, he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man. [*aside.*]

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will for his honour's sake, have one bout with you: he cannot by the duello⁷ avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath! [*draws,*]

Enter ANTONIO.

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will. [*draws.*]

Ant. Put up your sword;—If this young gentleman Have done offence, I take the fault on me; If you offend him, I for him defy you. [*drawing.*]

Sir To. You, sir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker⁸, I am for you. [*draws.*]

Enter two Officers.

Fab. O good sir Toby, hold; here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon. [*to Antonio.*]

Vio. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir;—and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: He will bear you easily, and reins well.

1. Off.

⁷ i. e. by the laws of the *duello*, which, in Shakspeare's time, were settled with the utmost nicety.

⁸ But why was an *undertaker* so offensive a character? This is a touch upon the times, which may help to determine the date of this play. At the meeting of the parliament in 1614, there appears to have been a very general persuasion, or jealousy at least, that the king had been induced to call a parliament at that time, by certain persons, who had undertaken, through their influence in the house of commons, to carry things according to his majesty's wishes. These persons were immediately stigmatised with the invidious name of *undertakers*; and the idea was so unpopular, that the king thought it necessary, in two set speeches, to deny positively (how truly, is another question,) that there had been any such undertaking. *Parls. Hist.* Vol. V. p. 277, and 286.

1. *Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

2. *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, fir.

1. *Off.* No, fir, no jot; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.—
Take him away; he knows, I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—This comes with seeking you;
But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.
What will you do? Now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse: It grieves me
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd;
But be of comfort.

2. *Off.* Come, fir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, fir?

For the fair kindness you have shew'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something: my having is not much;
I'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?

Is't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;

Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainness, babbling drunkenness;
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

2. *Off.* Come, fir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here,
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,—

And

And to his image, which, methought, did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1. *Off.* What's that to us? The time goes by; away.

Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—
In nature there's no blemish, but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind;
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil*.

1. *Off.* The man grows mad; away with him. Come,
come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exeunt Officers with ANTONIO.*]

Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself; so do not I†.

Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,

That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian;
we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian; I my brother know

Yet living in my glass; even such, and so,

In favour was my brother; and he went

Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,

For him I imitate: O, if it prove,

Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love! [*Exit.*]

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward
than a hare: his dishonesty appears, in leaving his friend
here in necessity, and denying him; and for his coward-
ship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not,—

[*Exit.*]

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet.

[*Exeunt.*]

* In the time of Shakspeare, trunks, which are now deposited in
lumber rooms, or other obscure places, were part of the furniture of
apartments in which company was received.

† — so do not I.] This means, I do not yet believe myself, when,
from this accident, I gather hope of my brother's life.

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The Street before Olivia's House.**Enter SEBASTIAN and CLOWN.*

Clown. Will you make me believe, that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow; Let me be clear of thee.

Clown. Well held out, i'faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither.—Nothing, that is so, is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else; Thou know'st not me.

Clown. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a cockney¹.—I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady; Shall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek², depart from me; There's money for thee; if you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

Clown. By my troth, thou hast an open hand:—These wise men, that give fools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase³.

Vol. III.

I

Enter

¹ That is, affectation and foppery will overspread the world.

² Greek, was as much as to say bawd or pander. He understood the Clown to be acting in that office. A bawdy-house was called Corinth, and the frequenters of it Corinthians, which words occur frequently in Shakespeare, especially in *Timon of Athens*, and *R. Henry IV.*

³ This seems to carry a piece of satire upon monopolies, the crying grievance of that time. The grants generally were for fourteen years; and the petitions being referred to a committee, it was suspected that money gained favourable reports from thence. The grievance of monopolies, though long complained of, had, it should seem, risen to a greater height at that time than ever, for next to the *undersellers*, it was the great subject of parliamentary debate, during the short session of 1614.

TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Enter Sir ANDREW, Sir TOBY, and FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, fir, have I met you again? there's for you. [*striking Sebastian.*]

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there: Are all the people mad? [*striking Sir Andrew.*]

Sir To. Hold, fir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clown. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two pence. [*Exit Clown.*]

Sir To. Come on, fir; hold. [*holding Sebastian.*]

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, fir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well flesh'd; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now? If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword. [*draws.*]

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. [*draws.*]

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam?

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch, Fit for the mountains, and the barbarous caves, Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight! Be not offended, dear Cesario:—

Rudesby, be gone!—I pr'ythee, gentle friend,

[*Exeunt Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, and FABIAN.*]

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway In this uncivil and unjust extent* Against thy peace. Go with me to my house; And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks

This

* *Extent* is, in law, a writ of execution, whereby goods are seized for the king. It is therefore taken here for *violence* in general.

This ruffian hath botch'd up⁵, that thou thereby
May'st smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go;
Do not deny: Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee⁶.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:—
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I pr'ythee: 'Would, thou'dst be rul'd
by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be! [Exit.

SCENE II.

A Room in OLIVIA's House.

Enter MARIA, and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and this
beard; make him believe, thou art fir Topas the cu-
rate; do it quickly: I'll call fir Toby the whilst.

[Exit MARIA]
Clown. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble my-
self⁸ in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissem-
bled in such a gown. I am not tall⁹ enough to become the
function well; nor lean enough to be thought a good stu-
dent: but to be said, an honest man, and a good house-
keeper, goes as fairly, as to say, a careful man¹⁰, and a
great scholar. The competitors¹¹ enter.

I 2

Enter

⁵ *This ruffian hath botch'd up,*] A coarse expression for *made up*, as
a bad taylor is called a *botcher*, and to botch is to make clumsily.

⁶ I know not whether here be not an ambiguity intended between
heart and *bart*. The sense however is easy enough. *He that offends*
thee, attacks one of my hearts; or, as the ancients expressed it, *half my*
heart. JOHNSON.

⁷ How does this taste? What judgment am I to make of it?

⁸ — *I will dissemble myself*—] i. e. disguise myself.

⁹ Tall enough, perhaps means *not of sufficient height to overlook a*
pulpit.

¹⁰ — *a careful man*,] means a man who has such a regard for his
character as to intitle him to ordination.

¹¹ *The competitors*—] That is, the confederates or associates.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, and MARIA.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clown. *Bonus dies*, fir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of king Gorboduc, *That, that is, is*³: so I, being master parson, am master parson; For what is that, but that; and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, fir Topas.

Clown. What, ho, I say,—Peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*in an inner chamber.*] Who calls there?

Clown. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatick.

Mal. Sir Topas, fir Topas, good fir Topas, go to my lady.

Clown. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man? talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wrong'd; good fir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clown. Fye, thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with courtesy; Say'st thou, that house⁴ is dark?

Mal. As hell, fir Topas.

Clown. Why, it hath bay windows⁵ transparent as bar-ricadoes,

³ — *very wittily said*—*That, that is, is*;] This is a very humorous banter of the rules established in the schools, that all reasonings are *ex præcognitis & præconcessis*, which lay the foundation of every science in these maxims, *whatsoever is, is*; and it is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be; with much trifling of the like kind.

⁴ That mansion, in which you are now confined. The clown gives this pompous appellation to the small room in which Malvolio, we may suppose, was confined, to exasperate him. The word *it* in the clown's next speech plainly means Malvolio's chamber, and confirms this interpretation.

⁵ A bay-window is the same as a bow-window; a window in a recess, or bay. A bay-window,—because it is banded in manner of a bale or rode for shippes, that is, round. *L. Casa fenestre. F. Un fenestre sortant hors de la maison.*

ricadoes, and the clear stones towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complaineſt thou of obſtruction?

Mal. I am not mad, ſir Topas; I ſay to you, this houſe is dark.

Clown. Madman, thou erreſt: I ſay, there is no darkneſs, but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled, than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I ſay, this houſe is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I ſay, there was never man thus abuſed: I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any conſtant queſtion⁶.

Clown. What is the opinion of Pythagoras, concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the ſoul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clown. What think'ſt thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the ſoul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clown. Fare thee well: Remain thou ſtill in darkneſs: thou ſhalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and ſear to kill a woodcock⁷; leſt thou diſpoſſeſſe the ſoul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, ſir Topas,—

Sir To. My moſt exquisite ſir Topas!

Clown. Nay, I am for all waters⁸.

Mar. Thou might'ſt have done this without thy beard and gown; he ſees thee not.

I 3

Sir

⁶ — *conſtant queſtion.*] A ſettled, a determinate, a regular queſtion.

⁷ The clown mentions a *woodcock* particularly, becauſe that bird was ſuppoſed to have very little brains, and therefore was a proper an- ceſtor for a man out of his wits.

⁸ I can turn my hand to any thing; I can aſſume any character I pleaſe; like a fiſh, I can ſwim equally well in all waters. The word *water*, as uſed by jewellers, denotes the colour and luſtre of diamonds and pearls, and from thence is applied, though with leſs propriety, to other precious ſtones. Shakspeare in this place alludes to this ſenſe of the word *water*. The clown is complimented by Sir Toby for perſonating Sir Topas ſo exquisitely, to which he replies that he can put on all colours, alluding to the word *Topas*, which is the name of a jewel, and was alſo that of the curate.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'st him: I would, we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt Sir TOBY and MARIA.*]

Clown. Hey Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does. [*singing.*]

Mal. Fool,—

Clown. My lady is unkind, perdy.

Mal. Fool,—

Clown. Alas, why is she so?

Mal. Fool, I say;—

Clown. She loves another—Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clown. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clown. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clown. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here property'd me²; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clown. Advise you what you say; the minister is here:—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,—

Clown.

¹ The *Wits*, Dr. Johnson some where observes, were reckoned five in analogy to the five senses. From Stephen Hawes's poem called *Grande Amour*, ch. xxiv. edit. 1554, it appears that the *five wits* were—"common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, and memory."

² They have taken possession of me as of a man unable to look to himself.

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⁵ *Vice*
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Clown. Maintain no words with him², good fellow.—
Who, I, fir? not, I, fir. God b'w'you, good fir Topas.
—Marry, amen.—I will, fir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say,—

Clown. Alas, fir, be patient. What say you, fir? I
am shent for speaking to you³.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some pa-
per; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in
Illyria.

Clown. Well-a-day,—that you were, fir!

Mal. By this hand, I am: Good fool, some ink, pa-
per, and light, and convey what I will set down to my
lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing
of letter did.

Clown. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you
not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit⁴?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clown. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a mad man, till I see
his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree; I pr'y-
thee, be gone.

Clown. I am gone, fir, [*singing.*
And anon, fir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old vice⁵,
Your need to sustain;

I 4

² Here the clown in the dark acts two persons, and counterfeits, by variation of voice, a dialogue between himself and Sir Topas.—*I will, fir, I will*, is spoken after a pause, as if, in the mean time, Sir Topas had whispered.

³ —*I am shent &c.*] i.e. rebuked.

⁴ If he was not mad, what did he counterfeit by declaring that he was not mad? The fool, who meant to insult him, asks, *are you mad, or do you but counterfeit?* That is, *you look like a madman, you talk like a madman: Is your madness real, or have you any secret design in it?* This, to a man in poor Malvolio's state, was a severe taunt.

⁵ *Vice* was the fool of the old moralities. Some traces of this character are still preserved in puppet-shows, and by country mummers.—This character was always acted in a *mask*; it probably had its name from the old French word *vis*, for which they now use *visage*, though they still retain it in *vis-a-vis*, which is, literally, *face to face*.

*Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad.
Adieu, goodman devil^o.*

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

Olivia's Garden.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't, and see't:
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then?
I could not find him at the Elephant;
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit^o,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service:
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse^o,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust^o, but that I am mad,
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take, and give back, affairs, and their dispatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
As I perceive, she does: there's something in't,
That is deceivable^o. But here the lady comes.

Enter

^o The reason why the Vice exhorts the Devil to pare his nails, is, because the Devil was supposed from choice to keep his nails always unpared, and therefore to pare them was an affront.

⁷ Perhaps *credit* is here used for *credited*. So in the first scene of this play, *beat* for *beated*, and in *Hamlet*, *hoist* for *hoisted*.

⁸ *Discourse*, for *reason*.—*Instance* is *example*.

⁹ To any other belief, or confidence, to any other fixed opinion.

JOHNSON.

¹⁰ Our author licentiously uses this word for *deceptions*.

Enter OLIVIA, and a Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine: If you mean well,
Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by: there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace: He shall conceal it,
Whiles² you are willing it shall come to note;
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth.—What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth³, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father;—And heavens so
shine⁴;
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

Before Olivia's House.

Enter Clown, and FABIAN.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

Clown. Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clown. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. That is, to give a dog, and, in recompence, de-
fire my dog again.

Enter Duke, VIOLA, and Attendants.

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

Clown. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

I 5

Duke.

² *Whiles*—] is *until*. This word is still so used in the northern coun-
ties. It is, I think, used in this sense in the preface to the *Accidence*.

³ — *truth*,] *Truth* is *fidelity*.

⁴ Alluding perhaps to a superstitious supposition, the memory of
which is still preserved in a proverbial saying: "*Happy is the bride-
upon whom the sun shines, and blessed the corpse upon which the rain
falls.*"

Duke. I know thee well; How dost thou, my good fellow?

Clown. Truly, fir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clown. No, fir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clown. Marry, fir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly, I am an ass: so that by my foes, fir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clown. By my troth, fir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold.

Clown. But that it would be double-dealing, fir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clown. Put your grace in your pocket, fir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer; there's another.

Clown. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all; the *triplex*, fir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells⁵ of St. Bennet⁶, fir, may put you in mind, One, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know, I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clown. Marry, fir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, fir; but I would not have you to think, that

⁵ — or, the bell. — That is, if the other arguments I have used are not sufficient, the bells of St. Bennet, &c.

⁶ When in this play he mentioned the *bed of Ware*, he recollected that the scene was in Illyria, and added, *in England*; but his sense of the same impropriety could not restrain him from the bells of St. Bennet.

that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon.

[Exit Clown.]

Enter ANTONIO, and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well; Yet, when I saw it last, it was befear'd
As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war: of such a hue
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizable;
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loss,
Cry'd fame and honour on him. — What's the matter?

Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio,
That took the Phoenix, and her freight, from Candy; (1)
And this is he, that did the Tyger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame, and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side;
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me;
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:

I 6

[scathful—] i. e. mischievous, destructive.

Unattentive to his character or his condition, like a desperate man.
[base—] Base is here a substantive, *base*. I give the explanation of its simple terms; lest any one should suppose, as I once did, that we ought to read—and on base ground enough. MALONE.

His life I gave him, and did thereto add
 My love, without retention, or restraint,
 All his in dedication : for his sake,
 Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
 Into the danger of this adverse town ;
 Drew to defend him, when he was beset :
 Where being apprehended, his false cunning
 (Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
 Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
 And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,
 While one would wink ; deny'd me mine own purse,
 Which I had recommended to his use
 Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be ?

Duke. When came he to this town ?

Ant. To-day, my lord ; and for three months before,
 (No interim, not a minute's vacancy.)
 Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA, and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess ; now heaven walks on
 earth.—

But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness :
 Three months this youth hath tended upon me ;
 But more of that anon.—Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
 Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable ?—
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam ?

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, *Cesario* ?—Good my lord,—

Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
 It is as fat and fullsome to mine ear,
 As howling after musick.

Duke. Still so cruel ?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke.

*[Exit as fat and fullsome—] Fat means dull; so we say a fat-headed
 fellow; fat likewise means gross, and is sometimes used for obscene.*

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Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd out,
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,
Kill what I love²; a savage jealousy,
That sometime favours nobly? But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument,
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still;
But this your minion, whom, I know, you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's sight.—
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove. *[going.]*

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die. *[following.]*

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love,
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife:
If I do feign, you witnesses above,
Punish my life, for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ah me, detested! how am I beguil'd!

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Oli.

² Our author was indebted for this allusion to Heliodorus's *Aethiopica*. This Egyptian thief was Thyamis, who was a native of Memphis, and at the head of a band of robbers. Theagenes and Charicles falling into their hands, Thyamis fell desperately in love with the lady, and would have married her. Soon after, a stronger body of robbers coming down upon Thyamis's party, he was in such fears for his mistress, that he had her shut into a cave with his treasure. It was customary with those barbarians, when they despaired of their own safety, first to make away with those whom they held dear, and desired for companions in the next life.

TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?—
Call forth the holy father. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

Duke. Come, away. [*to Viola.*]

Oli. Whither, my lord?—*Cesario*, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband?

Oli. Ay, husband; Can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, firrah?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:³
Fear not, *Cesario*, take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art:
As great as that thou fear'st.—O welcome, father!

Re-enter Attendant, and Priest.

Rather, I charge thee by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness, what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe,) what thou dost know,
Hath newly past between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?⁴
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewel, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest,—

Oli. O, do not swear;
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

³ — strangle thy propriety:] Suppress or disown thy property.
⁴ — case?] Case is a word used contemptuously for skin. We yet
talk of a fox case, meaning the stuffed skin of a fox.

Enter

serious

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, with his head broke.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon; send one presently to sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head across, and has given sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help: I had rather than forty pound, I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil-incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is:—You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you: You drew your sword upon me, without cause; But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think, you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, drunk, led by the Clown.

Here comes sir Toby halting, you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one; he has hurt me, and there's the end on't.—Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clown. O he's drunk, sir Toby, an hour ago; his eyes were set at eight i'the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a pally-measures pavin: I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him: Who hath made this havock with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, sir Toby, because we'll be drest together.

Sir To. Will you help?—An ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave; a thin-faced knave, a gull!

Oli.

It is in character that Sir Toby should express a strong dislike of serious dances, such as the *pass-mezzo* and the *pavan* are described to be.

TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt Clown, Sir TOBY, and Sir ANDREW.*]

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman ;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less, with wit, and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and
By that I do perceive it hath offended you ;
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons ;
A natural perspective⁶; that is, and is not !

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio !
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee ?

Ant. Sebastian are you ?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio ?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself ?—
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian ?

Oli. Most wonderful !

Seb. Do I stand there ? I never had a brother :
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd :—
Of charity, what kin are you to me ? [20. *Viola.*
What countryman ? what name ? what parentage ?

Vio. Of Messina : Sebastian was my father ;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb :
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am, indeed ;

But
⁶ A perspective seems to be taken for shows exhibited through a
glass with such lights as make the pictures appear really protuberant.
The Duke therefore says, that nature has here exhibited such a show,
where shadows seem realities ; where that which is not appears like that
which is. JOHNSON.

I believe that Shakspeare meant nothing more by this natural per-
spective, than a reflection from a glass or mirror. MASON.

But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate:
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town:
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserv'd, to serve this noble count:

All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady, and this lord.

Seb. So comes it, lady, [*to Oli.*] you have been mistook:
But nature to her bias drew in that:

You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd;
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.—
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,

I shall have share in this most happy wreck:

Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times, [*to Viola.*]
Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings, will I over-swear;

And all those swearings keep as true in soul,

As doth that orb'd continent the fire

That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;

And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maid's garments; he, upon some action,

Is now in durance; at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him:—Fetch Malvolio hither:
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter Clown, with a letter.

A most extracting frenzy⁷ of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.—
How does he, firrah?

Clown. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the slave's
end, as well as a man in his case may do: he has here
writ a letter to you, I should have given it you to-day
morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so
it skills not much, when they are deliver'd.

Oli. Open it, and read it.

Clown. Look then to be well edify'd, when the fool
delivers the madman.—*By the Lord, madam,*—

Oli. How now, art thou mad?

Clown. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your
ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *vox*.

Oli. Pr'ythee, read i' thy right wits.

Clown. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits⁸,
is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and
give ear.

Oli. Read it you, firrah.

Fab. [reads.] *By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and
the world shall know it: though you have put me into dark-
ness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have
I the benefit of my senses, as well as your ladyship. I have
your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on;
with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or
you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my
duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.*

The madly-ruled Malvolio.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clown. Ay, madam.

Duke. This favours not much of distraction.

Oli.

⁷ i. e. a frenzy that drew me away from every thing but its own object.
⁸ — *but to read his right wits.* To represent his present state of
mind, is to read a madman's letter, as I now do, like a madman.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.

[*Exit FABIAN.*]

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house; and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.—
Your master quits you; [*to Viola.*] and, for your service
done him,

So much against the mettle of your sex^o,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister?—you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same:

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter:
You must not now deny it is your hand,
Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase;
Or say, 'tis not your seal, nor your invention;
You can say none of this: Well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour;
Bade me come smiling, and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon sir Toby, and the lighter¹ people:

And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,

Kept

^o So much against the weak frame and constitution of woman.
Mettle is used by our author in many other places for spirit; and as
spirit may be either high or low, mettle seems here to signify natural
timidity, or deficiency of spirit.

¹ — lighter—] People of less dignity or importance.

Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck², and gull,
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me, thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling³,
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd⁴
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself, and Toby,
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him⁵: Maria writ
The letter, at sir Toby's great importance⁶;
In recompence whereof, he hath marry'd her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool⁷! how have they baffled thee?

Clown. Why, some are born great, some achieve great-
ness, and some have greatness thrown upon them. I was
once, sir, in this interlude; one sir Topas, sir; but that's
all

² — geck,] A fool.

³ — then cam'st in smiling,] i. e. then, that thou cam'st in smiling.

⁴ Presuppos'd seems to mean previously pointed-out for thy imita-
tion; or such as it was supposed thou would'st assume after thou hadst
read the letter. The supposition was previous to the act.

⁵ Surely we should rather read:—conceiv'd in him.

⁶ Importance is importunacy, importunement.

⁷ This in our author's time was a term of tenderness and pity.

WHAT YOU WILL.

89

all one :—*By the Lord, fool, I am not mad ;—But do you remember? Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? can you smile not, he's gagg'd:* And thus the whir-
ligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*]

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abused.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace :—

He hath not told us of the captain yet;

When that is known, and golden time convents²,

A solemn combination shall be made

Of our dear souls :—Mean time, sweet sister,

We will not part from hence.—*Cesario, come;*

For so you shall be, while you are a man;

But, when in other habits you are seen,

Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen.

[*Exeunt.*]

S O N G.

Clown. When that I was and a little tiny boy,

With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,

A foolish thing was but a toy,

For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,

With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,

'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,

For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,

With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,

By swaggering could I never thrive,

For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my beds

With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,

With toss-pots still had drunken heads,

For the rain it raineth every day.

A great

² Perhaps we should read—*consents*. To *convent*, however, is to *assemble*; and therefore, the count may mean, when the happy hour calls us again together.

TWELFTH-NIGHT: &c.

*A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.* [Exit.]

9 This play is in the graver part elegant and easy, and in some of the lighter scenes exquisitely humorous. Ague-cheek is drawn with great propriety, but his character is, in a great measure, that of natural fatuity, and is therefore not the proper prey of a satirist. The soliloquy of Malvolio is truly comick; he is betrayed to ridicule merely by his pride. The marriage of Olivia, and the succeeding perplexity, though well enough contrived to divert on the stage, wants credibility, and fails to produce the proper instruction required in the drama, as it exhibits no just picture of life. JOHNSON.



WINTER'S TALE.

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THE
JOURNAL OF THE
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OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND
VOLUME 11
PART 1
1881



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* * THIS play, throughout, is written in the very spirit of its author: and in telling this homely and simple, though agreeable, country tale,

"Our sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child,

"Warbles his native wood-notes wild."

This was necessary to observe in mere justice to the play; as the meanness of the fable, and the extravagant conduct of it, had misled some of great name into a wrong judgment of its merit; which, as far as it regards sentiment and character, is scarce inferior to any in the whole collection. **WARBURTON.**

The story of this play is taken from the *Pleasant History of Demetrius and Fawnia*, written by Robert Greene. **JOHNSON.**

Dr. Warburton, by "some of great name," means Dryden and Pope.

MALONE.

Persons Represented.

Leontes, King of Sicilia:
Mamillius, his son.
Camillo,
Antigonus, } Sicilian Lords.
Cleomenes, }
Dion, }
Another Sicilian Lord.
Rogero, a Sicilian Gentleman:
An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.
Officers of a Court of Judicature.
Polixenes, King of Bohemia:
Florizel, his son.
Archidamus, a Bohemian Lord.
A Mariner.
Gaoler.
An old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita:
Clown, his Son.
Servant to the old Shepherd.
Autolycus, a Rogue.
Time, as Chorus.



Hermione, Queen to Leontes.
Perdita, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione,
Paulina, Wife to Antigonus.
Emilia, a Lady, } attending the Queen.
Two other Ladies, }
Mopsa, } Shepherdesses.
Dorcas, }

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs for a dance; Shep-
herds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.

SCENE, sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.

Where
 give you
 shall justify

WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Sicilia. *An Antechamber in Leontes' Palace.*

Enter CAMILLO, and ARCHIDAMUS.

Arch. IF you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia, and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves¹: for, indeed,—

Cam. Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks; that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot shew himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were train'd together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities,

K 2

¹ *Wherein our entertainments shall shame us, &c.]* Though we cannot give you equal entertainment, yet the consciousness of our good-will shall justify us.

dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorney'd², with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seem'd to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds³. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physicks the subject⁴, makes old hearts fresh: they, that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The same. A Room of state in the Palace.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star have been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne

Without

² Nobly supplied by substitution of embassies, &c.

³ Shakspeare has, more than once, taken his imagery from the prints, with which the books of his time were ornamented. If my memory do not deceive me, he had his eye on a wood cut in Holinshed, while writing the incantation of the weird sisters in *Macbeth*. There is also an allusion to a print of one of the Henries holding a sword adorned with crowns. In this passage he refers to a device common in the title-page of old books, of two hands extended from opposite clouds, and joined as in token of friendship.

Vastum is the ancient term for *waste* uncultivated land. Over a *wast*, therefore means at a great and vacant distance from each other. *Vast*, however, may be used for the *sea*.

⁴ Affords a cordial to the state; has the power of assuaging the sense of misery.

WINTER'S TALE.

7

Without a burden : time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks ;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt : And therefore, like a cypher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,
With one we-thank-you, many thousands more
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks a while ;
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.

I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence : That may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
This is put forth too truly ! Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We'll part the time between's then ; and in that
I'll no gain-saying.

Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so ;

There is no tongue that moves, none, none i'the world,
So soon as yours, could win me : so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward : which to hinder,
Were, in your love, a whip to me ; my stay,
To you a charge, and trouble : to save both,
Farewel, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-ty'd, our queen ? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace, until
You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly : Tell him, you are sure,
All in Bohemia's well : this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd ; say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

K 3

Leon.

s We had satisfactory accounts yesterday of the state of Bohemia.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—

Yet of your royal presence [*to Polix.*] I'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia

You take my lord, I'll give him my commission,
'To let him there a month, behind the *gest*⁶
Prefix'd for his parting: yet, good-deed⁷, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o'the clock⁸ behind
What lady she her lord.—You'll stay?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily!

You put me off with limber vows: But I,
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say, *Sir, no going*. Verily,
You shall not go; a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees,
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread verily,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, madam:

To be your prisoner, should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler then,

But

⁶ *Gests*, or rather *gists*, from the Fr. *giste*, (which signifies both a bed, and a lodging-place,) were the names of the houses or towns where the king or prince intended to lie every night during his *PROGRESSES*. They were written in a scroll, and probably each of the royal attendants was furnished with a copy.

⁷ Signifies indeed, in very deed, as Shakspeare in another place expresses it. *Good-deed* is used in the same sense by the earl of Surry, &c.

⁸ A *jar* is a single repetition of the noise made by the pendulum of a clock; what children call the *sicking* of it.

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WINTER'S TALE

9

But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys;
You were pretty lordings⁹ then:

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o'the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i'the sun,
And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did: Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly, *Not guilty*; the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to us: for
In those unsledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot!
Of this make no conclusion; lest you say,
Your queen and I are devils: Yet, go on;
The offences we have made you do, we'll answer;
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request, he would not.

Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st

K 4

To

⁹ *lordings*—] This diminutive of *lord* is often used by Chaucer.
i. e. setting aside original sin; bating the imposition from the
offence of our first parents, we might have boldly protested our inno-
cence to heaven.

To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What, have I twice said well? when was't before?
I pr'ythee, tell me: Cram us with praise, and make us
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that,
Our praises are our wages: You may ride us
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs; ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal?—
My last good deed was, to entreat his stay;
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to the purpose: When?
Nay, let me have't: I long.

Leo. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love³; then didst thou utter,
I am yours for ever.

Her. It is Grace, indeed.—
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice:
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
The other, for some while a friend. [*giving her hand to Pol.*]

Leo. Too hot, too hot!
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
I have tremor cordis on me:—my heart dances;
But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent: it may, I grant:
But to be padding palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are; and making practis'd smiles,
As in a looking-glass;—and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o'the deer⁴; O, that is entertainment

My

² Means but to come to an end or conclusion of this matter.

³ She open'd her hand, to clap the palm of it into his, as people do when they confirm a bargain. Hence the phrase—to clap up a bargain, i. e. make one with no other ceremony than the junction of hands.

⁴ A lesson upon the horn at the death of the deer.

My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I'fecks?

Why, that's my bawcock⁵. What, hast smutch'd thy nose?
They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat⁶; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd, neat.—Still virginalling⁷

[*observing Polixenes and Hermione.*

Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf?
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I
have,

To be full⁸ like me:—yet, they say, we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say any thing: But were they false
As o'er-dy'd blacks⁹, as wind, as waters; false
As dice are to be with'd, by one that fixes
No bourn¹, 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To say, this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin-eye²: Sweet villain!

K 5

Mo1

⁵ *Why, that's my bawcock.*] Perhaps from *beau* and *cog*. It is still said in vulgar language that such a one is a *jolly cock*, a *cock of the game*. The word has already occurred in *Twelfth Night*, and is one of the titles by which Pistol speaks of *K. Henry the Fifth*.

⁶ *We must be neat;*—] Leontes, seeing his son's nose smutch'd, cries; *we must be neat*; then recollecting that *neat* is the ancient term for *horned cattle*, he says, *not neat, but cleanly*.

⁷ Still playing with her fingers, as a girl playing on the *virginals*.

A *virginal* is a very small kind of spinnet. Queen Elizabeth's *virginal-book* is yet in being, and many of the lessons in it have proved so difficult, as to baffle our most expert players on the harpsichord. It was strung like a spinnet, and shaped like a *piano forte*.

⁸ *Full* is here as in other places, used by our author, adverbially;—to be *entirely* like me.

⁹ Sir T. Hanmer understands, blacks died too much, and therefore rotten. It is common with tradesmen to dye their faded or damaged stuffs, black. *O'er-dy'd blacks* may mean those which have received a dye over their former colour.

¹ *No bourn*.—] *Bourn* is boundary.

² *Blue-eye*; an eye of the same colour with the *welkin*, or sky.

Most dear'st! my collop!—Can thy dam?—may't be?
 Affection³! thy intention stabs the center:
 Thou dost make possible⁴, things not so held,
 Communicat'st with dreams;—(How can this be?)—
 With what's unreal thou coactive art,
 And fellow'st nothing: Then, 'tis very credent,
 Thou may'st co-join with something; and thou dost;
 (And that beyond commission; and I find it,)
 And that to the infection of my brains,
 And hard'ning of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How, my lord?

What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?

Her. You look,

As if you held a brow of much distraction:

Are you mov'd, my lord?

Leon. No, in good earnest.—

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,

Its tendernefs; and make itself a pastime

To harder bosoms! [*aside.*]—Looking on the lines

Of my boy's face, methoughts, I did recoil

Twenty three years; and saw myself unbreech'd,

In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,

Left it should bite its master, and so prove,

As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.

How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,

This squash, this gentleman:—Mine honest friend,

Will you take eggs for money?

Mam.

³ *Affection* here, signifies *imagination*.

⁴ i. e. thou dost make those things possible, which are conceived to be impossible. To express the speaker's meaning, it is necessary to make a short pause after the word *possible*. We have therefore put a comma there, though perhaps in strictness it is improper.

⁵ This seems to be a proverbial expression, used when a man sees himself wronged and makes no resistance. Its original, or precise meaning, I cannot find, but I believe it means, will you be a *cuckold* for hire. The cuckow is reported to lay her eggs in another bird's nest; he therefore that has eggs laid in his nest, is said to be *cucullatus*, *cuckow'd*, or *cuckold*. JOHNSON.

The

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will? why, happy man be his dole⁶—My brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, sir,

He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:

Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;

My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:

He makes a July's day short as December;

And, with his varying childness, cures in me

Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire

Offic'd with me: We two will walk, my lord,

And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,

How thou lov'st us, shew in our brother's welcome;

Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap:

Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's

Apparent⁷ to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,

We are yours i' the garden: Shall's attend you there?

Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you'll be found,

Be you beneath the sky:—I am angling now, [aside.

Though you perceive me not how I give line.

Go to, go to! [observing Polix. and Her.

How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!

And arms her with the boldness of a wife

To her allowing⁸ husband! Gone already;

Inch-thick, knee-deep; o'er head and ears a fork'd one⁹.

[Exeunt POLIXENES, HERMIONE, and Attendants.

Go, play, boy, play;—thy mother plays, and I

Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue

Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and clamour

K 6

Will

The meaning of this is, will you put up affronts? The French have a proverbial saying, *A qui vendex, agus coquilles?* i. e. whom do you design to affront? Mamillius's answer plainly proves it. SMITH.

⁶ May his dole or *Bare* in life be to be a happy man.

⁷ Apparent — That is, *heir apparent*, or the next claimant.

⁸ Allowing in old language is approving.

⁹ — a fork'd one. That is, a booned one; a cuckold.

Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play; There have been,
 Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
 And many a man there is, even at this present,
 Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
 That little thinks she hath been sluic'd in his absence,
 And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
 Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,
 Whiles other men have gates; and those gates open'd,
 As mine, against their will: Should all despair,
 That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
 Would hang themselves. Physick for't there is none;
 It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
 Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,
 From east, west, north, and south: Be it concluded,
 No barricado for a belly; know it;
 It will let in and out the enemy,
 With bag and baggage: many a thousand of us
 Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why, that's some comfort.—What! Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest man.—
 [Exit MAMILLIUS.]

Camillo, this great fir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;
 When you cast out, it still came home¹;

Leon. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
 His business more material²;

Leon. Didst perceive it?

They're here with me already³; whispering, rounding⁴,
 Sicilia is—so forth: 'Tis far gone,

When

¹ This is a sea-faring expression, *the anchor would not take hold*.

² I. e. the more you requested him to stay, the more urgent he represented that business to be which summoned him away.

³ Not Polixenes and Hermione, but casual observers, people accidentally present.

⁴ *To round in the ear*, is to whisper, or to tell secretly. The expression is very copiously explained by M. Casaubon, in his book *de Ling. Sax.*—The word appears to have been sometimes written *round*.

When I shall gust it last^s.—How came't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the queen's, be't: good, should be pertinent;
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks:—Not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals,
Of head-piece extraordinary & lower messes⁶,
Perchance, are to this business purblind: say.

Cam. Business, my lord? I think, most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon. Ha?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon. Satisfy

The entreaties of your mistress?—satisfy?—
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils: wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom; I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!

Leon. To bide upon't;—Thou art not honest: or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward;
Which boxes⁷ honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd: Or else thou must be counted
A servant, grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent: or else a fool;
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam.

^s — gust it—] i. e. taste it. STEEVENS.

⁶ Lower messes is only used as an expression to signify the lowest degrees about the court. See *Anstis. Ord. Gari. 3. App. p. 15.*

⁷ To box into ham-string.—The proper word is, to bough, i. e. to cut the bough, or hamstring.

Cam. My gracious lord,
 I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
 In every one of these no man is free,
 But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
 Among the infinite doings of the world,
 Sometime puts forth: In your affairs, my lord,
 If ever I were wilful-negligent,
 It was my folly; if industriously
 I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
 Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
 To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
 Whereof the execution did cry out
 Against the non-performance¹, 'twas a fear
 Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
 Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
 Is never free of. But, 'beseech your grace,
 Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
 By its own visage: if I then deny it,
 'Tis none of mine.

Leon. Have not you seen, Camillo,
 (But that's past doubt: you have; or your eye-glass²
 Is thicker than a cuckold's horn;) or heard,
 (For, to a vision so apparent, rumour
 Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation
 Refides not in that man, that does not think)
 My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
 (Or else be impudently negative,
 To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then say,
 My wife's a hobby-horse; deserves a name
 As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
 Before her troth-plight: say it, and justify it.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
 My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
 My present vengeance taken: 'Shrew my heart;
 You never spoke what did become you less
 Than this; which to reiterate, were sin

A6

¹ This is one of the expressions by which Shakspeare too frequently clouds his meaning.

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As deep as that, though true⁹.

Leon. Is whispering nothing?

Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses¹?

Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career

Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible

Of breaking honesty :) horsing foot on foot?

Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?

Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes

Blind with the pin and web², but theirs, theirs only,

That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?

Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;

The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;

My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,

If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd

Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;

For 'tis most dangerous.

Leon. Say, it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:

I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;

Pronounce thee a gross lowt, and mindless slave;

Or else a hovering temporizer, that

Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,

Inclining to them both: Were my wife's liver

Infected as her life, she would not live

The running of one glass³.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leon. Why he, that wears her like his medal, hanging

About his neck, Bohemia: Who,—if I

Had servants true about me, that bare eyes

To see alike mine honour as their profits,

Their own particular thrifts,—they would do that

Which should undo more doing: Ay, and thou,

His cup-bearer,—whom I, from meaner form

Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship; who may'st see

Plainly,

⁹ i. e. your suspicion is as great a sin as would be that, (if committed,) for which you suspect her.

¹ Dr. Thirlby reads *meeting noses*; that is, *measuring noses*.

² Disorders in the eye. See *K. Lear*, Act III. sc. iv.

³ —of one glass.] i. e. of one hour-glass.

Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am galled,—might't be-spice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this; and that with no rash⁴ potion,
But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work
Maliciously, like poison: But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee,—

Leon. Make that thy question⁵; and go rot!
Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation?
Sully the purity and whiteness of
My sheets, which to preserve, is sleep; which being
Spotted, is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps?
Give scandal to the blood o'the prince my son,
Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine;
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench⁶?

Cam. I must believe you, sir;
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't:
Provided, that when he's remov'd, your highness
Will take again your queen, as yours at first;
Even for your son's sake; and, thereby, for sealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and ally'd to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen: I am his cup-bearer;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,

Account

⁴ *Rash* is *hasty*, as in another place, *rash* gunpowder. *Maliciously* is *malignantly*, with effects *openly* hurtful.

⁵ *Question* in our author very often signifies *conversation*.

⁶ To *bleach* is to start off, to shrink.

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WINTER'S TALE.

19

Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all:

Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;

Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.

Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.

[Exit LEONTES.]

**Cam.* O miserable lady!—But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes; and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master; one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his, so too.—To do this deed,
Promotion follows: If I could find example
Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear't. I must
Forake the court: to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

[Enter POLIXENES.]

Pol. This is strange! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?—
Good-day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

Pol. What is the news i'the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region,
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wasting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners,

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol.

* If I could find example. An allusion to the death of the queen of Scots. The play therefore was written in king James's time.

Pol. How! dare not? do not. Do you know, and dare not

Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts.
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must;
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shews me mine chang'd too: for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me?
Make me not frighted like the basilisk;
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better,
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like, experienc'd, which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whose success^s we are gentle,—I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge,
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: Therefore, mark my counsel;
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as

I mean

^s i. e. do you know, and dare not refuse to me that you know?

^s I know not whether success here does not mean succession. JOHNSON.

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I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me
Cry, *lost*, and so good-night.

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed Him to murder you¹.

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice you to't²,—that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yolk'd with his, that did betray the best³!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour, that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive; and my approach be shun'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great infection
That e'er was heard, or read!

Cam. Swear⁴ his thought over
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or, by oath, remove, or counsel, shake,
The fabrick of his folly; whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith⁵, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam.

¹ i. e. I am the person appointed to murder you.

² i. e. to draw, persuade you. The *vice* is an instrument well known; its operation is to hold things together. So the ballist speaking of Falstaff: "If he come but within my vice," &c.

³ — his, that did betray the best! Perhaps Judas. The word *best* is spelt with a capital letter thus, *Best*, in the first folio.

⁴ Swear his thought over may perhaps mean, *over* swear his present persuasion, that is, endeavour to overcome his opinion, by swearing oaths numerous as the stars. JOHNSON.

Swear his thought over may mean, Though you should endeavour to *swear away* his jealousy,—though you should strive, by your oaths, to change his present thoughts.—The vulgar still use a similar expression: "To swear a person down." MALONE.

⁵ This folly which is erected on the foundation of settled belief.

Cam. I know not: but, I am sure, 'tis safer to
 Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.
 If therefore you dare trust my honesty,—
 That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
 Shall bear along impawn'd,—away to-night.
 Your followers I will whisper to the business;
 And will, by twos, and threes, at several posterns,
 Clear them o'the city: For myself, I'll put
 My fortunes to your service, which are here
 By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
 For, by the honour of my parents, I
 Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to prove,
 I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
 Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon
 His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:
 I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand;
 Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
 Still neighbour mine: My ships are ready, and
 My people did expect my hence departure
 Two days ago.—This jealousy
 Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,
 Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
 Must it be violent; and as he does conceive
 He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
 Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
 In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er-shades me:
 Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
 The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
 Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo;
 I will respect thee as a father, if
 Thou bear'st my life off hence: Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority, to command
 The Keys of all the posterns: Please your highness
 To take the urgent hour: come, sir, away. [Exeunt.]

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

*The same.**Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and Ladies.*

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
 'Tis past enduring.

1. *Lady.* Come, my gracious lord,
 Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1. *Lady.* Why, my sweet lord?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard; and speak to me as if
 I were a baby still.—I love you better.

2. *Lady.* And why so, my lord?

Mam. Not for because

Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
 Become some women best; so that there be not
 Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
 Or a half-moon made with a pen.

2. *Lady.* Who taught you this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray now
 What colour are your eye-brows?

1. *Lady.* Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's nose
 That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

2. *Lady.* Hark ye:

The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall
 Present our services to a fine new prince,
 One of these days; and then you'd wanton with us,
 If we would have you.

1. *Lady.* She is spread of late
 Into a goodly bulk; Good time encounter her!

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, fir, now
 I am for you again: Pray you, sit by us,
 And tell us a tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall it be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter^c:

^c Hence, I suppose, the title of the play. TYLWHITT. I have

I have one of sprights and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good fir:

Come on, sit down:—Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprights; you're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man,—

Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard;—I will tell it softly;
Yon crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then, *but eaching you, and I have*
And give't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIQONUS, Lords, and Others.

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?

1. *Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ships.

Leon. How blest am I

In my just censure? in my true opinion?—
Alack, for lesser knowledge!—How accurs'd,
In being so blest!—There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd², and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
The abhor'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts³: I have drunk, and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pander:—
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true, that is mistrusted:—that false villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He hath discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick

For

² *Censure*, in the time of our author, was generally used, (as in this instance,) for judgment, opinion.

³ That is, *O that my knowledge were less*. JOHNSON.

³ This was a notion generally prevalent in our author's time.—That spiders were esteemed venomous appears by the evidence of a person who was examined in Sir T. Overbury's affair. "The Countess wished me to get the strongest poison that I could, &c. Accordingly I brought seven—great spiders, and cantharides."

¹ *Hefts* are heaving, what is heaved up.

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WINTER'S TALE.

25

For them to play at will:—How came the posterns
So easily open?

1. *Lord.* By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.

Leon. I know't too well.—
Give me the boy; I am glad, you did not nurse him:
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? sport?

Leon. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about her;
Away with him:—and let her sport herself
With that she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say, he had not,
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say, *she is a goodly lady*, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity, *she's not honest, honourable*:
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech,) and straight
The shrug, the hum, or ha; these petty brands,
That calumny doth use;—O, I am out,
That mercy does; for calumny will fear
Virtue itself²:—these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
When you have said, *she's goodly*, come between,
Ere you can say *she's honest*: But be it known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adulteress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,

Left

² That is, will stigmatize or brand as infamous.

Left barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar:—I have said,
She's an adulteress; I have said, with whom:
More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is
A federary³ with her; and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself,
But with her most vile principal, that she's
A bed-fwerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold't titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this: How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me? Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say
You did mistake.

Leon. No; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The center⁴ is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top.—Away with her to prison:
He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty⁵,
But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient, till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable.—Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown: Beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me;—and so
The king's will be perform'd!

Leon. Shall I be heard? [to the guards.]

Her.

³ A federary is a confederate, an accomplice.

⁴ That is, if the proofs which I can offer will not support the opinion I have formed, no foundation can be trusted.

⁵ Far off guilty, signifies, guilty in a remote degree.

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Her. Who is't, that goes with me?—'beseech your highness,

My women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause: when you shall know, your mistress
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out; this action⁶, I now go on,
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,
I trust, I shall.—My women, come; you have leave.
Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*]

1. *Lord.* 'Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir; lest your justice
Prove violence: in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

1. *Lord.* For her, my lord,—
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
I'the eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;
Then, when I feel, and see her, no farther trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.

Leon. Hold your peaces.

1. *Lord.* Good my lord,—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,
That will be damn'd for't; 'would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him: Be the honour-flaw'd,—
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;

VOL. III. L The

⁶ The word *action* is here taken in the lawyer's sense, for indictment, charge, or accusation.

We cannot say that a person goes on an indictment, charge, or accusation. I believe, Hermione only means, "What I am now about to do." MASON.

The second, and the third, nine, and some five;
 If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honour,
 I'll geld them all; fourteen they shall not see,
 To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;
 And I had rather glib myself, than they
 Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease; no more.

You smell this business with a sense as cold
 As is a dead man's nose: but I do see't, and feel't;
 As you feel, doing thus, and see withal
 The instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so,

We need no grave to bury honesty;
 There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
 Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What! lack I credit?

1. *Lord.* I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,
 Upon this ground: and more it would content me
 To have her honour true, than your suspicion;
 Be blam'd for't how you might,

Leon. Why, what need we
 Commune with you of this? but rather follow
 Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
 Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness
 Imparts this: which,—if you (or stupified,
 Or seeming so in skill,) cannot, or will not,
 Relish a truth, like us; inform yourselves,
 We need no more of your advice: the matter,
 The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
 Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
 You had only in your silent judgment try'd it,
 Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be?

Either thou art most ignorant by age,
 Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
 Added to their familiarity,
 (Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
 That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation⁷,

But

⁷ *Approbation*, in this place, is put for *proof*.

But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed,) doth push on this proceeding :
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
Most piteous to be wild,) I have dispatch'd in post,
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency^a : Now, from the oracle
They will bring all ; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well ?

1. *Lord.* Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfy'd, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others ; such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth : So have we thought it good,
From our free person she should be confin'd ;
Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform^b. Come, follow us ;
We are to speak in publick : for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. [aside.] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The same. The outer Room of a Prison.

Enter PAULINA, and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to him ;

[*Exit an Attendant.*]
Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady !

No court in Europe is too good for thee ;

What dost thou then in prison ?—Now, good sir,

Re-enter Attendant, with the Keeper.

You know me, do you not ?

Keep. For a worthy lady,

L 2

And

^a —*stuff'd sufficiency* ; That is, of abilities more than enough.

^b He has before declared, that there is a *plot against his life and crown*, and that Hermione is *federary* with Polixenes and Camillo.

And one whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.

Keep. I may not, madam; to the contrary
I have exprefs commandment.

Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors!—Is it lawful,
Pray you, to see her women? any of them?
Emilia?

Keep. So please you, madam, to put
Apart these your attendants, I shall bring
Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now, call her.
Withdraw yourselves. [*Exeunt* Attend.]

Keep. And, madam, I must be present
At your conference.

Paul. Well, be it so, pr'ythee. [*Exit* Keeper.]
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes colouring.

Re-enter Keeper, *with* *EMILIA*.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,
May hold together: On her frights, and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in't: says, *My poor prisoner,*
I am innocent as you.

Paul. I dare be sworn:—
These dangerous unsafe luns o'the king! besprew them!
He must be told on't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister;
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more:—Pray you, *Emilia*,
Commend my best obedience to the queen;

WINTER'S TALE.

If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll shew't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loudest: We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o'the child;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue; there is no lady living,
So meet for this great errand: Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design;
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be deny'd.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from it,
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it!
I'll to the queen: please you, come something nearer.

Keep. Madam, if't please the queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir:
The child was prisoner to the womb; and is,
By law and process of great nature, thence
Free'd and enfranchis'd: not a party to
The anger of the king; nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Keep. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear: upon
Mine honour, I will stand 'twixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*]

WINTER'S TALE.

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and other Attendants.

Leon. Nor night, nor day, no rest: It is but weakness
To bear the matter thus; mere weakness, if
The cause were not in being;—part o' the cause,
She, the adulteress;—for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain¹, plot-proof: but she
I can hook to me: Say, that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again.—Who's there?

1. *Atten.* My lord?

[*advancing.*]

Leon. How does the boy?

1. *Atten.* He took good rest to-night; 'tis hop'd,
His sickness is discharg'd.

Leon. To see his nobleness!

Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And down-right languish'd.—Leave me solely²: go,
See how he fares. [*Exit Attend.*—Fye, fye! no thought
of him;—

The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty;
And in his parties, his alliance.—Let him be,
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow;
They should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter

¹ Beyond the aim of any attempt that I can make against him. *Blank*
and *level* are terms of archery.

² —*Leave me solely.*] That is, leave me alone.

Enter PAULINA, with a Child.

1. Lord. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul;
More free, than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

1. Attend. Madam, he hath not slept to-night; com-
manded

None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir;
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings,—such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as med'cinal as true;
Honest, as either; to purge him of that humour,
That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What noise there, ho?

Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference,
About some gossips for your highness.

Leon. How?—

Away with that audacious lady: Antigonus,
I charg'd thee, that she should not come about me;
I knew, she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leon. What, can't not rule her?

Paul. From all dishonesty, he can: in this,
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour,) trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. La you now; you hear!
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come,—
And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,

Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dares
 Less appear so, in comforting your evils,
 Than such as most seem yours:—I say, I come
 From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen!

Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen! I say, good
 queen;

And would by combat make her good, so were I
 A man, the worst³ about you.

Leon. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,
 First hand me: on mine own accord, I'll off;
 But, first, I'll do my errand.—The good queen,
 For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
 Here 'tis; commands it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the child.*]

Leon. Out!

A mankind witch⁴! Hence with her, out o'door:
 A most intelligencing bawd!

Paul. Not so:

I am as ignorant in that, as you
 In so intitling me: and no less honest
 Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
 As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leon. Traitors!

Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard:—

Thou, dotard, [*to Ant.*] thou art woman-tyr'd⁵, unroofed
 By

³ The *worst* means only the *lowest*. Were I the meanest of your servants, I would yet claim the combat against any accuser. JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards observes, that "The worst about you" may mean the weakest, or least warlike. So a *better man*, the *best man* in company, frequently refer to skill in fighting, not to moral goodness." I think he is right. MALONE.

⁴ A *mankind* woman, is yet used in the midland counties, for a woman violent, ferocious, and mischievous. It has the same sense in this passage. Witches are supposed to be *mankind*, to put off the softness and delicacy of women; therefore Sir Hugh, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, says of a woman suspected to be a witch, "that be does not like when a woman has a beard."

⁵ *Woman tyr'd*, is *peck'd* by a woman. The phrase is taken from falconry, and is often employed by writers contemporary with Shakespeare.

By thy dame Partlet here,—take up the bastard;
Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone⁶.

Paul. For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess, by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon't!

Leon. He dreads his wife.

Paul. So, I would, you did; then, 'twere past all doubt,
You'd call your children yours.

Leon. A nest of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I; nor any,

But one, that's here; and that's himself: for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not
(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't,) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

Leon. A callat,

Of boundless tongue; who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire!

Paul. It is yours;

And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:—
And, thou, good goddess nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours

L 5

No

⁶ — [thy crone.] i. e. thy old worn-out woman. A crone is an old toothless sheep; thence an old woman.

No yellow in't⁷; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

Leon. A gross hag!—

And, lozel⁸, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands,
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leon. I'll have thee burn'd.

Paul. I care not:

It is an heretick, that makes the fire,
Not she, which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy,) something favours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send her
A better guiding spirit!—What need these hands?—
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so:—Farewel; we are gone. [Exit]

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—
My child? away with't!—even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,

(And

⁷ No yellow in't;] *Yellow* is the colour of jealousy.

⁸ A *lozel* is one that hath lost, neglected, or cast off, his own good
and welfare, and so is become lewd and careless of credit and honesty.

(And by good testimony) or I'll seize thy life,
 With what thou else call'st thine: If thou refuse,
 And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
 The bastard brains with these my proper hands
 Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
 For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir:

These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
 Can clear me in't.

1. *Lord.* We can; my royal liege,
 He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You are liars all.

1. *Lord.* 'Beseech your highness, give us better credit:
 We have always truly serv'd you; and beseech,
 So to esteem of us: And on our knees we beg,
 (As recompence of our dear services,
 Past, and to come,) that you do change this purpose;
 Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
 Lead on to some foul issue: We all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows:—
 Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
 And call me father? Better burn it now,
 Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live:
 It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither;

[to Antigonus,

You, that have been so tenderly officious
 With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
 To save this bastard's life:—for 'tis a bastard,
 So sure as this beard's grey⁹,—what will you adventure
 To save this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
 That my ability may undergo,
 And nobleness impose: at least, thus much;
 I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
 To save the innocent: any thing possible.

L 6

Leon.

9 The king must mean the beard of Antigonus, which perhaps both here and on a former occasion, it was intended, he should lay hold of. Leonatus has himself told us that twenty-three years ago he was unbreech'd, in his green velvet coat, his dagger muzzled; and of course his age at the opening of this play must be under thirty. He cannot therefore mean his own beard.

Leon. It shall be possible: Swear by this sword¹,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark, and perform it; (seest thou?) for the fail
Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife;
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,—
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,—
That thou commend it strangely to some place²,
Where chance may nurse, or end it: Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this; though a present death
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens,
To be thy nurses! Wolves, and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require! and blessing³,
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss⁴! [*Exit, with the child.*]

Leon. No, I'll not rear
Another's issue.

1. *Attend.* Please your highness, posts,
From those you sent to the oracle, are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

1. *Lord.* So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon.

¹ It was anciently the custom to swear by the cross on the handle of a sword.

² Commit it to some place, as a stranger, without more provision.

³ — and blessing.] i. e. the favour of heaven.

⁴ i. e. to exposure, similar to that of a child whom its parents have lost.

Leon. Twenty-three days
 They have been absent : 'Tis good speed ; foretels,
 The great Apollo suddenly will have
 The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords ;
 Summon a session, that we may arraign
 Our most disloyal lady : for, as she hath
 Been publickly accus'd, so shall she have
 A just and open trial. While she lives,
 My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me ;
 And think upon my bidding. [Exit,

ACT III. SCENE I.

The same. A Street in some town.

Enter CLEOMENES, and DION¹.

Cleo. The climate's delicate ; the air most sweet ;
 Fertile the isle^o ; the temple much surpassing
 The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
 For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
 (Methinks, I so should term them,) and the reverence
 Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice !
 How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
 It was i'the offering !

Cleo. But, of all, the burst
 And the ear-deaf'ning voice o'the oracle,
 Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpriz'd my sense,
 That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o'the journey
 Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be't so !—
 As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,

The

¹ These two names, and those of *Antigonus* and *Archidamus*, our author found in North's Plutarch.

^o Fertile the isle ;] But the temple of Apollo at Delphi was not in an island, but in Phocis, on the continent. Either Shakspeare, or his editors, had their heads running on Delos, an island of the Cyclades.

In the *Hist. of Deraftus and Faunia*, the queen desires the king to send "six of his noblemen whom he best trusted, to the isle of Delphos," &c.

WINTER'S TALE.

The time is worth the use on't.

Clea. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the business: When the oracle,
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,)
Shall the contents discover, something rare,
Even then will rush to knowledge.—Go,—fresh horses;—
And gracious be the issue! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The same. A Court of Justice.

LEONTES, Lords, and Officers, appear properly seated.

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief, we pronounce)
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: The party try'd,
The daughter of a king; our wife; and one
Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.—
Produce the prisoner.

Offi. It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen
Appear in person here in court.—Silence!

HERMIONE is brought in, guarded; PAULINA and Ladies, attending.

Leon. Read the indictment.

Offi. Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of
Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason,
in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia;
and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our
sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence
whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Her-
mione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject,
didst

—pretence—] Is, in this place, taken for a scheme laid, a design
—meant to pretend means to design, in the Two Gentlemen of Verona

WINTER'S TALE.

41

didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation; and
The testimony on my part, no other
But what comes from myself; it shall scarce boot me
To say, *Not guilty*: mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd⁸. But thus,—If powers divine
Behold our human actions, (as they do,)
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know,
(Who least will seem to do so,) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd,
And play'd, to take spectators: For behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing,
To prate and talk for life, and honour, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it⁹
As I weigh grief, which I would spare¹: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine²,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, to appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honour; or, in act, or will,

That

⁸ That is, my *virtue* being accounted *wickedness*, my assertion of it will pass but for a *lie*. *Falsehood* means both *treachery* and *lie*.

⁹ — *For life, I prize it &c.* Life is to me now only *grief*, and as such only is considered by me; I would therefore willingly dismiss it.

¹ To *spare* any thing is to *let it go*, to *quit the possession of it*.

² This sentiment, which is probably borrowed from *Ecclesiasticus* chap. iii. verse 12, cannot be too often impressed on the female mind:

"The glory of a man is from the honour of his father; and a mother in dishonour, is a reproach unto her children."

WINTER'S TALE

That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, Fye upon my grave!

Leon. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gain-say what they did,
Than to perform it first³.

Her. That's true enough;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
(With whom I am accus'd,) I do confess,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;
With such a kind of love, as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So, and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude,
To you, and toward your friend; whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it,
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;
And, why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in his absence.

Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:

My

³ It is apparent that according to the proper, at least according to the present, use of words, *less* should be *more*, or *wanted* should be *bad*. But Shakspeare is very uncertain in his use of negatives. It may be necessary once to observe, that in our language, two negatives did not originally affirm, but strengthen the negation. This mode of speech was in time changed, but as the change was made in opposition to long custom, it proceeded gradually, and uniformity was not obtained but through an intermediate confusion.

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WINTER'S TALE.

43

My life stands in the level of your dreams *,
Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams;
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it:—As you were past all shame,
(Those of your fact are so,) so past all truth:
Which to deny, concerns more than avails: for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee, than it,) so thou
Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage,
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats;
The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went: My second joy,
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious: My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily †, is from my breast
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder: Myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet; With immodest hatred,
The child-bed privilege deny'd, which 'longs
To women of all fashion;—Lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit ‡. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this; mistake me not;—No! life,
I prize it not a straw:—but for mine honour,
(Which I would free,) if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake; I tell you,

'Tis

* To be in the level is, by a metaphor from archery, to be within the reach.

† Starr'd most unluckily,] i. e. born under an inauspicious planet.

‡ The limited degree of strength, which is customary for women to acquire before they are suffered to go abroad after child-bearing.

WINTER'S TALE.

'Tis rigour, and not law.—Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle;
Apollo be my judge.

1. *Lord.* This your request
Is altogether just: therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle. [*Exeunt certain Officers.*]

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father:
O, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES and DION.

Offi. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals, and read.

Offi. [*reads.*] *Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that, which is lost, be not found.*

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praised!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

Offi. Ay, my lord; even so as it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i' the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant, hastily.

Ser. My lord the king, the king!

Leon. What is the business?

Ser. O sir, I shall be hated to report it:
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed², is gone.

Leon.

¹ That is, how low, how *far* I am laid by my calamity.

² Of the *event* of the queen's trial: so we still say, he *sped* well or ill.

WINTER'S TALE.

Leon. How! gone?

Ser. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [*Her. faints.*] How now there?

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen:—Look down,
And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence:

Her heart is but o'er-charg'd; she will recover.—

I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:—

'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her

Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon

[*Exeunt PAULINA and ladies, with HERMIONE;*

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—

I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;

New-woo my queen; recall the good Camillo;

Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:

For, being transported by my jealousies

To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose

Camillo for the minister, to poison

My friend Polixenes: which had been done,

But that the good mind of Camillo tardy'd

My swift command; though I with death, and with

Rewards did threaten and encourage him,

Not doing it, and being done; he, most humane,

And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest

Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,

Which you knew great; and to the hazard

Of all incertainties himself commended,

No richer than his honour:—How he glisters

Thorough my rust! and how his piety

Does my deeds make the blacker⁹!

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while!

O, cut my lace; lest my heart cracking it,

Break too!

1. *Lord.*

⁹ Does my deeds make the blacker? This vehement retraction of Leontes, accompanied with the confession of more crimes than he was suspected of, is agreeable to our daily experience of the vicissitudes of violent tempers, and the eruptions of minds oppressed with guilt.

1. *Lord.* What fit is this, good lady?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? What slaying? boiling?
In leads, or oils? what old, or newer torture
Must I receive; whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny,
Together working with thy jealousies,—
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine!—O, think, what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed; stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,
And damnable ungrateful¹: nor was't much,
Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour²,
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't³:
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince; whose honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart,
That could conceive, a gross and foolish fire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: But the last,—O, lords,
When I have said, cry, woe!—the queen, the queen,
The sweetest, dearest, creature's dead; and vengeance
for't.

Not dropp'd down yet.

1. *Lord.* The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say, she's dead; I'll swear't: if word, nor oath,
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,

Heat

¹ This, by a mode of speech anciently much used, means only, *It shew'd thee first a fool, then inconstant and ungrateful.*

² How should Paulina know this? No one had charged the king with this crime except himself, while Paulina was absent, attending on Hermione. The poet seems to have forgotten this circumstance.

³ i. e. a devil would have shed tears of pity o'er the damna'd, ere he would have committed such an action.

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WINTER'S TALE.

47

Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on:

Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

1. *Lord.* Say no more;

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I'the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for't;

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I have shew'd too much
The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past help,
Should be past grief: Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you; rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman;
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too: Take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well,

When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen, and son:
One grave shall be for both; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual: Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie; and tears, shed there,
Shall be my recreation: so long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long,

I daily

I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me
To these sorrows.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Bohemia. *A desert country near the sea.*

Enter ANTIGONUS, with the Child; and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect⁺ then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?

Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark; I'll not be long, before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste; and go not
Too far i'the land: 'tis like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey, that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away;
I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o'the business. [*Exit.*]

Ant. Come, poor babe:—
I have heard, (but not believ'd,) the spirits of the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me;
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: Good Antigonus,

⁺ *Perfect* is often used by Shakespeare for *certain*, *well assured*, or *well informed*; and it is so used by almost all our ancient writers.

Since fate, against thy better disposition,
 Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
 Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—
 Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
 There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
 Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
 I pr'ythee, call't: for this ungentle business,
 Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shall see
 Thy wife Paulina more:—and so, with shrieks,
 She melted into air. Affrighted much,
 I did in time collect myself; and thought
 This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys;
 Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
 I will be squar'd by this. I do believe,
 Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
 Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
 Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
 Either for life, or death, upon the earth
 Of its right father.—Blossom, speed thee well!

[laying down the child.

There lie; and there thy character^s: there these;

[laying down a bundle.

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
 And still rest thine.—The storm begins:—Poor wretch,
 That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
 To loss, and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,
 But my heart bleeds: and most accurs'd am I,
 To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewel!
 The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have
 A lullaby too rough: I never saw
 The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour^o:—
 Well may I get aboard!—This is the chase;
 I am gone for ever.

[Exit, pursued by a bear.

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would, there were no age between ten and three
 and twenty; or that youth would sleep out the rest: for
 there

^s i. e. the writing afterwards discovered with Perdita. "—the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they knew to be his character."

^o This clamour was the cry of the dogs and hunters; then seeing the bear, he cries, this is the chase, or, the animal pursued.

there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting.—Hark you now!—Would any but these boil'd brains of nineteen, and two and twenty, hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find, than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, brouzing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*taking up the child.*] Mercy on's, a barne! a very pretty barne? A boy, or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: Sure some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he holla'd but even now. Whoa, ho ho!

Enter Clown.

Clown. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'st thou, man?

Clown. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land;—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clown. I would, you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point: O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast; and anon swallow'd with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hog'shead. And then for the land service,—To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cry'd to me for help, and said, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—But to make an end of the ship:—to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it:—but, first, how the poor souls roar'd, and the sea mock'd

¹ i. e. child. It is a North Country word. *Barne* for *born*; things born; seeming to answer to the Latin *nati*.

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mock'd them;—and how the poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clown. Now, now; I have not wink'd since I saw these fights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. 'Would I had been by, to have help'd the old man.

Clown. I would you had been by the ship side, to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing.

[*Aside.*

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou met'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a fight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth³ for a squire's child! Look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's fee;—It was told me, I should be rich by the fairies: this is some changeling⁹:—open't: What's within, boy?

Clown. You're a made old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with it, keep it close; home, home, the next way¹. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go:—Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clown. Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst², but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed: If thou may'st discern by

VOL. III.

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³ A bearing-cloth is the fine mantle or cloth with which a child is usually covered, when it is carried to the church to be baptized.

⁹ i. e. some child left behind by the fairies, in the room of one which they had stolen.

¹ —the next way.] i. e. the nearest way.

² Curst, signifies mischievous. Thus the adage: Curst cows have short horns.

that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clown. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i'the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

Enter Time, as Chorus.

Time. I,—that please some, try all; both joy, and terror,

Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error,—
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime,
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untry'd
Of that wide gap³; since it is in my power⁴
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom: Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now received: I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning; and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass; and give my scene such growing,
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving

The

³ Our author attends more to his ideas than to his words. *The growth of the wide gap*, is somewhat irregular; but he means, *the growth*, or progression of the time which filled up the gap of the story between Perdita's birth and her sixteenth year. *To leave this growth untried*, is to leave the passages of the intermediate years unnoted and unexamined. *Untried* is not, perhaps, the word which he would have chosen, but which his rhyme required.

⁴ The reasoning of *Time* is not very clear; he seems to mean, that he who has broke so many laws may now break another; that he who introduced every thing, may introduce Perdita in her sixteenth year; and he intreats that he may pass as of old, before any order or succession of objects, ancient or modern, distinguished his periods.

WINTER'S TALE.

53

The effects of his fond jealousies ; so grieving,
That he shuts up himself ; imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia ; and remember well,
I mention'd a son o' the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you ; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wond'ring : What of her ensues,
I list not prophecy ; but let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth : — a shepherd's
daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of time⁵ : Of this allow⁶,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now ;
If never yet, that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly, you never may. [Exit.

SCENE I.

The same. — A Room in the Palace of Polixenes.

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate : 'tis a sickness, denying thee any thing ; a death, to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years, since I saw my country : though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me : to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so ; which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now : the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made ; better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee : thou, having made me businesses, which none, without thee, can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done : which if I have not enough consider'd, (as too much I cannot,) to

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⁵ Is the argument of time :] Argument is the same with subject.

⁶ To allow in our author's time signified to approve. MALONE.

be more thankful to thee, shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships⁷. Of that fatal country Sicilia, pr'ythee speak no more: whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen, and children, are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days, since I saw the prince: What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have, missingly, noted, he is of late much retired from court; and is less frequent to his princely exercises, than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have consider'd so much, Camillo; and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness: from whom I have this intelligence; That he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence. But, I fear the angle⁸ that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place: where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam.

⁷ That is, I will for the future be more liberal of recompence, from which I shall receive this advantage, that as I heap benefits I shall heap friendships, as I confer favours on thee I shall increase the friendship between us.

⁸ *Angle* in this place means a *fishing-rod*, which he represents as drawing his son, like a fish, away.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter AUTOLYCUS², singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,—

With, hey! the doxy over the dale,—

Why, then comes in the sweet o'the year;

For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale¹;

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—

With, hey! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!—

Doth set my pugging tooth² on edge;

For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-tirra chaunts,—

With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay:—

Are summer songs for me and my aunts³,

While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have serv'd prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore
three-pile⁴; but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?

The pale moon shines by night:

And when I wander here and there,

I then do go most right.

M 3

If

¹ *Autolycus* was the son of Mercury, and as famous for all the arts of fraud and thievery as his father:

"*Non suit Autolyci tam piccata manus.*" *Martial.*

² The meaning is, the red; the spring blood now reigns in the parts lately under the dominion of winter. The English *pale*, the Irish *pale*, were frequent expressions in Shakspeare's time; and the words *red* and *pale* were chosen for the sake of the antithesis.

³ —pugging tooth—] Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read,—pugging tooth. It is certain that *pugging* is not now understood. But Dr. Thirlby observes, that it is the cant of gypsies.

⁴ The two latter words, which are not in the old copy, were introduced, for the sake of the metre, by the editor of the second folio.

⁵ *Aunt* appears to have been at this time a cant word for a *band*.

⁶ —wore three-pile;] i. e. rich velvet.

*If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.*

My traffick is sheets⁶; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me, Autolycus; who, being, as I am, litter'd under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles: With die, and drab, I purchased this caparison⁷; and my revenue is the silly cheat⁸: Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the high-way⁹: beating, and hanging, are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clown. Let me see:—Every eleven wether—tods; every tod¹ yields—pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn,—What comes the wool to?

Aut. If the springe hold, the cock's mine. [*Aside.*

Clown. I cannot do't without counters.—Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? *Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice*—What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nose-gays for the shearers: three-man song-men all², and very good ones; but they are most of them

⁶ *My traffick is sheets;*] i. e. I am a vender of sheet ballads, and other publications that are sold unbound. From the word *sheets* the poet takes occasion to quibble. STEEVENS.

He means here merely to say that his practice was to steal sheets and large pieces of linen, leaving the smaller pieces for the kites to build with. MASON.

⁷ With gaming and whoring, I brought myself to this shabby dress.

⁸ The *silly cheat* is one of the technical terms belonging to the art of coney-catching or thievery, which Greene has mentioned among the rest, in his treatise on that ancient and honourable science: It means picking pockets.

⁹ The resistance which a highwayman encounters in the fact, and the punishment which he suffers on detection, withhold me from daring robbery, and determine me to the silly cheat and petty theft.

¹ A tod is twenty-eight pounds of wool. PIERCE.

² i. e. fingers of catches in three parts. *A four-man song* occurs in the *Tournament of Tottenham*. See *The Rel. of Peccy*, Vol. II, p. 24.

them means and bafes³: but one puritan among them, and he fings psalms to horn-pipes. I muft have *saffron*, to colour the warden-pies⁴; *mace*,—*dates*,—none; that's out of my note: *nutmegs*, *seven*; a *race*, or two, of *ginger*;—but that I may beg;—four pound of *prunes*, and as many *raifins o'the fun*.

Aut. O, that ever I was born! [*groveling on the ground.*]

Clown. I'the name of me⁵,—

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off thefe rags; and then, death, death!

Clown. Alack, poor foul; thou haft need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have thefe off.

Aut. O, fir, the loathfomenefs of them offends me, more than the stripes I have receiv'd; which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clown. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, fir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and thefe detestable things put upon me.

Clown. What, by a horfe-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet fir, a foot-man.

Clown. Indeed, he fhould be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horfe-man's coat, it hath feen very hot fervice. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand.

Aut. O! good fir, tenderly, oh!

Clown. Alas, poor foul.

Aut. O, good fir, foftly, good fir: I fear, fir, my fhoulder-blade is out.

Clown. How now? canft ftand?

Aut. Softly, dear fir; [*picks his pocket.*] good fir, foftly: you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clown. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet fir; no, I befeech you, fir: I have

M 4

a kinsman

³ A mean in mufick is the *tenor*.

⁴ *Wardens* are a fpecies of large pears. The French call this pear the *poire de garde*.

⁵ This is a vulgar invocation, which we have often heard ufed.

a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence; unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clown. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow, fir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames⁶: I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good fir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the court.

Clown. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide⁷.

Aut. Vices I would say, fir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compass'd a motion of the prodigal son⁸, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clown. Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig⁹: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, fir; he, fir, he; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

Clown. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but look'd big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, fir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clown. How do you now?

Aut.

⁶ — *with trol-my-dames*:] *Trou-madame*, French. The old English title of this game was *pigeon holes*; as the arches in the machine through which the balls are rolled, resemble the cavities made for pigeons in a *dove-house*.

⁷ To *abide*, here, must signify, to *sejourn*, to live for a time without a settled habitation.

⁸ — *motion of the prodigal son*,—] i. e. the *puppet-show*, then called *motions*: a term frequently occurring in our author.

⁹ In the canting language *Prig* is a thief or pick-pocket; and therefore in the *Beggars Bush*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, *Prig* is the name of a knavish beggar.

Aut. Sweet fir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clown. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced fir; no, sweet fir.

Clown. Then fare thee well; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet fir!—[*Exit Clown.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unroll'd, and my name put in the book of virtue¹!

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,

And merrily bent the stile-a²:

A merry heart goes all the day,

Your sad tires in a mile-a.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess; but Flora,
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me³;
O, pardon, that I name them: your high self,
The gracious mark o'the land⁴, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddeſs-like prank'd up⁵: But that our feasts

M 5

In

¹ Begging gypsies, in the time of our author, were in gangs and companies, that had something of the ſhew of an incorporated body. From this noble ſociety he wiſhes he may be unrolled, if he does not ſo and ſo.

² To bent the ſtile, is to take hold of it.

³ That is, your exceſſes, the extravagance of your praiſes.

⁴ The object of all men's notice and expectation.

⁵ To prank is to dreſs with ornament.

In every mess have folly, and the feeders
 Digest it with a custom, I should blush
 To see you so attired; sworn, I think,
 To shew myself a glass.

Flo. I bless the time,
 When my good falcon made her flight across
 Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause!
 To me, the difference forges dread⁶; your greatness
 Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
 To think, your father, by some accident,
 Should pass this way, as you did: O, the fates!
 How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
 Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
 Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
 The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend
 Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
 Humbling their deities to love, have taken
 The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
 Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
 A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
 Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
 As I seem now: Their transformations
 Were never for a piece of beauty rarer;
 Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires
 Run not before mine honour; nor my lusts
 Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O but, fir,
 Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
 Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o'the king:
 One of these two must be necessities,
 Which then will speak; that you must change this purpose,
 Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,

With

⁶ Meaning the difference between his rank and hers.

⁷ It is impossible for any man to rid his mind of his profession. The authorship of Shakspeare has supplied him with a metaphor, which, rather than he would lose it, he has put with no great propriety into the mouth of a country maid. Thinking of his own works, his mind passed naturally to the binder. I am glad that he has no hint at an editor,

With these forc'd thoughts^s, I pr'ythee, darken not
 The mirth o'the feast: Or I'll be thine, my fair,
 Or not my father's: for I cannot be
 Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
 I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
 Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle;
 Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
 That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
 Lift up your countenance; as it were the day
 Of celebration of that nuptial, which
 We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady fortune,
 Stand you auspicious!

Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO, disguised; Clown, MOSA, DORCAS, and Others.

Flo. See, your guests approach:
 Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
 And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fye, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
 This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook;
 Both dame and servant: welcom'd all; serv'd all:
 Would sing her song, and dance her turn: now here,
 At upper end o'the table, now, i'the middle;
 On his shoulder, and his: her face o'fire
 With labour; and the thing, she took to quench it,
 She would to each one sip: You are retir'd,
 As if you were a feasted one, and not
 The hostess of the meeting: Pray you, bid
 These unknown friends to us welcome; for 'tis
 A way to make us better friends, more known.
 Come, quench your blushes; and present yourself
 That which you are, mistress o'the feast: Come on,
 And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
 As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Sir, welcome! [to Pol.
 It is my father's will, I should take on me
 The hostessship o'the day:—You're welcome, sir! [to Cam.

M 6

Give

^s That is, thoughts far fetched, and not arising from the present objects.

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend fir,
For you there's rosemary, and rue; these keep
Seeming, and savour, all the winter long:
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both;
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess,
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o'the season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly-flowers,
Which some call, nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustick garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art, which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature¹.

Pol. Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler cyon to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: This is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather: but

The

¹ *Rue* was called *herb of grace*. *Rosemary* was the emblem of remembrance; I know not why, unless because it was carried at funerals.

JOHNSON.

Rosemary was anciently supposed to strengthen the memory, and is prescribed for that purpose in the books of ancient physick. STEEVENS.

Ophelia distributes the same plants, and accompanies them with the same documents: "There's *rosemary*, that's for remembrance.—There's *rue* for you; we may call it herb of *grace*."—The qualities of retaining *seeming* and *savour*, appear to be the reason why these plants were considered as emblematical of *grace* and *remembrance*. HENLEY.

² This art is pretended to be taught at the ends of some of the old books that treat of cookery, &c. but being utterly impracticable is not worth exemplification.

The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-flowers,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put

The dibble² in earth to set one slip of them:
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well; and only therefore
Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age: You are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my fairest
friend,

I would, I had some flowers o'the spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours;
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing:—O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes³,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips⁴, and

The

² — *dibble*—] An instrument used by gardeners to make holes in the earth for the reception of young plants. See it in *Minsheu*.

³ I suspect that our author mistakes Juno for Pallas, who was the goddess of blue eyes. Sweeter than an eye-lid is an odd image: but perhaps he uses *sweet* in the general sense, for *delightful*. JOHNSON.

⁴ The *oxlip* has not a weak flexible stalk like the *cowslip*, but erects itself boldly in the face of the sun. Wallis, in his *Hist. of Northumberland*, says, that the *great oxlip* grows a foot and a half high.

WINTER'S TALE

The crown-imperial ; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-lis being one ! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of ; and, my sweet friend,
To strow him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What ? like a corse ?

Per. No, like a bank, for dove to lie and play on ;
Not like a corse : or if, — not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers :
Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun' pastorals : sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever : when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so ; so give alms ;
Pray so ; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too : When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o'the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that ; move still, still so, and own
No other function : Each your doing's,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large : but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps fairly through it,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd ;
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You wou'd me the false way.

Flo. I think, you have
As little skill to fear⁵, as I have purpose
To put you to't. — But, come ; our dance, I pray :
Your hand, my Perdita : so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
Ran on the green-sward : nothing she does, or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself ;

Too

⁵ That is, your manner in each act crowns the act.
⁶ You as little know how to fear that I am false, as &c.

Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something,
That makes her blood look out⁷: Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clown. Come on, strike up.

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlick,
To mend her kissing with.—

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clown. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our man-
ners⁸.—
Come, strike up. [*Musick.*]

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what
Fair swain is this, which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles; and he boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding⁹: but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like sooth¹⁰: He says, he loves my daughter;
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiss to choose,
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does any thing; though I report it,
That should be silent: if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O master, if you did but hear the pedler at the
door, you would never dance again after a tabor and
pipe; no, the bag-pipe could not move you: he sings
several tunes, faster than you'll tell money; he utters
them

⁷ That makes her blush.

⁸ — *we stand &c.*] That is, we are now on our behaviour.

⁹ — *a worthy feeding:*] I conceive *feeding* to be a *pasture*, and a
worthy feeding to be a tract of pasturage not inconsiderable, not un-
worthy of my daughter's fortune. JOHNSON.

¹⁰ *He looks like sooth:*] *Sooth* is truth. Obsolete.

them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clown. He could never come better: he shall come in: I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Ser. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all fizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves²: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without baudry, which is strange; with such delicate burdens of *dildos*³, and *sadings*: jump her and thump her; and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*; puts him off, lights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*⁴.

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clown. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Ser. He hath ribands of all the colours i'the rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle⁵, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddises⁶, cambricks, lawns: why, he sings them over, as they were gods or goddesses: you would think, a smock were a she-angel; he so chants to the sleeve-hand⁷, and the work about the square on't.

Clown. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurilous words in his tunes.

Clown:

² In the time of our author, and long afterwards, the trade of a milliner was carried on by men.

³ "With a hie dille dill" is the burthen of the *Butcher's Feast*, an ancient ballad, and is likewise called the tune of it.

⁴ This was the name of an old song. In the famous history of *Fryar Bacon* we have a ballad to the tune of, "Ob! do me no harme, good man."

⁵ The points that afford Antolycus a subject for this quibble, were laces with metal tags to them. *Aiguillettes*, Fr.

⁶ A narrow worsted tape. There is a very narrow slight serge of this name now made in France. *Inkle* is a kind of tape also.

⁷ In *Cotgrave's Dict.* "*Poignet de la chemise*" is Englished "the wristband, or gathering at the sleeve-band of a shirt."

WINTER'S TALE.

67

Clown. You have of these pedlers, that have more in 'em than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

*Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, neck-lace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins, and poking-sticks of steel*,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come, buy, &c.*

Clown. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou should'st take no money of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbands and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you: may be, he has paid you more; which will shame you to give him again.

Clown. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets, where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle off these secrets; but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whispering: Clamour your tongues⁸, and not a word more.

Mop.

⁸ These *poking-sticks* were heated in the fire, and made use of to adjust the plaits of ruffs.

⁹ The phrase is taken from ringing. When bells are at the height, in order to cease them, the repetition of the strokes becomes much quicker than before; this is called *clamouring* them. Perhaps the

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace¹, and a pair of sweet gloves².

Clown. Have I not told thee, how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clown. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clown. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print, a'-life; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one, to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to bed with twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she long'd to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Tale-porter; and five or six honest wives that were present: Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clown. Come on, lay it by: And let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, Of a fish³, that appear'd upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April,

forty
meaning is, *Give one grand peal, and then beate done.* "A good *Clap*" in some villages is used in this sense, signifying a grand peal of all the bells at once.

¹ *Ticwadries* are a kind of necklaces worn by country wenches.

² Perfumed gloves are frequently mentioned by Shakspeare, and were very fashionable in the age of Elizabeth and long afterwards.

³ Perhaps in later times prose has obtained a triumph over poetry, though in one of its meanest departments; for all dying speeches, confessions, narratives of murders, executions, &c. seem anciently to have been written in verse. Whoever was hanged or burnt, a merry or a lamentable ballad (for both epithets are occasionally bestowed on these compositions) was immediately entered on the books of the Company of Stationers. In 1664 was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, "A strange reporte of a monstrous fish that appeared in the form of a woman, from her waist upward, scene in the sea." To this it is highly probable that Shakspeare alludes.

forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought, she was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her: The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clown. Lay it by too: Another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one; and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man*: there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

S O N G.

A. Get you hence, for I must go;

Where, it fits not you to know.

D. Whither? *M.* O, whither? *D.* Whither?

M. It becomes thy oath full well,

Thou to me thy secrets tell:

D. Me too, let me go thither.

M. Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill:

D. If to either, thou dost ill.

A. Neither. *D.* What, neither? *A.* Neither.

D. Thou hast sworn my love to be;

M. Thou hast sworn it more to me:

Then, whither go'st? say, whither?

Clown. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: My father and the gentlemen are in sad^d talk, and we'll not trouble them: come, bring away thy pack after me.

Wench,

Wenches, I'll buy for you both;—Pedler, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

Ant. And you shall pay well for 'em. [*Aside.*]

*Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedler;
Money's a medler,
That doth utter⁴ all men's ware-a.*

[*Exeunt Clown, AUTOLYCUS, DORCAS, and MOPSA.*]

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds,⁵ that have made themselves all men of hair⁶; they call themselves, saltiers⁷: and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o'the mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling⁸;) it will please plentifully.

Shep.

⁴ *To utter.* To bring out, or produce. To utter is a legal phrase often made use of in law proceedings and acts of parliament, and signifies, to vend by retail.

⁵ *Men of hair,* are hairy men, or satyrs. A dance of satyrs was no unusual entertainment in the middle ages. At a great festival celebrated in France, the king and some of the nobles personated satyrs dressed in close habits, tufted or shagged all over, to imitate hair. They began a wild dance, and in the tumult of their merriment one of them went too near a candle and set fire to his satyr's garb, the flame ran instantly over the loose tufts, and spread itself to the dress of those that were next him; a great number of the dancers were cruelly scorched, being neither able to throw off their coats nor extinguish them. The king had set himself in the lap of the dutchess of Burgundy, who threw her robe over him and saved him.

⁶ He means *Satyrs*. Their dress was perhaps made of goat's skin.
⁷ *Bowling*, I believe, is here a term for a dance of smooth motion without great exertion of agility. JOHNSON.

The allusion is not to a smooth dance, but to the smoothness of a bowling green. MASON.

WINTER'S TALE.

71

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already:—I know, fir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: Pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report, fir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire².

Shep. Leave your prating; since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Ser. Why, they stay at door, fir. [Exit.

Re-enter Servant, with twelve rusticks habited like Satyrs, They dance, and then exeunt.

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter³.—Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—He's simple, and tells much. [*Aside.*—How now, fair shepherd?

Your heart is full of something, that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love, as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ranfack'd
The pedler's filken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him: If your last
Interpretation should abuse; and call this,
Your lack of love, or bounty; you were straited
For a reply, at least, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old fir, I know,
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts, she looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient fir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,

That's

² — by the squire.] i. e. by the foot-rule: *Esquiers*, Fr.

³ O, father, &c.] This is an answer to something which the Shepherd is supposed to have said to Polixenes during the dance. MASON.

WINTER'S TALE,

That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?—

How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand, was fair before!—I have put you out:—
But, to your protestation; let me hear

What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more

Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all;
That,—were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve; had force, and knowledge,
More than was ever man's,—I would not prize them,
Without her love: for her, employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shews a sound affection.

Shep. But my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak

So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain:—

And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be

I'the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder: But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand;—

And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, a while, 'beseech you:
Have you a father?

Flo. I have: But what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo.

WINTER'S TALE.

73

Flo. He neither does, nor shall.

Pol. Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more;
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-ridden? and again does nothing,
But what he did being childish?

Flo. No, good sir?
He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: Reason, my son
Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,
The father (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this;
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shp. Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not:—
Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir, [*discovering himself.*]
Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd: Thou a scepter's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook!—Thou old traitor,
I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft; who, of force, must know

The

Can he maintain his right to his own property?

The royal fool thou cop'st with;—

Shep. O, my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and made
More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,—
If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh,
That thou no more shalt never see this knack, (as never
I mean thou shalt,) we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our kin,
Far than² Deucalion off: Mark thou my words;
Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,—
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever, henceforth, thou
'These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to it. [Exit.]

Per. Even here undone!

I was not much afeard³: for once, or twice,
I was about to speak; and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun, that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike—Wilt please you, fir, be gone?

[*se* Florizel.]

I told you, what would come of this: 'Beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father?

Speak

² I think for *far* than we should read *far* as. We will not hold thee
of our kin even so far off as Deucalion, the common ancestor of all.

JOHNSON.

The old reading *farre*, i. e. *further*, is the true one. The ancient
comparative of *fer* was *ferre*. See the *Glossaries* to Robt. of Gloucester
and Robt. of Brunne. This, in the time of Chaucer, was softened
into *ferre*. TYRWHITT.

³ *I was not much afeard, &c.*] The character is here finely sustain-
ed. To have made her quite astonished at the king's discovery of him-
self, had not become her birth; and to have given her presence of mind
to have made this reply to the king, had not become her education.

Speak, ere thou diest.

Sep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, fir, [*to Florizel.*
You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father dy'd,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust.—O cursed wretch!

[*to Perdita.*

That knew'st this was the prince, and would'st adventure
To mingle faith with him.—Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire. [*Exit.*

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afraid; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am:
More straining on, for plucking back; not following
My leath unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech,—which, I do guess,
You do not purpose to him;—and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo.

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you, 'twould be thus:
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 'twere known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith; And then
Let nature crush the sides o'the earth together,
And mar the seeds within!—Lift up thy looks:—
From my succession wipe me, father! I
Am heir to my affection.

VOL. III.

N

Cam.

* This part of the *prince's* office might be remembered in Shakspeare's time: it was not left off till the reign of Edward VI.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy: if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair below'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you have e'er been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion; Let myself, and fortune,
Tag for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver,—I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And, most opportune to our need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold,
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita.—
I'll hear you by and by.

[*sakes her aside.*]

[*to Camillo.*]

Cam. He's irremoveable,
Resolv'd for flight: Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,

I am

It must be remembered that *fancy* in our author very often, as
in this place, means *love*. JOHNSON.

I am
Dise
As
to change

I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony. [going]

Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly.
Have you deserv'd: it is my father's musick,
To speak your deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompenc'd as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king;
And, through him, what is nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self; embrace but my direction,
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration,) on mine honour,
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress; (from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As heav'ns forefend! your ruin :) marry her;
And (with my best endeavours, in your absence,)
Your discontenting⁶ father strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man;
And, after that, trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place, whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do; so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance⁷, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me:
This follows,—if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight;—Make for Sicilia;

Act I N 2 And

⁶ Discontenting is in our author's language the same as discontented.
⁷ As chance has driven me to these extremities, so I commit myself
to chance to be conducted through them.

And there present yourself, and your fair princess,
 (For so, I see, she must be,) 'fore Leontes;
 She shall be habited, as it becomes
 The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
 Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
 His welcomes forth: asks thee, the son, forgiveness,
 As 'twere i' the father's person: kisses the hands
 Of your fresh princess: o'er and o'er divides him
 'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one
 He chides to hell, and bids the other grow,
 Faster than thought, or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,

What colour for my visitation shall I
 Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father,
 To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
 The manner of your bearing towards him, with
 What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
 Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:
 The which shall point you forth, at every sitting*,
 What you must say; that he shall not perceive,
 But that you have your father's bosom there,
 And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
 There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
 Than a wild dedication of yourselves
 To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most certain,
 To miseries enough: no hope to help you;
 But, as you shake off one, to take another:
 Nothing so certain, as your anchors, who
 Do their best office, if they can but stay you
 Where you'll be loth to be: Besides, you know,
 Prosperity's the very bond of love;
 Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
 Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:

I think,

* — at every sitting.] Every sitting means at every audience you
 shall have of the king and council: the council-days being, in our
 author's time, called, in common speech, the sittings.

sworn
 all my
 glass,
 tape,
 pack
 as if
 a bene

? To
 1 A
 pocket,
 2 Thi
 cularly e

I think, affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind².

Cam. Yea, say you so? There shall not, at your father's house, these seven years,
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
She is i'the rear of birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions; for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir, for this;
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita.—
But, O, the thorns we stand upon!—Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me;
The medicin of our house!—how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemian's son;
Nor shall appear in Sicily—

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think, you know, my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play, were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want,—one word.

[They talk aside.]

Enter ANTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool honesty is! and trust, his
sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold
all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a riband,
gla's, pomander¹, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife,
tape, glove, shoe-tye, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my
pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first;
as if my trinkets had been hallowed², and brought
a benediction to the buyer: by which means, I saw whose

N 3

parle

² To take in anciently meant to conquer, to get the better of.

¹ A pomander was a little ball made of perfumes, and worn in the pocket, or about the neck, to prevent infection in times of plague.

² This alludes to beads often sold by the Romanists, as made particularly efficacious by the touch of some relick.

WINTER'S TALE.

purse was best in picture; and, what I saw, to my good use, I remember'd. My clown, (who wants but something to be a reasonable man,) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his petticoats, till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinch'd a placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing, to geld a codpiece of a purse; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my fir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut most of their festival purses: and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[CAMILLO, FLORIZEL and PERDITA, come forward.]

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being there. So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from king Leontes,—

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you! All, that you speak, shews fair.

Cam. Who have we here?—[Seeing Antolycus.] We'll make an instrument of this; omit

Nothing, may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now,—why hanging.

[Aside.]

Cam. How now, good fellow? Why shakest thou so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee: Yet, for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange: therefore, discale thee instantly, (thou must think, there's necessity in't,) and change garments with this gentleman: Though the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot².

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir:—I know ye well enough.

[Aside.]

Cam.

² Something over and above, or as we now say, something to boot.

WINTER'S TALE.

8D

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, dispatch: the gentleman is half
flea'd already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, fir?—I smell the trick of it.—
[*Aside.*]

Flo. Dispatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with
conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.— [Flor. and Autol. ex-
Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy change garments.
Come home to you!—you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweet-heart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;
Dis mantle you; and as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may
(For I do fear eyes over you,) to ship-board
Get undescry'd.

Per. I see, the play so lies,
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.—
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat:—
Come, lady, come.—Farewel, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, fir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you, a word. [They converse apart.]

Cam. What I do next, shall be, to tell the king
Of this escape. and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail,
To force him after: in whose company
I shall review Sicilia; for whose fight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!—

Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

[*Exeunt FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and CAMILLO.*]

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: To have an
open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary
for a cut-purle; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out

work for the other senses. I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot? what a boot is here, with this exchange? Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels: If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside;—here's more matter for a hot brain: Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clown. See, see; what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clown. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clown. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her: This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clown. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely; puppies!

[*Aside.*

Shep. Well; let us to the king; there is that in this farthel, will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not, what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clown. Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance:—Let me pocket up my pedler's excrement⁴.—How now, rusticks? whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that farthel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having⁵, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clown. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy: Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie⁶.

Clown. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner⁷.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. See'st thou not the air of the court, in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it, the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness, court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, and toze⁸ from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-a-pè; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clown. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant⁹; say, you have none.

Shep.

⁴ *pedler's excrement.* Is pedler's heard.

⁵ *of what having.* i. e. fortune, estate.

⁶ *therefore they do not give us the lie.* The meaning is, they are paid for lying, therefore they do not give us the lie, they sell it us.

⁷ *with the manner.* In the fact.

⁸ *To touse,* says Minshieu, is, to pull, to tug. To tease, or toze, is to disentangle wool or flax. Autolycus adopts a phraseology which he supposes to be intelligible to the clown, who would not have understood the word *insinuate*, without such a comment on it.

⁹ *Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant.* As he was a suitor from

Shep. None, fir; I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen.

Aut. How bless'd are we, that are not simple men! Yet nature might have made me as these are; Therefore I will not disdain.

Clown. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clown. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth¹.

Aut. The farthel there? what's i'the farthel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this farthel, and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, fir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: For, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, fir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clown. Think you so, fir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say

I. Draw

the country, the clown supposes his father should have brought a present of game, and therefore imagines, when Autolycus asks him what advocate he has, that by the word advocate he means a pheasant.

¹ It seems, that to pick the teeth was, at this time, a mark of some pretension to greatness or elegance.

I: Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clown. Has the old man e'er a son, fir, do you hear, an't like you, fir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flay'd alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recovered again with aqua-vitæ, or some other hot infusion: then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims², shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him; where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain men,) what you have to the king: being something gently considered³, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clown. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: shew the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado: Remember, stoned, and flay'd alive.

Shep. An't please you, fir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more; and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, fir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety:—Are you a party in this business?

Clown. In some sort, fir; but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son:—Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clown.

² That is, the hottest day foretold in the almanack.

³ — being something gently considered,] means, I having a gentlemanlike consideration given me, i. e. a bribe, will bring you, &c.

Clown. Comfort, good comfort: We must to the king and shew our strange sights: he must know, 'tis none of your daughter, nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is perform'd; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clown. We are blest'd in this man, as I may say, even blest'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. *[Exit Shepherd, and Clown.]*

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me, rogue, for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't: To him will I present them; there may be matter in it. *[Exit.]*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Sicilia. A Room in the Palace of Leontes.

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and Others.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make, Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down More penitence, than done trespass: At the last, Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evil; With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget

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My blemishes in them; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are, took something good,
To make a perfect woman; she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd! I did so: but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought: Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady;
You might have spoken a thousand things, that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those,
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little,
What dangers, by his highness' fall of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Uncertain lookers on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice, the former queen is well?
What holier, than,—for royalty's repair,
For present comfort, and for future good,—
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
That king Leontes shall not have an heir,

Till

4 Or, from the all that are, took something good,] This is a favourite
thought; it was bestowed on Miranda and Rosalind before.

Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my Antigonous to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue; [*to Leon.*
The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina,—
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour,—O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel! then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treasure from her lips,—

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,
And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corps; and, on this stage,
(Where we offenders now appear,) foul-vex'd,
Begin, *And why to me?*

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.

Leon. She had; and would incense me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so:
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in't
You chose her: then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Shou'd rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be, *Remember mine.*

Leon. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else, dead coals!—fear thou no wife,
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

Leon. Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit!

Paul.

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,

As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye⁵.

Cleo. Good madam,—

Paul. I have done.

Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will; give me the office
To choose you a queen: she shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such,
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry, till thou bid'st us.

Paul. That
Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princels, (the
The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires
Access to your high presence.

Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us,
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leon. His princels, say you, with him?

Gent. Ay; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone; so must thy grave⁶

Give

⁵ Affront his eye.] To affront, is to meet.

⁶ Thy grave here means—thy beauties, which are buried in the grave;
the continent for the contents.

Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself
Have said, and writ so⁷, (but your writing now
Is colder than that theme⁸;) *She had not been,
Nor was not to be equal'd*;—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say, you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam:

'The one I have almost forgot; (your pardon)
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make profelytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How? not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes;

Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis strange,

[*Exeunt CLEOMENES, LORDS, and Gentleman.*
He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince
(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leon. Pr'ythee, no more; cease; thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.—

*Re-enter CLEOMENES, with FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and
Attendants.*

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
For she did print your royal father off.
Conceiving you: Were I but twenty one,

Your

⁷ The reader must observe, that so relates not to what precedes,
but to what follows; that, *She had not been—equal'd*.

⁸ *Is colder than that theme:* i. e. than the lifeless body of Her-
mione, the theme or subject of your writing.

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Your father's image is so hit in you,
 His very air, that I should call you brother,
 As I did him; and speak of something, wildly
 By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome
 And your fair princess, goddess!—O, alas!
 I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
 Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
 You, gracious couple, do! and then I lost
 (All mine own folly) the society,
 Amity too, of your brave father! whom,—
 Though bearing misery, I desire my life,
 Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his command
 Have I here touch'd Sicilia; and from him
 Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,
 Can send his brother: and, but infirmity
 (Which waits upon worn times) hath something seiz'd
 His wish'd ability, he had himself
 The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
 Measur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves
 (He bad me say so) more than all the scepters,
 And those that bear them, living.

Leon. O, my brother,
 (Good gentleman!) the wrongs I have done thee, sir
 Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
 So rarely kind, are as interpreters
 Of my behind-hand slackness!—Welcome hither,
 As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
 Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage
 (At least, ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune,
 To greet a man, not worth her pains; much less
 The adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,
 She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
 That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose
 daughter

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her^o: thence

(A prosper-

^o — parting with her:] i. e. at parting with her.

(A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness: My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issue-less; and your father's bless'd
(As he from heaven merits it,) with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That, which I shall report, will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself, by me:
Desires you to attach his son; who has
(His dignity and duty both cast off)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him:
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel, and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hast'ning, (in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now,

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Lord. Lay't so, to his charge;
He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question¹. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O, my poor father!—
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are marry'd?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:—
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is.

When once she is my wife,

Leon. That once, I see, by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were ty'd in duty: and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty²,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up:

Though fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chafe us, with my father; power no jot
Hath she, to change our loves.—Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now³: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request,

My

¹ — is question.] i. e. in talk; under examination.

² *Worth* signifies any kind of *worthiness*, and among others that of high descent. The king means that he is sorry the prince's choice is not in other respects as worthy of him as in beauty. Our author often uses *worth* for *wealth*; which may also, together with high birth, be here in contemplation.

³ Recollect the period when you were of my age.

My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul, Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
'Fore your queen dy'd, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.—But your petition [*to Flo.*
Is yet unanswer'd: I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them; and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make: Come, good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. Before the Palace.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, and a Gentleman.

Aut. 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

1. Gent. I was by at the opening of the farthel, heard
the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it:
whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all com-
manded out of the chamber; only this, methought, I
heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1. Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business;—
But the changes I perceived in the king, and Camillo,
were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with
staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes;
there was speech in their dumbness, language in their
very gesture; they look'd, as they had heard of a world
ransom'd, or one destroy'd: A notable passion of wonder
appear'd in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no
more but seeing, could not say, if the importance were
joy, or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must
needs be.

Enter

4 — the importance—] here signifies imports.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more:
The news, Rogero?

2. *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires: The oracle is fulfill'd;
the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is
broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot
be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward, he can deliver you
more.—How goes it now, sir? this news, which is call'd
true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong
suspicion: Has the king found his heir?

3. *Gent.* Most true; if ever truth were pregnant by cir-
cumstance: that, which you hear, you'll swear you see,
there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen
Hermione's;—her jewel about the neck of it;—the letters
of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his
character;—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance
of the mother;—the affection of nobleness, which nature
shews above her breeding,—and many other evidences,
proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daugh-
ter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2. *Gent.* No.

3. *Gent.* Then have you lost a sight, which was to be
seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld
one joy crown another: so, and in such manner, that, it
seem'd, sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy
waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding
up of hands; with countenance of such distraction, that
they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our
king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his
found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loss,
cries, O, *thy mother, thy mother!* then asks Bohemia
forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again
worries he his daughter, with clipping her: now he
thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-
bitten

Aspidochelone here perhaps means disposition or quality.

bitten conduit⁶ of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2. *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carry'd hence the child?

3. *Gent.* Like an old tale still; which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open: He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence (which seems much) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1. *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3. *Gent.* Wreck'd, the same instant of their master's death; and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat, that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd: She lifted the prince from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1. *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

3. *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, (caught the water, though not the fish,) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, (bravely confess'd, and lamented by the king,) how attentiveness wounded his daughter: till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an *alas!* I would fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there?, changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1. *Gent.*

⁶ Conduits representing a human figure, were heretofore not uncommon. One of this kind, a female form, and *weather-beaten*, still exists at Hoddesdon in Herts.

? I think, *marble* here means, *hard-hearted, unfeeling*. Mr. Steevens conceives that it means "most grieved with wonder." MALONE.

1. *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3. *Gent.* No: The princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano⁸; who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom⁹, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer: thither with all greediness of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

2. *Gent.* I thought, she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house¹. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1. *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access²? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born:

⁸ This excellent artist was born in the year 1492, and died in 1546. Fine and generous, as this tribute of praise must be owned, yet it was a strange absurdity, sure, to thrust it into a tale, the action of which is supposed within the period of heathenism, and whilst the oracles of Apollo were consulted. This, however, was a known and wilful anachronism. By *eternity* Shakspeare means only *immortality*, or that part of eternity which is to come; so we talk of *eternal* renown and *eternal* infamy. *Immortality* may subsist without *divinity*, and therefore the meaning only is, that if Julio could always continue his labours, he would mimic nature. Sir Henry Wotton, in his *Elements of Architecture*, mentions the fashion of colouring even regal statues for the stronger expression of affection, which he takes leave to call an English barbarism. Such, however, was the practice of the time: and unless the supposed statue of Hermione were painted, there could be no ruddiness upon her lip, nor could the veins *verily seem to bear blood*, as the poet expresses it afterwards. Sir H. Wotton could not possibly know what has been lately proved by Sir William Hamilton in the *Ms.* accounts which accompany several valuable drawings of the discoveries made at *Pompeii*, and presented by him to our Antiquary Society, viz. that it was usual to colour statues among the ancients. In the chapel of Isis in the place already mentioned, the image of that goddess had been painted over, as her robe is of a purple hue.

⁹ That is, *of her trade*,—would draw her customers from her.

—*that removed house*.] *Removed* is *remote*; *retired*.

¹ It was, I suppose, only to spare his own labour, that the poet put this

WINTER'S TALE.

born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge.
Let's along. [Exeunt Gentlemen.]

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him, I heard them talk of a farthel, and I know not what: but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be,) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me: for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd, and Clown.

Here come these I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clown. You are well met, sir: You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: See you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clown. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clown. So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the king's son took me by the hand, and call'd me, brother; and then the two kings call'd my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, call'd my father, father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clown.

this whole scene into narrative, for though part of the transaction was already known to the audience, and therefore could not properly be shown again, yet the two kings might have met upon the stage, and after the examination of the old shepherd, the young lady might have been recognised in sight of the spectators. JOHNSON.

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Clown. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. 'Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clown. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clown. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clown. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it³, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clown. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend:—And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands⁴, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it: and I would, thou woulst⁵ be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clown. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: If I do not wonder, how thou dar'st venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters⁵.

[*Exeunt.*]

³ Franklin is a *freeholder*, or *yeoman*, a man above a *villain*, but not a *gentleman*.

⁴ *Tall*, in that time, was the word used for *stout*. A man of his hands had anciently two significations. It either meant an *adroit fellow who handled his weapon well*, or a *fellow skillful in thievery*. In old books it generally means a *strong stout fellow*.

⁵ The clown conceits himself already a man of consequence at court. It was the fashion for an inferior suitor, to beg of the great man, after his humble commendations, that he would be good master to him. Many letters written at this period run in this style.

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in Paulina's House.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well: All my services,
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsaf'd,
With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit;
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Leon. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble: But we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely⁶, apart: But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold; and say, 'tis well.

[*Paulina undraws a curtain, and discovers a statue.*
I like your silence, it the more shews off
Your wonder: But yet speak;—first, you, my liege,
Comes it not something near?

Leon. Her natural posture!—
Chide me, dear stone; that I may say, indeed,
Thou art Hermione: or, rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender,

⁶ *Lonely*, in the old angular writing, cannot be distinguished from *lovely*. To say, that *I keep it alone, separate from the rest*, is a pleonasm which scarcely any nicety declines.

As infancy, and grace.—But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled; nothing
So aged, as this seems.

Pol. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence;
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her
As she liv'd now.

Leon. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, (warm life,
As now it coldly stands,) when first I woo'd her!
I am ashamed: Does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it?—O, royal piece,
There's magick in thy majesty; which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee!

Per. And give me leave;
And do not say, 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours, to kiss.

Paul. O, patience;
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on;
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers, dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought, the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the stone is mine,)
I'd not have shew'd it.

O 2

Leon.

O patience;] That is, Stay awhile, be not so eager.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't; lest your fancy
May think anon, it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.

Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he, that did make it?—See, my lord,
Would you not deem, it breath'd? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done:

The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixure of her eye has motion in't²,
As we are mock'd with art¹.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain;

My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon, it lives.

Leon. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together;
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you: but
I could afflict you further.

Leon. Do, Paulina;

For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: What fine chizzel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear:

The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting: Shall I draw the curtain?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

Paul.

¹ The sentence completed is:—*but that, methinks, already I converse with the dead.* But there his passion made him break off.

² The meaning is, though her eye be fixed, [as the eye of a statue always is,] yet it seems to have motion in it: that tremulous motion, which is perceptible in the eye of a living person, how much soever one endeavour to fix it.

³ *As* is used by our author here, as in some other places, for *as if*.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel; or resolve you
For more amazement: If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think,
(Which I protest against,) I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.

Paul. It is requir'd,
You do awake your faith: Then, all stand still;
Or, those, that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed;
No foot shall stir.

Paul. Musick; awake her: strike.— [*Musick.*
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more: approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come;
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive, she stirs:

[*Hermione comes from the pedestal.*
Start not: her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful: do not shun her,
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double: Nay, present your hand:
When she was young, you woo'd her; now, in age,
Is she become the suitor.

Leon. O, she's warm! [*Embracing her.*
If this be magick, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.
Cam. She hangs about his neck;
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make't manifest where she has liv'd,
Or, how stol'n from the dead?

Paul. That she is living.
Were it but told you, should be hooted at

Like an old tale ; but it appears, she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—
Please you to interpose, fair madam ; kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady ;
Our Perdita is found.

[*Presenting Perdita, who kneels to Hermione.*]

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head !—Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd ? where liv'd ? how found
Thy father's court ? for thou shalt hear, that I,—
Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserv'd
Myself, to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that ;
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
You precious winners all² ; your exultation
Partake to every one : I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough ; and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament, till I am lost.

Leon. O peace, Paulina ;
Thou should'st a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine, a wife : this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine ;
But how, is to be question'd : for I saw her,
As I thought, dead ; and have, in vain, said many
A prayer upon her grave : I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind,) to find thee
An honourable husband :—Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand : whose worth, and honesty,
Is richly noted ; and here justify'd
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—

What ?

² The expression seems to have been taken from the sacred writings :
" And I heard a great voice out of the temple, saying to the angels,
go your ways, and pour out the vials of the wrath of God upon the
earth."

³ You who by this discovery have gained what you desired, may join
in festivity, in which I, who have lost what never can be recovered, can
have no part.

What?—Look upon my brother:—both your pardons,
 That e'er I put between your holy looks
 My ill suspicion.—This your son-in-law,
 And son unto the king; who, heavens directing,
 Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,
 Lead us from hence; where we may leisurely
 Each one demand, and answer to his part
 Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
 We were dissever'd: Hastily lead away*. [Exeunt.]

* This play, as Dr. Warburton justly observes, is, with all its absurdities, very entertaining. The character of Autolycus is very naturally conceived, and strongly represented. JOHNSON.



M

* * MALCOLM II. king of Scotland, had two daughters. The eldest was married to Crynin, the father of Duncan, Thane of the Isles, and western parts of Scotland; and on the death of Malcolm, without male issue, Duncan succeeded to the throne. Malcolm's second daughter was married to Sinel, Thane of Glamis, the father of Macbeth. Duncan, who married the daughter of Siward, Earl of Northumberland, was murdered by his cousin germain, Macbeth, in the castle of Inverness, according to Buchanan, in the year 1040; according to Hector Boethius, in 1045. Boethius, whose history of Scotland was first printed in seventeen books, at Paris, in 1526, thus describes the event which forms the basis of the tragedy before us: "Makbeth, be persuation of his wyfe, gaderit his friendis to ane counsell at Invernes, quhare kyng Duncane happenit to be for y^e tyme. And because he fand sufficient opportunitie, *be support of Banquo* and otheris his friendis, he slew kyng Duncane, the vii zeir of his regne." After the murder of Duncan, Macbeth "come with ane gret power to Scone, and tuk the crowne." *Chronicles of Scotland*, translated by John Bellenden, folio, 1541. Macbeth was himself slain by Macduff in the year 1061, according to Boethius; according to Buchanan, in 1057; at which time King Edward the Confessor possessed the throne of England. Holinshed copied the history of Boethius, and on Holinshed's relation Shakspeare formed his play.

In the reign of Duncan, Banquo having been plundered by the people of Lochaber of some of the king's revenues, which he had collected, and being dangerously wounded in the affray, the persons concerned in this outrage were summoned to appear at a certain day. But they slew the *serjeant at arms* who summoned them, and chose one MACDOWALD as their captain. Macdowald speedily collected a considerable body of forces from Ireland and the Western Isles, and in one action gained a victory over the king's army. In this battle Malcolm, a Scottish nobleman, who was (says Boethius) "Lieutenant to Duncan in Lochaber," was slain. Afterwards Macbeth and Banquo were appointed to the command of the army; and Macdowald being obliged to take refuge in a castle in Lochaber, first slew his wife and children, and then himself. Macbeth on entering the castle finding his dead body, ordered his head to be cut off, and carried to the king, at the castle of Bertha, and his body to be hung on a high tree.

At a subsequent period, in the last year of Duncan's reign, Sueno king of Norway, landed a powerful army in Fife, for the purpose of invading Scotland. Duncan immediately assembled an army to oppose him, and gave the command of two divisions of it to Macbeth and Banquo, putting himself at the head of a third. Sueno was successful in one battle, but in a second was routed; and after a great slaughter of his troops he escaped with ten persons only, and fled back to Norway. Though there was an interval of time between the rebellion of Mac-

dowald



dowald and the invasion of Sueno, our author has woven these two actions together, and immediately after Sueno's defeat the present play commences.

It is remarkable that Buchanan has pointed out Macbeth's history as a subject for the stage. "*Multa hic fabulose quidam nostrorum affingunt; sed, quia theatris aut Milesiis fabulis sunt aptiora quam historia, ea omitto.*" RERUM SCOT. HIST. L. VII. But there was no translation of Buchanan's work till after our author's death.

This tragedy, was written, I believe, in the year 1606.

Persons Represented.

Duncan, *King of Scotland* :

Malcolm, } *his Sons.*

Donalbain, }

Macbeth, } *Generals of the King's army.*

Banquo, }

Macduff, }

Lenox, }

Rosse, }

Menteth, }

Angus, }

Cathness, }

Noblemen of Scotland.

Fleance, *Son to Banquo.*

Siward, *Earl of Northumberland, General of the English forces :*

Young Siward, *his Son.*

Seyton, *an Officer attending on Macbeth.*

Son to Macduff.

An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.

A Soldier. A Porter. An old Man.

Lady Macbeth.

Lady Macduff.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

Hecate, and three Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.

The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

SCENE, *in the end of the fourth act, lies in England; through the rest of the play, in Scotland; and, chiefly, at Macbeth's castle.*

M A C B E T H.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open place.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches¹.

1. *Witch.* **W**HEN shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2. *Witch.*

¹ *Enter three Witches.*] In order to make a true estimate of the abilities and merit of a writer, it is always necessary to examine the genius of his age, and the opinions of his contemporaries. A poet who should now make the whole action of his tragedy depend upon enchantment, and produce the chief events by the assistance of supernatural agents, would be censured as transgressing the bounds of probability, be banished from the theatre to the nursery, and condemned to write fairy tales instead of tragedies; but a survey of the notions that prevailed at the time when this play was written, will prove that Shakspeare was in no danger of such censures, since he only turned the system that was then universally admitted, to his advantage, and was far from overburthening the credulity of his audience.

The reality of witchcraft or enchantment, which, though not strictly the same, are confounded in this play, has in all ages and countries been credited by the common people, and in most, by the learned themselves. The phantoms have indeed appeared more frequently, in proportion as the darkness of ignorance has been more gross; but it cannot be shown, that the brightest gleams of knowledge have at any time been sufficient to drive them out of the world. The time in which this kind of credulity was at its height, seems to have been that of the holy war, in which the Christians imputed all their defeats to enchantments or diabolical opposition, as they ascribed their success to the assistance of their military saints; and the learned Dr. Warburton appears to believe (*Suppl. to the Introduction to Don Quixote*) that the first accounts of enchantments were brought into this part of the world by those who returned

2. *Witch.* When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won²:

3. *Witch.* That will be ere the set of sun.

1. *Witch.*

returned from their eastern expeditions. But there is always some distance between the birth and maturity of folly as of wickedness: this opinion had long existed, though perhaps the application of it had in no foregoing age been so frequent, nor the reception so general. Olym-piodorus, in Photius's extracts, tells us of one Libanius, who practised this kind of military magick, and having promised *χωρίς ὁπλιτῶν κατὰ βαρβάρων ἡνερῶν*, to perform great things against the Barbarians without soldiers, was, at the instances of the empress Placidia, put to death, when he was about to have given proofs of his abilities: The empress shewed some kindness in her anger, by cutting him off at a time so convenient for his reputation.

But a more remarkable proof of the antiquity of this notion may be found in St. Chrysostom's book *de Sacerdotio*, which exhibits a scene of enchantments not exceeded by any romance of the middle age: he supposes a spectator overlooking a field of battle attended by one that points out all the various objects of horror, the engines of destruction, and the arts of slaughter. *Δεινὸν δὲ ἐνὶ ᾧ τὰ τοῖς ἰσχυρίαις καὶ πτοχμαῖς ἔσται: διὰ τὴν μάχην, καὶ ἐνλίτας δὲ αἰὲς φερόμεναι, καὶ πᾶσαν γένεσιν ἰσχυρῶν καὶ ἰδίων.* Let him then proceed to shew him in the opposite armies horses flying by enchantment, armed men transported through the air, and every power and form of magick. Whether St. Chrysostom believed that such performances were really to be seen in a day of battle, or only endeavoured to enliven his description, by adopting the notions of the vulgar, it is equally certain, that such notions were in his time received, and that therefore they were not imported from the Saracens in a later age; the wars with the Saracens however gave occasion to their propagation, not only as bigotry naturally discovers prodigies, but as the scene of action was removed to a great distance.

The Reformation did not immediately arrive at its meridian, and though day was gradually encreasing upon us, the goblins of witchcraft still continued to hover in the twilight. In the time of queen Elizabeth was the remarkable trial of the witches of Warbois, whose conviction is still commemorated in an annual sermon at Huntingdon. But in the reign of king James, in which this tragedy was written, many circumstances concurred to propagate and confirm this opinion. The king, who was much celebrated for his knowledge, had, before his arrival in England, not only examined in person a woman accused of witchcraft, but had given a very formal account of the practices and illusions of evil spirits, the compacts of witches, the ceremonies used by them, the manner of detecting them, and the justice of punishing them, in his dialogues of *Dæmonologie*, written in the Scottish dialect, and published

² i. e. the battle, in which Macbeth was then engaged.

M A C B E T H.

1. *Witch.* Where the place?
2. *Witch.* Upon the heath:
3. *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.
1. *Witch.* I come, Gray-malkin¹!

All.

at Edinburgh. This book was, soon after his accession, reprinted at London, and as the ready way to gain king James's favour was to flatter his speculations, the system of *Demonologie* was immediately adopted by all who desired either to gain preferment or not to lose it. Thus the doctrine of witchcraft was very powerfully inculcated; and as the greatest part of mankind have no other reason for their opinions than that they are in fashion, it cannot be doubted but this persuasion made a rapid progress, since vanity and credulity co-operated in its favour. The infection soon reached the parliament, who, in the first year of king James, made a law, by which it was enacted, chap. xii. That "if any person shall use any invocation or conjuration of any evil or wicked spirit; 2. or shall consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed or reward any evil or cursed spirit to or for any intent or purpose; 3. or take up any dead man, woman, or child, out of the grave,—or the skin, bone, or any part of the dead person, to be employed or used in any manner of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment; 4. or shall use, practise or exercise any sort of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment; 5. whereby any person shall be destroyed, killed, wasted, consumed, pined, or lamed in any part of the body; 6. That every such person being convicted shall suffer death." This law was repealed in our own time.

Thus, in the time of Shakspeare, was the doctrine of witchcraft at once established by law and by the fashion, and it became not only unpolite, but criminal, to doubt it; and as prodigies are always seen in proportion as they are expected, witches were every day discovered, and multiplied so fast in some places, that bishop Hall mentions a village in Lancashire, where their number was greater than that of the houses. The Jesuits and sectaries took advantage of this universal error, and endeavoured to promote the interest of their parties by pretended cures of persons afflicted by evil spirits; but they were detected and exposed by the clergy of the established church.

Upon this general insatiation Shakspeare might be easily allowed to found a play, especially since he has followed with great exactness such histories as were then thought true; nor can it be doubted that the scenes of enchantment, however they may now be ridiculed, were both by himself and his audience thought awful and affecting. JOHNSON.

¹ From a little black letter book, entitled, *Beware the Cat*, 1584, we find it was permitted to a witch to take on her a cat's body nine times. Mr. Upton observes, that to understand this passage, we should suppose one familiar calling with the voice of a cat, and another with the croaking of a toad.

All. Paddock calls⁴:—Anon.—
Fair is foul, and foul is fair⁵:
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [*Witches vanish.*]

SCENE II.

A Camp near Fores.

Alarm within. Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the serjeant⁶,
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity:—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Sol. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,

And

⁴ According to the late Dr. Goldsmith, and some other naturalists, a frog is called a *paddock* in the North. In Shakspeare, however, it certainly means a toad.

⁵ I. e. we make these sudden changes of the weather. The common idea of witches has always been, that they had absolute power over the weather, and could raise storms of any kind, or allay them, as they pleased. The meaning is, that *to us*, perverse and malignant as we are, *fair is foul, and foul is fair*. This expression seems to have been proverbial.

⁶ *This is the serjeant,* Holinshed is the best interpreter of Shakspeare in his historical plays; for he not only takes his facts from him, but often his very words and expressions. That historian, in his account of Macdowald's rebellion, mentions, that on the first appearance of a mutinous spirit among the people, the king sent a *serjeant at arms* into the country, to bring up the chief offenders to answer the charge preferred against them; but they, instead of obeying, *misused the messenger with sundry reproaches, and finally slew him*. This *serjeant at arms* is certainly the origin of the *bleeding serjeant* introduced on the present occasion. Shakspeare just caught the name from Holinshed, but the rest of the story not suiting his purpose, he does not adhere to it. The strange direction of entrance, where the *bleeding captain* is mentioned, was probably the work of the player editors, and not of the poet.

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⁹ Part
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¹ Dife

MACBETH.

And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald,
(Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that,
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him,) from the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallow-glasses is supply'd;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Shew'd like a rebel's whore*: But all's too weak:
For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name,)
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion, carved out his passage,
Till he fac'd the slave:

Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chops,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Sal. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection,
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels;
But the Norwegian lord, surveying vantage,
With furbiſh'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Sal. Yes;
As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were

As

* According to Holford we should read—*Macdonwald*. So also the Scottish Chronicles.

* *Kernes* were light-armed, and *Gallow-glasses* heavy-armed, Irish foot-soldiers. *Of* and *with* are indiscriminately used by our ancient writers.

* Fortune, while she smiled on him, deceived him. Shakspeare probably alludes to Macdonwald's first successful action, elated by which he attempted to pursue his fortune, but lost his life.

* *Discomfort* the natural opposite to *comfort*.

As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks²;
 So they
 Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
 Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
 Or memorize another Golgotha³,
 I cannot tell:—

But I am faint, my gaspes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds;
 They smack of honour both:—Go, get him surgeons.

[*Exit Soldier, attended.*]

Enter Ross and Angus.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthythane of Ross.

Len. What a haile looks through his eyes? So should
 he look,

That seems to speak things strange⁴.

Ross. God save the king!

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthythane?

Ross. From Fife, great king,

Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky⁵,

And fan our people cold.

Norway himself, with terrible numbers,

Assisted by that most disloyal traitor

Thethane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict:

Till that Bellona's bridegroom⁶, lapt in proof,

Confronted him⁷ with self-comparisons⁸.

Point

² That is, with double charges; a metonymy of the effect for the cause.

³ *Cracks* in the time of this writer was a word of such emphasis and dignity that in this play he terms the general dissolution of nature the *crack of doom*.

⁴ That is, or make another Golgotha, which should be celebrated and delivered down to posterity, with as frequent mention as the first.

⁵ i. e. that seems about to speak strange things.

⁶ To *flout* is to mock or insult. The banners are very poetically described as waving in *mockery* or *defiance* of the sky.

⁷ This passage may be added to the many others, which shew how little Shakspeare knew of ancient mythology.

⁸ By *him*, in this verse, is meant Norway. The assistance the *thane of Cawdor* had given Norway was underhand; (which Ross and Angus,

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Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: And to conclude,
The victory fell on us;—

Dun. Great happiness!

Ross. That now

Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes Inch,²
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest:—Go, pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Ross. I'll see it done:

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

A Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?

2. *Witch.* Killing swine.

3. *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1. *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:—*Give*
me, quoth I:

Aroint thee, witch! the rump-fed ronyon³ cries.

Her

Angus, indeed, had discovered, but was unknown to Macbeth;) Cawdor being in the court all this while; as appears from Angus's speech to Macbeth, when he meets him to salute him with the title, and insinuates his crime to be *living the rebel with hidden help and vantage.*

² i. e. gave him as good as he brought, shew'd he was his equal.

³ *Colmes-inch*, now called *Inchcomb*, a small island lying in the Firth of Edinburgh, with an abbey upon it, dedicated to St. Columb; called by Camden *Inch Colm*, or the *Ile of Columba*.

⁴ *Aroint*, or *avaunt*, begone. In a very old drawing published in Hearne's Collections, St. Patrick is represented visiting hell, and putting the devils into great confusion by his presence, of whom one that is driving the damned before him with a prong, has a label issuing out of his mouth with these words, *OUT OUT AROINT*, of which the last

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tyger:

But in a sieve I'll thither sail;

And, like a rat without a tail,

I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2. *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind².

1. *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3. *Witch.* And I another.

1. *Witch.* I myself have all the other;

And the very ports they blow³

All the quarters that they know

I' the shipman's card;

I will drain him dry as hay:

Sleep shall, neither night nor day,

Hang upon his pent-house lid;

He shall live a man forbid⁴:

Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,

Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:

Though

last is evidently the same with *around*, and used in the same sense as in this passage. *Rynt you witch, quoth Bessie Locket to her mother*, is a north country proverb.

² The chief cooks in nobleman's families, colleges, religious houses, hospitals, &c. anciently claimed the emoluments or kitchen fees of kidneys, fat, trotters, *rumps*, &c. which they sold to the poor. The weird sister in this scene, as an insult on the poverty of the woman who had called her *witch*, reproaches her poor abject state, as not being able to procure better provision than offals, which are considered as the refuse of the tables of others.

³ Reginald Scott, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, says it was believed that witches "could sail in an egg-shell, a cockle or muscle shell, through and under the tempestuous seas."

⁴ It should be remembered (as it was the belief of the times) that though a witch could assume the form of any animal she pleased, the tail would still be wanting. The reason given by some of the old writers, for such a deficiency, is, that though the hands and feet, by an easy change, might be converted into the four paws of a beast, there was still no part about a woman which corresponded with the length of tail common to almost all four-footed creatures.

⁵ This free gift of a wind is to be considered as an act of sisterly friendship; for witches were supposed to sell them.

⁶ That is, and the very ports they blow to.

⁷ The card is the paper on which the winds are marked under the pilot's needle.

⁸ i. e. as one under a curse, an interdiction.

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Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.

2. *Witch.* Shew me, shew me.

1. *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd, as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*

3. *Witch.* A drum, a drum;
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about;
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine:
Peace!—the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Forres?—What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't?—Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me.
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips:—You should be women,
And yet your beards² forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can;—What are you?

1. *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth;³! hail to thee, thane of
Glamis⁴!

2. *Witch.*

3. The king at this time resided at Forres, a town in Murray, not far from Inverness. "It fortun'd, (says Holinshed) as Macbeth and Banquo journeyed towards Forres, where the king then lay, they went sporting by the way, without other company, save only themselves, when suddenly in the midst of a laund, there met them three women in strange and wild apparell, resembling creatures of the elder world," &c.

² That man may question? Are ye any beings with which man is permitted to hold converse, or of whom it is lawful to ask questions?

³ Which were supposed always to have hair on their chins.

⁴ It hath lately been repeated from Mr. Guthrie's *Essay upon English Tragedy*, that the portrait of Macbeth's wife is copied from Buchanan, whose

2. *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor³!

3. *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear Things that do sound so fair?—I'the name of truth, Are ye fantastical⁶; or that indeed Which outwardly ye shew? My noble partner You greet with present grace, and great prediction Of noble having⁷, and of royal hope, That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not: If you can look into the seeds of time, And say, which grain will grow, and which will not; Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear, Your favours, nor your hate.

1. *Witch.* Hail!

2. *Witch.* Hail!

3. *Witch.* Hail!

1. *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2. *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3. *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none: So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo!

1. *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more: By Sinel's death⁸, I know, I am thane of Glamis;

But "whose spirit, as well as words, is translated into the play of Shakespeare: and it had signified nothing to have posed only on Holinshed for facti."

⁴ The thaneship of *Glamis* was the ancient inheritance of Macbeth's family. The castle where they lived is still standing, and was lately the magnificent residence of the earl of Strathmore. See a particular description of it in Mr. Gray's letter to Dr. Warton, dated from *Glamis Castle*.

⁵ Dr. Johnson observes in his *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*, that part of *Culder castle*, from which Macbeth drew his second title, is still remaining.

⁶ By *fantastical*, he means creatures of *fantasy* or imagination the question is, Are these real beings before us, or are we deceived by illusions of fancy? Shakespeare took the word from Holinshed, who in his account of the witches, says, "This was reputed at first but some vain *fantastical* illusion by Macbeth and Banquo."

⁷ *Having* is estate, possession, fortune.

⁸ *By Sinel's death,*] The father of Macbeth.

But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetick greeting?—Speak, I charge you.

[Witches vanish.]

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them:—Whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal melted
As breath into the wind.—'Would they had staid!

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root⁹,
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

Ban. To the self-same tune, and words. Who's here?

Enter ROSS, and ANGUS.

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success: and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his¹: Silenc'd with that²,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale,
Came post with post³; and every one did bear

Thy

⁹ The *insane root* is the root which makes insane.

Shakspeare alludes to the qualities anciently ascribed to hemlocks.
¹ i. e. private admiration of your deeds, and a desire to do them
publick justice by commendation, contend in his mind for pre-emi-
nence.—Or,—There is a contest in his mind whether he should in-
dulge his desire of publishing to the world the commendations due to
your heroism, or whether he should remain in silent admiration of
what no words could celebrate in proportion to its desert.

² i. e. wrapp'd in silent wonder at the deeds performed by Mac-
beth, &c.

³ That is, posts arrived as fast as they could be counted.

Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Ross. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives; Why do you dress
me
In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life,
Which he deserves to lose. Whe'r he was combin'd
With those of Norway; or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.—Cousins, a word I pray you.

Macb. Two truths are told,¹

² As
i. e. carried us far as it will go; suffered to prevail in its utmost
extent of argument; confidentially received or admitted home into
your bosom.

³ How the former of these truths has been fulfilled, we are yet to
learn. Macbeth could not become Thane of Glamis, till after his

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As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
This supernatural soliciting⁶
Cannot be ill; cannot be good.—If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I amthane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion?⁷
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings⁸:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man⁹, that function
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not¹⁰.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance may
crown me,

Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him
Like our strange garments; cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may;
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

VOL. III.

P

Macb.

father's decease, of which there is no mention throughout the play.
If the Hag only foretold what Macbeth already understood to have
happened, her words could scarcely claim rank as a prediction.

⁶ i. e. incitement.

⁷ To yield is, to give way to. Suggestion is, temptation.

⁸ Present fears are fears of things present, which Macbeth declares,
and every man has found, to be less than the imagination presents
them while the objects are yet distant.

⁹ The single state of man seems to be used by Shakspeare for an indi-
vidual, in opposition to a commonwealth, or conjunct body.

¹⁰ All powers of action are oppressed and crushed by one overwhelming
image in the mind, and nothing is present to me but that which is real-
ly future. Of things now about me I have no perception, being intent
wholly on that which has yet no existence.

Surmise, is speculation, conjecture concerning the future.

Macb. Give me your favour:—my dull brain was wrought²

With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them³.—Let us toward the king.—
Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it⁴; let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN,
LENOX, and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,

They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die⁵; who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
Implor'd your highness' pardon; and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him, like the leaving it; he dy'd

As

² My head was worked, agitated, put into commotion.

³ He means, as Mr. Upton has observed, that they are registered in the table-book of his heart. So Hamlet speaks of the *table* of his memory.

⁴ This *interweaving* portion of time is almost personified: it is represented as a cool impartial judge; as the *pauser Reason*. Or, the *interim* is used adverbially: "you having weighed it in the interim."

⁵ The behaviour of the *thane of Cawdor* corresponds in almost every circumstance with that of the unfortunate earl of Essex, as related by Stowe, p. 793. His asking the queen's forgiveness, his confession, repentance, and concern about behaving with propriety on the scaffold, are minutely described by that historian. Such an allusion could not fail of having the desired effect on an audience, many of whom were eye witnesses to the severity of that justice which deprived the age of one of its greatest ornaments, and Southampton, Shakspeare's patron, of his dearest friend.

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As one that had been studied in his death⁶,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Dun. There's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—O worthiest cousin!

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, and ANGUS.
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompence is slow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less deserv'd;
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children, and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing⁷
Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing⁸.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And

⁶ Instructed in the art of dying. It was usual to say *studied*, for *learned* in science. His own profession furnished our author with this phrase. To be *studied* in a part, or to have studied it, is yet the technical term of the theatre.

⁷ From Scripture: "So when ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do."

⁸ i. e. Exuberant, perfect, complete in thy growth.

And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter,
The prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you?

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you:
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. The prince of Cumberland!—That is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap, [*Aside.*
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires;
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*

Dun. True, worthy Banquo: he is full so valiant;
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exit.*

9 The circumstance of Duncan's visiting Macbeth, is supported by history; for, from the Scottish Chronicles it appears, that it was customary for the king to make a progress through his dominions every year.

Dr. Johnson observes, in his *Journey to the Western Isles of Scotland*, that the walls of the castle of Macbeth at Inverness are yet standing.

[The prince of Cumberland.] The crown of Scotland was originally not hereditary. When a successor was declared in the life-time of a king, (as was often the case,) the title of *Prince of Cumberland* was immediately bestowed on him as the mark of his designation. Cumberland was at that time held by Scotland of the crown of England, as a fief.

SCENE

MACBETH.

81

SCENE V.

Inverness. A Room in Macbeth's Castle.

Enter Lady MACBETH, reading a letter.

Lady M.—*They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report², they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burn'd in desire to question them further, they made themselves—air, into which they vanish'd: While I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives³ from the king, who all-hail'd me, Thane of Cawdor; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me; and refer'd me to the coming on of time, with, Hail, king that shalt be! This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness; that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd:—Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way; Thou would'st be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou would'st highly,
That would'st thou holily: would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly win: thou'd'st have, great
Glamis,

That which cries, *Thus thou must do, if thou have it;*
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical⁴ aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.—What is your tidings?

P 3

Enter

² — *by the perfectest report.* By the best intelligence.
³ Persons sent; messengers. The word is frequently used by our old writers.

⁴ *Metaphysical*, which Dr. Warburton has justly observed, means *supernatural*, seems in our author's time to have had no other meaning. In the *English Dictionary* by H. C. 1645, *Metaphysical* are thus explained: "Supernatural arts." The *golden round*, as Dr. Johnson has observed, is the *diadem*.

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it:

Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so,—
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Atten. So please you, it is true; our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending,
He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse;
[*Exit Attendants.*

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts⁶, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse⁷;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect, and it⁸! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall⁹, you murd'ring ministers,

Wherever
⁵ The messenger, says the servant, had hardly breath to make up
his message; to which the lady answers mentally; that he may well
want breath, such a message would add hoarseness to the raven. That
even the bird, whose harsh voice is accustomed to predict calamities,
could not croak the entrance of Duncan but in a note of unwonted
harshness.

⁶ This expression signifies not the thoughts of mortals, but murder-
ous, deadly, or destructive designs.

⁷ In all our ancient English books remorse generally signifies pity.

⁸ Lady Macbeth's purpose was to be effected by action. To keep peace
between the effect and purpose, means, to delay the execution of her
purpose; to prevent its proceeding to effect.

⁹ Take away my milk, and put gall into the place. JOHNSON.

Her meaning is this: Come to my breasts, you murdering ministers,
and suck my milk, which will have the effect of gall to stimulate and
fit you for your bloody purposes. MALONE.

I think Mr. Malone's is the true interpretation; perhaps however it
is a little too much dilated. I believe, Lady Macbeth only means to say,
take my milk, which is of such a quality that it will serve instead of
gall, your ordinary nutriment. For here signifies instead of. MALONE.

Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief¹! Come, thick night,
And pall thee² in the dunest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife³ see not the wound it makes;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, *Hold, hold*⁴!—Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor⁵!

Enter MACBETH.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present⁶, and I feel now

The

¹ *Nature's mischief*, is mischief done to nature, violation of nature's order committed by wickedness.

² i. e. wrap thyself in a *pall*. A *pall* is a robe of state.

³ The word *knife* has been objected to, as being connected with the most sordid offices, and therefore unsuitable to the great occasion on which it is employed. But, however mean it may sound to our ears, it was formerly a word of sufficient dignity, and is constantly used by Shakspeare and his contemporaries as synonymous to *dagger*.

⁴ On this passage there is a long criticism in the *Rambler*. JOHNSON? In this criticism the epithet *dun* is objected to as a mean one. Milton, however, appears to have been of a different opinion, and has represented Satan as flying "—in the *dun* air sublime." STEEVENS.

To cry, *Hold, hold*! The thought is taken from the old military laws, which inflicted capital punishment upon "whosoever shall strike stroke at his adversary, either in the heat or otherwise, if a third do cry *bold*, to the intent to part them; except that they did fight a combat in a place inclosed: and then no man shall be so hardy as to bid *bold*, but the general."

⁵ Shakspeare has supported the character of lady Macbeth, by repeated efforts, and never omits any opportunity of adding a trait of ferocity, or a mark of the want of human feelings, to this monster of his own creation. The softer passions are more obliterated in her than in her husband, in proportion as her ambition is greater. She meets him here on his arrival from an expedition of danger, with such a salutation as would have become one of his friends or vassals; a salutation apparently fitted rather to raise his thoughts to a level with her own purposes, than to testify her joy at his return, or manifest an attachment to his person: nor does any sentiment expressive of love or softness fall from her throughout the play. While Macbeth himself, in the midst of the horrors of his guilt, still retains a character less fiendlike than that of his queen, talks to her with a degree of tenderness, and pours his complaints and fears into her bosom, accompanied with terms of endearment.

⁶ i. e. this ignorant present *time*. The same phraseology is found in many of our author's plays, and in the writings of his contemporaries.

The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never

Shall sun that morrow see!

Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters⁷:—To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fears:
Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.

The same. Before the Castle.

Hautboys. Servants of Macbeth attending with torches.
Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO,
LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, and Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat⁸; the air
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself

Unto

Ignorant has here the signification of *unknowing*; that is, I feel by anticipation those future hours, of which, according to the process of nature, the present time would be *ignorant*.

⁷ That is, thy looks are such as will awaken men's curiosity, excite their attention, and make room for suspicion.

⁸ This short dialogue between Duncan and Banquo, whilst they are approaching the gates of Macbeth's castle, has always appeared to me a striking instance of what in painting is termed *repose*. Their conversation very naturally turns upon the beauty of its situation, and the pleasantness of the air; and Banquo observing the martlet's nests in every recess of the cornice, remarks, that where those birds most breed

and

Unto our gentle senses?

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet¹, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutting frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage², but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Dun. See, see! our honour'd hostess!—
The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God yield us³ for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and singly business, to contend

P 5

Against

and haunt, the air is delicate: The subject of this quiet and easy conversation gives that repose so necessary to the mind after the tumultuous bustle of the preceding scenes, and perfectly contrasts the scene of horror that immediately succeeds. It seems as if Shakspeare asked himself, What is a prince likely to say to his attendants on such an occasion. Whereas the modern writers seem, on the contrary, to be always searching for new thoughts, such as would never occur to men in the situation which is represented.—This also is frequently the practice of Homer, who, from the midst of battles and horrors, relieves and refreshes the mind of the reader, by introducing some quiet rural image, or picture of familiar domestick life. Sir J. RAYMOND.

¹ *Senses* are nothing more than each man's sense. Gentle senses is very elegant, and means placid, calm, composed, and intimates the peaceable delight of a fine day.

² — *martlet*.] This bird is in the old edition called *lark*.

³ — *coigne of vantage*.] Convenient corner.

⁴ To bid any one God yield him, i. e. God yield him, was the same as God reward him. WARBURTON.—I believe yield, or, as it is in the folio of 1623, *yield*, is a corrupted contraction of *shield*. The word implies not reward, but protection. JOHNSON.

I rather believe it to be a corruption of God yield, i. e. reward. *Satan* and *Cleopatra*, we meet with it at length. *God shield* means God forbid, and could never be used as a form of returning thanks.

STEVENS.

Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits*.

Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us: Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt^s,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

The same. A Room in the Castle.

*Hautboys and torches. Enter and pass over the stage a
sewer^o, and divers servants with dishes and service.
Then enter MACBETH.*

Macb. If it were done^o; when 'tis done, then 'twere
well

It were done quickly: If the assassination^o
Could

* *Hermits*, for breadmen. That is, we as *hermits* shall always pray
for you.

⁵ The metaphor in this speech is taken from the Steward's compt-
ing-house or audit-room. *In compt* means, *subject to account*.

⁶ The office of a *sewer* was to place the dishes in order at a feast.
His chief mark of distinction was a towel round his arm.

⁷ A sentiment parallel to this occurs in the *Proceedings against
Carter in the Powder Plot*: "It would have been commendable,
when it had been done, though not before." *FARMER.*

⁸ Of this soliloquy the meaning is not very clear; I have never found
the readers of *Shakspeare* agreeing about it. I understand it thus:

⁹ If that which I am about to do, when it is once *done* and executed,
were

Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success⁹; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
We'd jump the life to come.—But, in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: 'This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek², hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off:
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers³ of the air,

P 6

Shall

were done and ended without any following effects, it would then be best to do it quickly: if the murder could terminate in itself: and restrain the regular course of consequences, if its success could secure its success, if being once done successfully, without detection, it could fix a period to all vengeance and enquiry, so that this blow might be all that I have to do, and this anxiety all that I have to suffer; if this could be my condition, even here in this world, in this contracted period of temporal existence, on this narrow bank in the ocean of eternity, I would jump the life to come, I would venture upon the deed without care of any future state. But this is one of those cases in which judgment is pronounced and vengeance inflicted upon us here in our present life. We teach others to do as we have done, and are punished by our own example." JOHNSON.

I think the reasoning requires that we should read:

With its success, surcease.— JOHNSON.

A trammel is a net in which either birds or fishes are caught. Surcease is cessation, stop. His is used instead of its, in many places.

² Faculties, for office, exercise of power, &c.

"Duncan (says Holinshed) was soft and gentle of nature."—And again: "Macbeth spoke much against the king's softness, and over-much slackness in punishing offenders."

³ Courier is only runner. Couriers of air are winds, air in motion. Sightless is invisible.

Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind³.—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
And falls on the other— How now! what news?

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. He has almost supp'd; Why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not, he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:

He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk, wherein you drest yourself?
Hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale

At

³ Alluding to the remission of the wind in a shower.

The arguments by which lady Macbeth persuades her husband to commit the murder, afford a proof of Shakspeare's knowledge of human nature. She urges the excellence and dignity of courage, a glittering idea which has dazzled mankind from age to age, and animated sometimes the house-breaker, and sometimes the conqueror; but this sophism Macbeth has for ever destroyed, by distinguishing true from false fortitude, in a line and a half; of which it may almost be said, that they ought to bestow immortality on the author, though all his other productions had been lost:

I dare do all that may become a man,

Who dares do more, is none.

This topic, which has been always employed with too much success, is used in this scene with peculiar propriety, to a soldier by a woman. Courage is the distinguishing virtue of a soldier, and the reproach of cowardice cannot be borne by any man from a woman, without great impatience.

She then urges the oaths by which he had bound himself to murder Duncan, another art of sophistry by which men have sometimes deluded their consciences, and persuaded themselves that what would be criminal in others is virtuous in them: this argument Shakspeare, whose plan obliged him to make Macbeth yield, has not confuted, though he might easily have shewn that a former obligation could not be vacated by a latter; that obligations laid on us by a high power, could not be over-ruled by obligations which we lay upon ourselves.

M A C B E T H.

At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem;
Letting I dare not wait upon I would?
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady M. What beast was it then,
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck; and know
How tender 'tis, to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn
As you have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail,—

Lady M. We fail?!

But

3 Do you wish to obtain the crown, and yet would you remain such
a coward in your own eyes all your life, as to suffer your paltry fears,
which whisper, "I dare not," to controul your noble ambition, which
cries out, "I would?"

4 The adage alluded to is, *The cat loves fish, but dares not eat her
feet:*

"Catui amat pisces, sed non vult fingere plantas."

5 Lady Macbeth is unwilling to afford her husband time to state any
reasons for his doubt, or to expatiate on the obvious consequences of
miscarriage in his undertaking. Such an interval for reflection to act
in, might have proved unfavourable to her purposes. She therefore
cuts him short with the remaining part of a common saying, to which
his own words had offered an apt though accidental introduction. This
reply, at once cool and determined, is sufficiently characteristick of the
speaker.

But screw your courage to the sticking place¹,
 And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
 (Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
 Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains
 Will I with wine and wassel so convince²,
 That memory, the warder³ of the brain,
 Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason⁴
 A limbeck only⁵: When in swinish sleep
 Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
 What cannot you and I perform upon
 The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
 His spongy officers; who shall bear the guilt
 Of our great quell⁶?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
 For thy undaunted mettle should compose
 Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
 When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
 Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
 That they have don't⁷?

Lady M.

¹ This is a metaphor from an engine formed by mechanical complication. The *sticking place* is the *stop* which suspends its powers, till they are discharged on their proper object; as in driving piles, &c.

² To convince, is in Shakspeare, to overpower or subdue.

Wassel or *Wassail* is a word still in use in the midland counties, and signifies at present what is called *Lambs Wool*, i. e. roasted apples in strong beer, with sugar and spice. *Wassel* is, however, sometimes used for general riot, intemperance, or festivity. On this occasion, I believe, it means *intemperance*.

³ A *warder* is a guard, a sentinel.

⁴ i. e. the *receptacle*.

⁵ That is, shall be only a vessel to emit *fumes* or *vapours*.

The *limbeck* is the vessel, through which the distilled liquors pass into the recipient. So shall it be with memory; through which every thing shall pass, and nothing remain.

⁶ *Quell* is *murder*, *manquellers* being in the old language the term for which *murderers* is now used. The word is used in this sense by Holinshed.

⁷ In the original Scottish History by Boethius, and in Holinshed's Chronicle, we are merely told that Macbeth slew Duncan at Inverness. No particulars whatsoever are mentioned. The circumstance of making Duncan's chamberlains drunk, and laying the guilt of his murder upon them, as well as some other circumstances, our author has taken from

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Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up?
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat:
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The same. Court within the Castle.

*Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE; and a Servant, with
a torch before them.*

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword:—There's husbandry in
heaven⁹,

Their

the history of Duffe, king of Scotland, who was murdered by Donwald, Captain of the castle of Fores, about eighty years before Duncan ascended the throne.

⁷ A metaphor from the bow. Till this instant, the mind of Macbeth has been in a state of uncertainty and fluctuation. He has hitherto proved neither resolutely good, nor obstinately wicked. Though a bloody idea had arisen in his mind, after he had heard the prophecy in his favour, yet he contentedly leaves the completion of his hopes to chance.—At the conclusion, however, of his interview with Duncan, he inclines to hasten the decree of fate and quits the stage with an apparent resolution to murder his sovereign. But no sooner is the king under his roof, than, reflecting on the peculiarities of his own relative situation, he determines not to offend against the laws of hospitality, or the ties of subjection, kindred, and gratitude. His wife then assails his constancy afresh. He yields to her suggestions, and, with his integrity, his happiness is destroyed.

⁸ The place is not mark'd in the old edition, nor is it easy to say where this encounter can be. It is not in the *hall*, as the editors have all supposed it, for Banquo sees the sky; it is not far from the bed-chamber, as the conversation shews; it must be in the inner court of the castle, which Banquo might properly cross in his way to bed.

JOHNSON.

⁹ *Husbandry* here means *thrift, frugality.*

Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep: Merciful powers!
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repose!—Give me my sword;—

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.

Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The King's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your officers:
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have shew'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them:

Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban.

It is apparent from what Banquo says afterwards, that he had been solicited in a dream to attempt something in consequence of the prophecy of the witches, that his waking senses were shocked at; and Shakspeare has here finely contrasted his character with that of Macbeth. Banquo is praying against being tempted to encourage thoughts of guilt even in his sleep; while Macbeth is hurrying into temptation, and revolving in his mind every scheme, however flagitious, that may assist him to complete his purpose. The one is unwilling to sleep, lest the same phantoms should assail his resolution again, while the other is depriving himself of rest through impatience to commit the murder.

To *set up*, is to conclude.

This is obscurely expressed. The meaning seems to be:—Being unprepared, our entertainment was necessarily *defective*, and we only had it in our power to shew the king our *willingness* to serve him. Had we received sufficient notice of his coming, our zeal should have been more clearly manifested by our *acts*. *Which* refers, not to the last antecedent, *defect*, but to *will*.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent,—when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you³.

Ban. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsel'd.

Macb. Good repose, the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir; The like to you! [*Exit BANQUO.*]

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit SERV.*]
Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch
thee:—

I have thee not; and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon⁴, gouts of blood,

Which

³ Macbeth expresses his thought with affected obscurity; he does not mention the royalty, though he apparently had it in his mind. *If you shall cleave to my consent*, if you shall concur with me when I determine to accept the crown, *when 'tis*, when that happens which the prediction promises, *it shall make honour for you*.

⁴ This word, though reprobated by B. Jonson, who sneers at Decker for using it, was used by other writers beside Decker and our author.

⁵ Though *dudgeon* does sometimes signify a dagger, it more properly means the *hilt* or *handle* of a dagger, and is used for that particular sort of handle which has some ornament carved on the top of it. Junius explains the *dudgeon*, i. e. *hilt*, by the Latin expression, *manubrium apertum*, which means a *handle of wood, with a grain rough as if the seeds of parsley were sown over it*.

[*gouts of blood*,] *Gouts* is the technical term for the *spots* on some part of the plumage of a hawk; or perhaps Shakspeare used the word in allusion to a phrase in heraldry. When a field is charged or sprinkled with red drops, it is said to be *guty of gules*, or *guty de sang*.

Which was not so before.—There's no such thing :
 It is the bloody business, which informs
 Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
 Nature seems dead⁶, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
 Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing sides, towards his design
 Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it⁷.—Whiles I threat, he lives;
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[A bell rings.]

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
 Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
 That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

[Exit.]

⁶ That is, *over our hemisphere all action and motion seem to have ceased*. This image, which is perhaps the most striking that poetry can produce, has been adopted by Dryden in his *Conquest of Mexico*.

Night is described by two great poets, but one describes a night of quiet, the other of perturbation. In the night of Dryden, all the disturbers of the world are laid asleep; in that of Shakspeare, nothing but sorcery, lust, and murder, is awake. He that reads Dryden, finds himself lull'd with serenity, and disposed to solitude and contemplation. He that peruses Shakspeare, looks round alarmed, and starts to find himself alone. One is the night of a lover; the other, of a murderer.

⁷ i. e. left the noise from the stones take away from this midnight season that present horror which suits so well with what is going to be acted in it. What was the horror he means? *Silence*; than which nothing can be more horrid to the perpetrator of an atrocious design. This shews a great knowledge of human nature. WARBURTON.

Whether to *take horror from the time* means not rather to *catch* it as communicated, than to *deprive the time of horror*, deserves to be considered. JOHNSON.

The latter is surely the true meaning. Macbeth would have nothing break through the universal silence that added such a horror to the night, as suited well with the bloody deed he was about to perform.

STEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE II.

*The same.**Enter Lady MACBETH.*

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk, hath
made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire:—Hark!
—Peace!

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-man,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores^s: I have drugg'd their
possets²,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live, or die.

Macb. [within.] Who's there?—what, ho!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us:—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss them'.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't².—My husband?

^s i. e. By going to sleep, they trifle and make light of the trust reposed in them, that of watching by their king.

¹ It appears from this passage, as well as from many others in our old dramatick performances, that it was the general custom to eat possets just before bed-time.

² Compare Euripides,—Orestes, v. 1297, where Electra stands sentinel at the door of the palace whilst Orestes is within for the purpose of murdering Helen. The dread of a surprise, and eagerness for the business, make Electra conclude that the deed must be done ere time enough had elapsed for attempting it. She listens with anxious impatience; and hearing nothing, expresses strong fears lest the daggers should have failed.

³ This is very artful. For, as the poet has drawn the lady and her husband, it would be thought the act should have been done by her. It is likewise highly just; for though ambition had subdued in her all the sentiments of nature towards *present* objects, yet the likeness of one *past*, which she had been accustomed to regard with reverence, made her unnatural passions, for a moment, give way to the sentiments of instinct and humanity. Thous was the father of Hypsipyle, the speaker.

Enter

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed :—Didst thou not hear a noise ?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry. Did not you speak ?

Macb. When ?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended ?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark !—Who lies i'the second chamber ?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a forry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*]

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a forry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cry'd, murder !

That they did wake each other ; I stood and heard them : But they did say their prayers, and address'd them Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd, God bless us ! and, Amen, the other ; As they had seen me ², with these hangman's hands, Listening their fear ³. I could not say, amen, When they did say, God bless us.

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, amen ? I had most need of blessing, and amen Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought After these ways ; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, Sleep no more !

Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep ; Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd ⁴ sleeve of care ⁵,

The

² As they had seen me, &c. As for As if.

³ i. e. Listening to their fear, the particle omitted. This is common in our author. Contemporary writers took the same liberty.

⁴ Sleeve signifies the ravell'd knotty part of the silk, which gives great trouble and embarrassment to the knitter or weaver.

Sleeve appears to have signified coarse, soft, unwrought silk. *Seta grossilana*, Ital. Cotgrave in his Dict. 1660, renders *seja flosche*, "leave silk." See also *ibid.* "Cadore, pour faire capiton. The tow, or coarsest part of silke, whereof *sleeve* is made."

*The death of each day's life^a, fore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast;—*

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cry'd, *Sleep no more!* to all the house:
*Glamis bath murder'd sleep; and therefore Cowdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!*

Lady M. Who was it, that thus cry'd? Why, worthy
thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things:—Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: Go, carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: The sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt^b. [*Exit. Knocking within.*]

Macb. Whence is that knocking!
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine^c,
Making the green one, red.

^a *The death of each day's life, means the end of each day's labour, the conclusion of all that bustle and fatigue that each day's life brings with it.*

^b Could Shakspeare possibly mean to play upon the similitude of gild and guilt? This quibble very frequently occurs in the old plays.

^c To incarnardine, is to stain any thing of a flesh colour, or red. *Car-nardine* is the old term for carnation.

By the *multitudinous seas*, perhaps the poet meant, not the seas of every denomination, as the Caspian, &c. (as some have thought,) nor the many-coloured seas, (as others contend,) but the seas which swarm with myriads of inhabitants.

Re-enter

Re-enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knock.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then? Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. — [*Knocking.*] Hark! more
knocking:

Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And shew us to be watchers:—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed,—'twere best not know my-
self¹.

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would, thou couldst!²
[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

The same.

Enter a Porter. [*Knocking within.*]

Port. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man were por-
ter of hell-gate, he should have old turning³ the key.
[*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there, i'the
name of Belzebub? Here's a farmer, that hang'd him-
self on the expectation of plenty: come in time; have
napkins enough⁴ about you; here you'll sweat for't.
[*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Who's there, i'the other
devil's name? 'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could
swear in both the scales against either scale; who com-
mitted treason enough for God's sake⁵, yet could not
equivocate

¹ i. e. While I have *the thoughts* of this deed, it were best not know, or be *lost* to, myself.

² The consummate art which Shakspeare has displayed in the preparation for the murder of Duncan, and during the commission of the dreadful act, cannot but strike every intelligent reader.

³ That is, frequent turning.

⁴ — napkins *enough*—] i. e. handkerchiefs.

⁵ Meaning a Jesuit; an order so troublesome to the state in queen Elizabeth and king James the first's time: the inventors of the execrable doctrine of equivocation.

equivocate to heaven : O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock : Who's there ? 'Faith, here's an English taylor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose⁵ : come in, taylor ; here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock : Never at quiet ! What are you ?—But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further : I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon ; I pray you, remember the porter. [*opens the gate.*]

Enter MACDUFF, and LENOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, That you do lie so late ?

Port. 'Faith, fir, we were carousing till the second cock : and drink, fir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things doth drink especially provoke ?

Port. Marry, fir, nose painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, fir, it provokes, and unprovokes ; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance : Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery : it makes him, and it mars him ; it sets him on, and it takes him off ; it persuades him, and disheartens him ; makes him stand to, and not stand to : in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep⁶, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night⁷.

Port. That it did, fir, i' the very throat o' me : But I requited him for his lie ; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him⁸.

Macd.
⁵ The archness of the joke consists in this, that a French hose being very short and strait, a taylor must be master of his trade who could steal any thing from thence.

⁶ We should read—*into* a sleep ; or—*into* sleep.

⁷ It is not very easy to ascertain precisely the time when Duncan is murdered. The conversation that passes between Banquo and Macbeth in the first scene of this act might lead us to suppose that when Banquo retired to rest it was not much after twelve o'clock.

⁸ To *cast him up*, to ease my stomach of him. The equivocation is between *cast* or *throw*, as a term of wrestling, and *cast* or *cast up*.

Macd. Is thy master stirring? —
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Enter MACBETH.

Len. Good-morrow, noble fir!

Macb. Good-morrow, both!

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him;
I have almost slipt the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet, 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, physicks pain.
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,

For 'tis my limited service.

[*Exit MACDUFF.*]

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does: he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly: Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death;
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time: The obscure bird
Clamour'd the live-long night: some say, the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor
heart,

Cannot conceive, nor name thee!

Macb. Len. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope

The

9 *New hatch'd* relates, not to the last antecedent, *confus'd events*,
but to *prophesying*, which in the metaphor holds the place of the egg.
The events are the fruit of such hatching.

The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

Macb. What is't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon:—Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake! awake!—

[*Exeunt MACBETH and LENOX.*]

Ring the alarum-bell:—Murder! and treason!
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself!—up, up, and see
The great doom's image!—Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,
To countenance this horror! [*Bell rings.*]

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak.—

Macd. O, gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.—O Banquo! Banquo!

Enter BANQUO.

Our royal master's murder'd!

Lady M. Woe, alas!
What, in our house?

Ban. Too cruel, any where.—
Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,
And say, it is not so.

VOL. III.

Q

Re-enter

¹ This is very fine. Had she been innocent, nothing but the murder itself, and not any of its aggravating circumstances, would naturally have affected her. As it was, her business was to appear highly disorder'd at the news. Therefore, like one who has her thoughts about her, she seeks for an aggravating circumstance, that might be supposed most to affect her personally; not considering, that by placing it there, she discovered rather a concern for herself than for the king. On the contrary, her husband, who had repented the act, and was now labouring under the horrors of a recent murder, in his exclamation, gives all the marks of sorrow for the fact itself.

Re-enter MACBETH and LENOX.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown, and grace, is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALDIN.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know it:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. O, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't:
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows; they star'd, and were distracted;
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man;
The expedition of my violent love
Out-ran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood*;

And

* *Mr. Pope* has endeavoured to improve one of these lines by substituting *geary blood* for *golden blood*; but it may easily be admitted that he who could on such an occasion talk of *lacing the silver skin*, would lace it with *golden blood*. No amendment can be made to this line, of which every word is equally faulty, but by a general blot. It is not improbable, that *Shakspeare* put these forced, and unnatural metaphors into the mouth of *Macbeth* as a mark of artifice and dissimulation, to shew the difference between the studied language of hypocrisy, and the natural outcries of sudden passion. This whole speech so considered, is a remarkable instance of judgment, as it consists entirely of antithesis and metaphor,

And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore³: Who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make his love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. What should be spoken

Here, where our fate, hid in an augre-hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away, our tears
Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady:— [*Lady Macb. is carried out.*]
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence⁴ I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macb. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i'the hall together.

All. Well contented. [*Exeunt all but Mal. and Don.*]

Mal. What will you do? Let's not comfort with them:
To shew an unfelt sorrow, is an office
Which the false man does easy: I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune

Q 2

Shall

³ The expression may mean, that the daggers were covered with blood, quite to their *breeches*, i. e. their *bills* or *handles*. The lower end of a cannon is called the *breech* of it; and it is known that both to *breech* and to *unbreech* a gun are common terms. *Unmannerly* is here used adverbially. So *friendly* is used for *friendlyly* in *K. Henry IV. P. II.* and *faulty* for *faultily* in *As you like it*.

⁴ *Pretence* is intention, design, a sense in which the word is often used by Shakspeare. *Hand* is here used for *power*, or *providence*.

Shall keep us both the safer : where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles : the near in blood,
The nearer bloody⁵.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted⁶ ; and our safest way
Is, to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse ;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away : There's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Without the Castle.

Enter ROSSE, and an old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well :
Within the volume of which time, I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange ; but this fore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ah, good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage : by the clock, 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp :
Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it ?

Old

⁵ Meaning, that he suspected Macbeth to be the murderer ; for he was the nearest in blood to the two princes, being the cousin-german of Duncan.

⁶ The design to fix the murder upon some innocent person, has not yet taken effect. *The shaft is not yet lighted, and though it has done mischief in its flight, we have reason to apprehend still more before it has spent its force and falls to the ground.* The end for which the murder was committed, is not yet attained. The death of the king only, could neither insure the crown to Macbeth, nor accomplish any other purpose, while his sons were yet living, who had therefore just reason to apprehend they should be removed by the same means.

⁷ After the murder of king Duffe, (says Holinshed) " for the space of six moneths together there appeared no sunne by day, nor moone by night, in anie part of the realme, but still was the sky covered with continual clouds ; and sometimes such outrageous winds arose with lightnings and tempests, that the people were in great fear of present destruction."—It is evident that Shakspeare had this passage in his thoughts.

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On tuesday last,
A faulcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,²
Was by a mousing owl³ hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most strange and
certain,)

Beauteous, and swift, the minions of their race,⁴
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said, they eat each other.

Rosse. They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff:—

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, fir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Rosse. Is't known, who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Rosse. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend⁵?

Macd. They were suborn'd:

Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Q3

Rosse.

² Finely expressed, for confidence in its quality.

In a place of which she seemed proud;—in an elevated situation. Perhaps Shakspeare remembered the following passage in Holinshed's description of Macbeth's castle at Dunfinane: "—he builded a strong castell on the top of an hie hill called Dunfinane, on such a proud height, that standing there aloft a man might behold well neare all the countries of Angus, Fife," &c.

³ i. e. by an owl that was hunting for mice, as her proper prey.

This is found among the prodigies consequent on king Duffe's murder: "There was a *sparhawk* strangled by an owl."

⁴ Most of the prodigies just before mentioned, are related by Holinshed, as accompanying king Duffe's death; and it is in particular asserted, that *horses of singular beauty and swiftness did eat their own flesh*. Macbeth's killing Duncan's chamberlains is taken from Donwald's killing those of king Duffe.

⁵ To pretend is here to propose to themselves, to set before themselves as a motive of action.—Or, to pretend, in this instance, as in many others, is simply to design.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still:
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth³.

Macd. He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone,
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colmes-kill⁴;
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well; may you see things well done there;—
adieu!—

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Rosse. Farewel, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you; and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Fore. A Room in the Palace.

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd⁵; and, I fear,
Thou play'd'st most foully for't: yet it was said,

It

³ Macbeth by his birth stood next in the succession to the crown immediately after the sons of Duncan. King Malcolm, Duncan's predecessor, had two daughters, the youngest, the mother of Macbeth. *Holinshed.*

⁴ *Colme-kill*, is the famous *Iona*, one of the western isles, which Dr. Johnson visited; and describes in his *Tour*. *Holinshed* scarcely mentions the death of any of the ancient kings of Scotland, without taking notice of their being buried with their predecessors in *Colme-kill*. It is now called *Icolmkill*. *Kill* in the *Erse* language signifies a *burying-place*.

⁵ Here we have another passage, that might lead us to suppose that the thanship of Glamis descended to Macbeth subsequent to his meeting the weird sisters, though that event had certainly taken place before.

It should not stand in thy posterity ;
But that myself should be the root, and father
Of many kings : If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine⁶.)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope ? But, hush ; no more.

Senet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as King ; Lady MACBETH, as Queen ; LENOX, ROSSE, Lords, Ladies and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all things unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Lay your highness'
Command upon me ; to the which, my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon ?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)
In this day's council ; but we'll talk to-morrow.
Is't far you ride ?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper : go not my horse the better⁷,
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland ; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention : But of that to-morrow ;

Q 4

When

⁶ *Shine*, for appear with all the lustre of conspicuous truth ; or rather
or prosper.

⁷ i. e. if he does not go well.

When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewel.—

[*Exit BANQUO.*]

Let every man be master of his time

Till seven at night; to make society

The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself

Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you.—

[*Exeunt Lady MACBETH, Lords, Ladies, &c.*]

Sirrah, a word with you: Attend those men our pleasure?

Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace-gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.—[*Exit Atten.*] To be
thus, is nothing;

But to be safely thus:—Our fears in Banquo

Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature

Reigns that, which would be fear'd: 'Tis much he dares;

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,

He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour

To act in safety. There is none, but he,

Whose being I do fear: and, under him,

My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,

Mark Antony's was by Caesar. He chid the sisters,

When first they put the name of king upon me,

And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,

They hail'd him father to a line of kings:

Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,

And put a barren scepter in my gripe,

Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,

No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,

For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind;

For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;

Put rancours in the vessel of my peace

Only for them; and mine eternal jewel

Given to the common enemy of man⁸,

To

⁸ It is always an entertainment to an inquisitive reader, to trace a sentiment to its original source; and therefore, though the term *enemy*

To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance⁹!—Who's there?—

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[*Exit Attendant.*]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know,
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference, past in probation with you;
How you were borne in hand; how cross; the instru-
ments;

Who wrought with them; and all things else, that might,
To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,
Say, 'Thus did Banquo.

1. *Mur.* You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,

Q5

That

of man, applied to the devil, is in itself natural and obvious, yet some may be pleased with being informed, that Shakspeare probably borrowed it from the first lines of the *Destruction of Troy*, a book which he is known to have read. This expression, however, he might have had in many other places. The word *fiend* signifies enemy.

⁹ This passage will be best explained by translating it into the language from whence the only word of difficulty in it is borrowed. *Que la destinée se rende en lice, et qu'elle me donne un défi à l'outrance.* A challenge or a combat à l'outrance, to extremity, was a fixed term in the law of arms, used when the combatants engaged with an odium inter-necinum, an intention to destroy each other, in opposition to trials of skill at festivals, or on other occasions, where the contest was only for reputation or a prize. The sense therefore is, Let fate, that has fore-doom'd the exaltation of the sons of Banquo, enter the list against me, with the utmost animosity, in defence of its own decrees, which I will endeavour to invalidate, whatever be the danger.

Utterance is a Scotch word from *outrance*, extremity.

That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd¹,
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1. *Mur.* We are men, my liege².

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue you go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs³, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped
All by the name of dogs: the valued file⁴
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill

That writes them all alike: and so of men.

Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not in the worst rank of manhood, say it;
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2. *Mur.* I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.

1. *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune⁵,

That

¹ Are you of that degree of precise virtue? *Gospeller* was a name of contempt given by the Papists to the Lollards, the puritans of early times, and the precursors of *protestantism*. Or, *gospeller* perhaps means no more than kept in obedience to that precept of the gospel, "to pray for those that despitefully use us."

² That is, we have the same feelings as the rest of mankind, and, as men, are not without a *manly resentment* for the wrongs which we have suffered, and which you have now recited.

³ *Shoughs* are probably what we now call *bocks*; demi-wolves, *ly-cifae*; dogs bred between wolves and dogs.

⁴ Is the *file* or list where the value and peculiar qualities of every thing is set down, in contradistinction to what he immediately mentions, the bill that writes them all alike.

⁵ Tug'd or worried by fortune.

That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
Know, Banquo was your enemy.

2. *Mur.* True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance⁶,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'th of life: And though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love;
Masking the business from the common eye,
For sundry weighty reasons.

2. *Mur.* We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

1. *Mur.* Though our lives—

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this
hour, at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o'the time,
The moment on't⁷; for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought,
That I require a clearness⁸: And with him,
(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,)
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate

Q 6

OF

⁶ By *bloody distance* is here meant, such a distance as mortal enemies would stand at from each other, when their quarrel must be determined by the sword. This sense seems evident from the continuation of the metaphor, where *every minute of his being* is represented as *thrusting at the nearest part where life resides*.

⁷ I will acquaint you with the time when you may look out for Banquo's coming, with the most *perfect* assurance of not been disappointed; and not only with the *time* in general most proper for lying in wait for him, but with the very *moment* when you may expect him.

⁸ I. e. you must manage matters so, that throughout the whole transaction I may stand clear of suspicion.

Of that dark hour: Resolve yourselves apart;
I'll come to you anon.

Mur. We are resolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.
It is concluded:—Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

The same. Another Room.

Enter Lady MACBETH, and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam; but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [Exit.

Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies⁹ your companions making?
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have dy'd
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it,
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie

In

⁹ i. e. worthless, ignoble, vile. *Sorry*, however, might signify melancholy, dismal.

In restless ecstasy¹. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestick, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further!

Lady M. Come on; Gentle my lord,
Sleek o'er your rugged looks; be bright and jovial
Among your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love;
And so, I pray, be you: let your remembrance
Apply to Banquo; present him eminence², both
With eye and tongue: Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams;
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st, that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne³.

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight⁴; ere, to black Hecat's summons,
The shard-borne beetle⁵, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Fill thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night⁶,
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,

Cancel

¹ *Ecstasy*, in its general sense, signifies any violent emotion of the mind. Here it means the emotions of pain, agony.

² i. e. do him the highest honours.

³ The *copy*, the *lease*, by which they hold their lives from nature, has its time of termination limited. *Eterne* for *eternal* is often used by Chaucer.

⁴ Bats are often seen flying round *chiffers*, in the dusk of the evening, for a considerable length of time.

⁵ i. e. the beetle borne along the air by its *shards* or *fealy wings*.

The *shard-borne beetle* is the cock-chaffer.

⁶ *Seeling*, i. e. blinding. It is a term in falconry.

Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens⁷; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood⁸:

Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:
So, pr'ythee, go with me. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

The same. A Park or lawn, with a gate leading to the Palace.

Enter three Murderers.

1. *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us⁹?

3. *Mur.* Macbeth.

2. *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just¹.

1. *Mur.* Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

3. *Mur.* Hark! I hear horses.

Ban. [within.] Give us a light there, ho!

2. *Mur.* Then it is he; the rest
That are within the note of expectation²,

Already

⁷ By the expression, *light thickens*, Shakspeare means, the *light grows dull or muddy*. In this sense he uses it in *Antony and Cleopatra*.

⁸ *Roaky* may mean *damp, misty, steaming with exhalations*. It is only a North country variation of dialect from *rocky*.

⁹ The third assassin seems to have been sent to join the others, from Macbeth's superabundant caution. From the following dialogue it appears that some conversation has passed between them before their present entry on the stage.

¹ By his exact knowledge of what we are to do, he appears to be employed by Macbeth, and needs not to be mistrusted.

² *i. e.* they who are set down in the list of guests, and expected to supper.

Already are i' the court.

1. *Mur.* His horses go about.

3. *Mur.* Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace-gate
Make it their walk.

*Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE; a Servant with a torch
preceding them.*

2. *Mur.* A light, a light!

3. *Mur.* 'Tis he.

1. *Mur.* Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1. *Mur.* Let it come down. [*assaults BANQUO.*]

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly;
Thou may'st revenge.—O slave!

[*Dies. Fleance and Servant escape.*]

3. *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

1. *Mur.* Was't not the way?

3. *Mur.* There's but one down; the son is fled.

2. *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.

1. *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Room of state in the Palace.

*A banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, Lady MACBETH,
ROSSE, LENOX, Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down: at first,
And last, the hearty welcome*.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,

And

* Fleance, after the assassination of his father, fled into Wales, where
by the daughter of the Prince of that country he had a son named Wal-
ter, who afterwards became Lord High Steward of Scotland, and from
thence assumed the name of *Walter Steward*. From him in a direct
line King James I. was descended; in compliment to whom our author
has chosen to describe Banquo, who was equally concerned with Mac-
beth in the murder of Duncan, as innocent of that crime.

* All of whatever degree, from the highest to the lowest, may be
assured that their visit is well received.

And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state⁵; but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer, to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts'
thanks:—

Both sides are even: Here I'll sit i'the midst;
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within⁶.
Is he dispatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o'the cut-throats: Yet he's
good,

That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the non-pareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been per-
fect;

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad, and general, as the casing air:

But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes⁷ on his head;

The

⁵ This idea might have been borrowed from Holinshed, p. 305:
"The king (Henry VIII.) caused the queene to *keepe the estate*, and
then sat the ambassadours and ladies as they were marshalled by the
king, who would not sit, but walked from place to place, making
cheer, &c." A *stere* was a royal chair with a canopy over it.

⁶ The sense requires that this passage should be read thus:

'Tis better thee without, than him within.

That is, *I am better pleased that the blood of Banquo should be on thy face
than in his body.*—The authour might mean, *It is better that Banquo's
blood runs on thy face, than he in this room.* Expressions thus imperfect
are common in his works.

⁷ *Transfer, to cut. Fr.*

The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that :—

There the grown serpent lies; the worm⁸, that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-morrow
We'll hear, ourselves again. *[Exit Murderer.]*

Lady M. My royal lord,

You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making⁹,
'Tis given with welcome: To feed, were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May it please your highness sit?

The ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in Macbeth's place.

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance!¹

Rosse. His absence, sir,

Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your
highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake

Thy

⁸ This term in our author's time was applied to all of the serpent-kind.

⁹ The meaning is,—That which is not given cheaply, cannot be called a gift, it is something that must be paid for.

¹ This is one of Shakspeare's touches of nature. Macbeth by these words discovers a consciousness of guilt; and this circumstance could not fail to be recollected by a nice observer on the assassination of Banquo being publickly known.

Thy gory locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: 'pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion²;
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appall the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff³!

This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and starts,
(Impostors to true fear,) would well become⁴
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how
say you?—

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Ghost disappears.*]

Lady M. What! quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal⁵;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,

That,

² Prolong his suffering; make his fit longer.

³ This speech is rather too long for the circumstances in which it is spoken. It had begun better at, *Shame itself!*

⁴ i. e. these flaws and starts, as they are indications of your needless fears, are the imitators or impostors only of those which arise from a fear well grounded. Flaws are sudden gusts.

⁵ The gentle weal, is, the peaceable community, the state made quiet and safe by human statutes.

⁶ *Mellia securam peragitant via gentes.*

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That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end : but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools : This is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget :—
Do not muse at me⁶, my most worthy friends ;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all ;
Then I'll sit down :—Give me some wine, fill full :—
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,

Ghost rises.

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss ;
Would he were here ! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all⁷.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Avant ! and quit my sight ! Let the earth hide
thee !

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold ;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with !

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom : 'tis no other ;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare :
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tyger⁸,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble : Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword ;

IF

⁶ To muse, anciently signified to be in amaze.

⁷ i. e. all good wishes to all : such as he had named above, love, health, and joy.

I once thought it should be *hail* to all, but I now think that the present reading is right. JOHNSON.

⁸ Sir William D'Avenant unnecessarily altered this to *Hircanian* tyger, which was followed by Theobald and others. *Hircan* tygers are mentioned by Daniel, our author's contemporary, in his *Sonnets*, 1594.

If trembling I inhibit⁹ thee, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!

[*Ghost disappears.*]

Unreal mockery, hence!—Why, so;—being gone,
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good
meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder¹? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe²,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What sights, my lord!

Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and
worse;

Question engages him: at once, good night:—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health,
Attend his majesty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all!

[*Exeunt Lords, and Attendants.*]

Macb. It will have blood, they say; blood will have
blood:
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augurs, and understood relations³, have

By

⁹ To inhibit is to forbid.

¹ The meaning is, can such wonders as these pass over us without wonder, as a casual summer cloud passes over us.

² This passage seems to mean,—You prove to me that I am a stranger even to my own disposition, when I perceive that the very object which steals the colour from my cheek permits it to remain in yours. In other words,—You prove to me how false an opinion I have hitherto maintained of my own courage, when yours on the trial is found to exceed it.

³ By the word relation is understood the connection of effects with causes; to understand relations as an augur, is to know how those things relate to each other, which have no visible combination or dependence. Or, Shakspeare in his licentious way, by relations, might only mean languages, i. e. the language of birds.

By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person,
At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one of them⁵, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
(And betimes I will,) to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst: for mine own good,
All causes shall give way; I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd⁶.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep⁷.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep: My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:—
We are yet but young in deed.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁴ Macbeth here asks a question, which the recollection of a moment enables him to answer. Of this forgetfulness, natural to a mind oppress'd, there is a beautiful instance in the sacred song of Deborah and Barak: "*She asked her wise women counsel, yea, she returned answer to herself.*" This circumstance likewise takes its rise from history. Macbeth sent to Macduff to assist in building the castle of Dunfinane. Macduff sent workmen &c. but did not choose to trust his person in the tyrant's power. From this time he resolved on his death.

⁵ *A one* of them, however uncouth the phrase, signifies an individual.

⁶ *To scan* is to examine nicely.

⁷ I take the meaning to be, *you want sleep, which seasons, or gives the relish to, all nature.* "*Indiget somni vita condimenti.*" JOHNSON.

This word is often used in this sense by our author.

SCENE

SCENE V.

The Heath.

Thunder. Enter, from opposite sides, HECATE² and the three Witches.

1. *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecat' ? you look angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams, as you are,
Saucy, and overbold ? How did you dare
To trade and traffick with Macbeth,
In riddles, and affairs of death ;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or shew the glory of our art ?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spightful, and wrathful ; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now : Get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron³
Meet me i' the morning ; thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
Your charms, and every thing beside :
I am for the air ; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end.

Great

² Shakspeare has been censured for introducing Hecate among the vulgar witches, and, consequently, for confounding ancient with modern superstitions.—He has, however, authority for giving a mistress to the witches. *Delrin Disquis. Mag.* lib. ii. quæst. 9. quotes a passage of *Apuleius, Lib. de Asino aureo* : “de quadam Caupona, regina Sagarum.” And adds further :—“ut scias etiam tum quasdam ab his hoc titulo honoratas.” Shakspeare is therefore blameable only for calling his presiding character Hecate, as it might have been brought on with propriety under any other title whatever.

³ Shakspeare seems to have thought it allowable to bestow the name of *Acheron* on any fountain, lake, or pit, through which there was vulgarly supposed to be a communication between this and the infernal world. The true original *Acheron* was a river in Greece ; and yet Virgil gives this name to his lake in the valley of *Anfanthus* in Italy.

Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound¹;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that, distill'd by magick flights²,
Shall raise such artificial sprights,
As, by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion:
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know, security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

SONG. [*within.*] Come away, come away, &c.³
Hark, I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [Exit.]

1. *Witch.* Come, let's make haste, she'll soon be back
again. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LENOX, and another Lord⁴.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: only, I say,

Things

¹ That is, a drop that has *profound, deep, or hidden* qualities. This vaporous drop seems to have been meant for the same as the *visus lunare* of the ancients, being a foam which the moon was supposed to shed on particular herbs, or other objects, when strongly solicited by enchantment. Lucan introduces Erichon using it.

² Arts; subtle practices.

³ Whether this song was composed by Shakspeare, it is now impossible to determine. It is printed at length incorrectly in Sir William D'Avenant's alteration of this play, published in 1674; and also with some variations in an unpublished play entitled *The Witch*, written by Thomas Middleton; from which D'Avenant appears to have transcribed it. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Article, MACBETH.

⁴ As this tragedy, like the rest of Shakspeare's, is perhaps overstocked with personages, it is not easy to assign a reason why a nameless character should be introduced here, since nothing is said that might not with equal propriety have been put into the mouth of any other disaffected

Things have been strangely borne: The gracious Duncan
 Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead:—
 And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
 Whom, you may say, if it please you, Fleance kill'd,
 For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late,
 Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
 It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,
 To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
 How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
 In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
 That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?
 Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
 For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,
 To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,
 He has borne all things well: and I do think,
 That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,
 (As, an't please heaven, he shall not,) they should find
 What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
 But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
 His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
 Macduff lives in disgrace: Sir, can you tell
 Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
 From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
 Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd
 Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
 That the malevolence of fortune nothing
 Takes from his high respect: Thither Macduff is gone;
 To pray the holy king, upon his aid
 To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward:
 That, by the help of these, (with Him above
 To ratify the work,) we may again
 Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;

Free

affected man. I believe therefore that in the original copy it was written, with a very common form of contraction, Lenox and An. for which the transcriber, instead of Lenox and Angus, set down Lenox and another Lord. The author had indeed been more indebted to the transcriber's fidelity and diligence, had he committed no errors of greater importance. JOHNSON.

⁵ This word is here used as a trisyllable.

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 Sir T. H
⁹ The
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Vol.

Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives⁶;
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours⁷,
All which we pine for now: And this report
Hath so exasperate their king⁸, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute, *Sir, not I,*
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who should say, *You'll rue the time*
That clogs me with this answer.

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come; that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country,
Under a hand accurs'd⁹!

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁶ The construction is—Free our feasts and banquets from bloody knives. Perhaps the words are transposed, and the line originally stood:
Our feasts and banquets free from bloody knives.

⁷ Free may be either honours freely bestowed, not purchased by crimes; or honours without slavery, without dread of a tyrant.

⁸ I. e. Macbeth. *Their* refers to the son of Duncan, and Macduff. Sir T. Hanmer reads unnecessarily, *the king*.

⁹ The construction is,—to our country suffering under a hand accursed.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A dark Cave. In the middle, a cauldron boiling.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd².
2. *Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd³.
3. *Witch.* Harper cries⁴:—'tis time, 'tis time⁵.

1. *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go⁶;
In the poison'd entrails throw.—

Toad, that under the cold stone,
Days and nights hast thirty one

Sweeter'd.

¹ SCENE I.] As this is the chief scene of enchantment in the play, it is proper in this place to observe, that Shakspeare has with much judgment selected all the circumstances of his infernal ceremonies, and has exactly conformed to common opinions and traditions.

Many circumstances might be particularised, in which Shakspeare has shown his judgment and his knowledge.

² A cat from time immemorial has been the agent and favourite of witches. This superstitious fancy is pagan, and very ancient.

³ Mr. Theobald reads: *Twice* and once, &c. and observes that odd numbers are used in all enchantments and magical operations. The remark is just, but the passage was misunderstood. The second Witch only repeats the number which the first had mentioned, in order to confirm what she had said; and then adds, that the *hedge-pig* had likewise cried, though but once. Or what seems more easy, the hedge-pig had whined *thrice*, and after an interval had whined once again.—Even numbers, however, were always reckoned inauspicious.

⁴ This is some imp, or familiar spirit, concerning whose etymology and office, the reader may be wiser than the editor. Those who are acquainted with Dr. Farmer's pamphlet, will be unwilling to derive the name of *Harper* from Ovid's *Harpalos*, ab *ἀρπάξω* rapio. See Upton's *Critical Observations*, &c. edit. 1748, p. 155.

⁵ This familiar does not cry out that it is time for them to begin their enchantments, but *cries*, i. e. gives them the signal, upon which the third Witch communicates the notice to her sisters:

Harper cries:—'tis time, 'tis time.

⁶ Milton has caught this image in his *Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity*:

"In dismal dance about the furnace blue."

7 The
the anim
8 As
their pai
pointed
9 The
rhime.
10 The
11 The
12 Raw
13 Shu
piece or a
14 The
detestation
wars,

Swelter'd venom⁷ sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!

All. Double, double toil and trouble⁸;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

1. *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake:
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting⁹,
Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth' boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

3. *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf¹,
Of the ravin'd² salt-sea shark;
Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Sliver'd³ in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips⁴;
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:

R 2

Add

⁷ This word seems to be employ'd by Shakspeare to signify that the animal was moistened with its own cold exudations.

⁸ As this was a very extraordinary incantation, they were to double their pains about it. I think, therefore, it should be pointed as I have pointed it:

Double, double toil and trouble;
otherwise the solemnity is abated by the immediate recurrence of the rhyme. STEEVENS.

⁹ The *blind-worm* is the *slow-worm*.

¹ The *gulf* is the *swallow*, the *throat*.

² *Ravin'd* is galled with prey.

³ *Sliver* is a common word in the North, where it means to cut a piece or a slice.

⁴ These ingredients in all probability owed their introduction to the detestation in which the Saracens were held, on account of the holy wars.

Add thereto a tyger's chaudron⁵,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

2. Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE, and other three Witches.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i'the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.

[*Musick.*]

S O N G⁶.

*Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.*

2. Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs⁷,
Something wicked this way comes:—
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight
hags?

What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it,) answer me:

Though

⁵ *Cbaudron*, i. e. *entrails*; a word formerly in common use in the books of cookery, in one of which, printed in 1597, is a receipt to make a pudding of a calf's *chaldron*.

⁶ Of this song only the first two words are found in the old copy of the play. The rest was supplied from an alteration of it in the year 1674. The song was however in all probability a traditional one. The colours of spirits are often mentioned.

⁷ It is a very ancient superstition, that all sudden pains of the body, and other sensations which could not naturally be accounted for, were presages of somewhat that was shortly to happen.

Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves¹
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down;
Though castles topple² on their warders' heads;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins³ tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.

1. *Witch.* Speak.

2. *Witch.* Demand.

3. *Witch.* We'll answer.

1. *Witch.* Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our
mouths,

Or from our masters?

Macb. Call them, let me see them.

1. *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high, or low;
Thyself, and office, deftly show⁴.

Thunder. An Apparition of an armed head rises⁵.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

1. *Witch.* He knows thy thought;
Hear his speech, but say thou nought⁶.

R. 3

App.

¹ That is, *foaming or frothy waves.*

² *Topple* is used for *tumble.*

³ Substituted by Theobald for *nature's germaine.* *Germins* are seeds which have begun to *germinate* or sprout. *Germen*, Lat. *Germe*, Fr.

⁴ i. e. with adroitness, dexterously.

⁵ The armed head represents symbolically Macbeth's head, cut off and brought to Malcolm by Macduff. The bloody child is Macduff untimely ripp'd from his mother's womb. The child with a crown on his head, and a bough in his hand, is the royal Malcolm, who ordered his soldiers to hew them down a bough, and bear it before them to Dunsinane.

⁶ Silence was necessary during all incantations.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me:—Enough.

[*descends.*]

Macb. What-e'er thou art, for thy good caution,
thanks;

[Thou hast harp'd⁵ my fear aright:—But one word more:—

1. *Witch* He will not be commanded: Here's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. An Apparition of a bloody child rises.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute: laugh to scorn
The power of man; for none of woman born

Shall harm Macbeth⁶.

[*descends.*]

Macb. Then live, Macduff; What need I fear of thee?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,

And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;

That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,

And sleep in sight of thunder.—What is this,

Thunder. An Apparition of a child crowned, with a tree
in his hand, rises.

That rises like the issue of a king;

And wears upon his baby brow the round

And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not to't.

App. Be lion-metled, proud; and take no care

Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:

Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until

Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane-hill

Shall

⁵ To harp, is to touch on a passion, as a harper touches a string.

⁶ So Holinshed:—“And surely hereupon he had put Macduff to death, but that a certaine witch, whom he had in great trust, had told him, that he should never be slaine with man borne of a woman, nor vanquish'd till the wood of Birnane came to the castell of Dunsinane. This prophesie put all feare out of his heart.”

⁷ The round is that part of the crown that encircles the head. The top is the ornament that rises above it.

Shall come against him³.

[*descends.*

Macb. That will never be:

Who can impress the forest⁹; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bodements! good!
Rebellious head¹, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom,—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; Tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfy'd: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! let me know:—
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

[*Hautboys.*

1. *Witch.* Shew! 2. *Witch.* Shew! 3. *Witch.* Shew!

All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

*Eight kings² appear, and pass over the stage in order; the
last, with a glass in his hand: Banquo following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does fear mine eye-balls³:—And thy air,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—

R 4

A third

³ Prophecies of apparent impossibilities were common in Scotland; such as the removal of one place to another. Under this popular prophetic formula the present prediction may be ranked.

⁹ I. e. who can command the forest to serve him like a soldier impress'd.

¹ Mr. Theobald rightly observes, that *head* means *boss*, or power.

² It is reported that Voltaire often laughs at the tragedy of *Macbeth*, for having a legion of ghosts in it. One should imagine he either had not learned English, or had forgot his Latin; for the spirits of Banquo's line are no more ghosts, than the representations of the Julian race in the *Æneid*; and there is no ghost but Banquo's throughout the play.

³ The expression of *Macbeth*, that the crown fears his eye-balls, is taken from the method formerly practised of destroying the sight of captives or competitors, by holding a burning basin before the eye, which dried up its humidity. Whence the Italian, *chinarsi*, to blind.

A third is like the former⁵:—Filthy hags!
 Why do you shew me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!
 What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom⁶?—
 Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:—
 And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
 Which shews me many more; and some I see,
 That twofold balls and treble scepters carry⁷:
 Horrible sight!—Now, I see, 'tis true;
 For the blood-bolter'd⁸ Banquo smiles upon me,
 And points at them for his.—What, is this so?
 1. *Witch.* Ay, fir, all this is so;—But why
 Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—
 Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,
 And shew the best of our delights;
 I'll charm the air to give a sound,
 While you perform your antique round:

That

⁵ As Macbeth expected to see a train of kings, and was only enquiring from what race they would proceed, he could not be surprised that the *hair* of the second was *bound with gold* like that of the first; he was offended only that the second resembled the first, as the first resembled Banquo, and therefore said:

— and thy air,

Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.

It may be observed, that the common people (of which rank the person who recited these plays to the transcriber, probably was,) almost universally pronounce the word *air*, as if it were written *hair*, and *vice versa*. It is also the general pronunciation of the midland counties.

⁶ i. e. the dissolution of nature. *Crack* has now a mean signification. It was anciently employ'd in a more exalted sense.

⁷ This was intended as a compliment to king James the first, who first united the two islands and the three kingdoms under one head; whose house too was said to be descended from Banquo.

Of this last particular, our poet seems to have been thoroughly aware, having represented Banquo not only as an innocent, but as a noble character; whereas, according to history, he was confederate with Macbeth in the murder of Duncan. The flattery of Shakspeare, however, is not more gross than that of Ben Jonson, who has condescended to quote his majesty's book on *Demonology*, in the notes to the *Masque of Queens*, 1609.

Blood-bolter'd means one whose blood hath issued out at many wounds, as flour of corn passes through the holes of a sieve. Shakspeare used it to insinuate the barbarity of Banquo's murderers, who covered him with wounds.

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31.

That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Musick. The Witches dance, and vanish.*]

Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious
hour

Stand aye accursed in the calendar^o!—

Come in, without there!

Enter LENOX.

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damnd, all those that trust them!—I did hear
The galloping of horse: Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to England,

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits¹:
The flighty purpose never is o'er-took,
Unless the deed go with it: From this moment,
The very firslings² of my heart shall be
The firslings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of *Macduff* I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line³. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool:
But no more fights!—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are! [*Exeunt.*]

^o In the ancient almanacks the unlucky days were distinguished by a mark of reprobation.

¹ To anticipate is here to prevent, by taking away the opportunity.

² *Firslings*: in its primitive sense is the first produce or offspring—
Here it means the thing first thought or done.

³ I. e. follow, succeed him.

SCENE II.

Fife. *A Room in Macduff's Castle.*

Enter Lady MACDUFF, her son, and Rosse.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?

Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none:

His flight was madness: When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not,

Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch^a: for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest coz,

I pray you, school yourself: But, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits^b o' the season. I dare not speak much further:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves^c; when we hold rumour^d
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
But float upon a wild and violent sea,
Each way, and move.—I take my leave of you:

Shall

^a Natural sensibility. He is not touched with natural affection.

^b The fits of the season should appear to be, from a passage in *Coriolanus*, the violent disorders of the season, its convulsions. Or perhaps the meaning is,—what is most fitting to be done in every conjuncture.

^c i. e. when we are considered by the state as traitors, while at the same time we are unconscious of guilt: when we appear to others so different from what we really are, that we seem not to know ourselves.

^d To hold rumour signifies to be governed by the authority of rumour. Or to hold may mean in this place, to believe; as we say, I hold such a thing to be true, i. e. I take it, I believe it to be so.

Shall not be long but I'll be here again :
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort :
I take my leave at once. [Exit ROSS.]

L. Macd. Sirrah⁷, your father's dead ;
And what will you do now ? How will you live ?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies ?

Son. With what I get, I mean ; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird ! thou'dst never fear the net, nor
lime,

The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother ? Poor birds they are not
set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead ; how wilt thou do for a
father ?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband ?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market :

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit ; and yet
i'faith,

With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother ?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor ?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors, that do so ?

L. Macd. Every one that does so, is a traitor, and must
be hang'd.

Son. And must they all be hang'd, that swear and lie ?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them ?

R 6

L. Macd.

⁷ *Sirrah* in our author's time was not a term of reproach, but generally used by masters to servants, parents to children, &c.

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools: for there are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.^a
I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you, were fell cruelty,^b
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit Messenger.*]

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world: where, to do harm,
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime,
Accounted dangerous folly: Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say, I have done no harm?—What are these faces?

Enter certain Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou ly'st, thou shag-car'd^c villain.

Mur. What, you egg? [*Slabbing him.*]

^a i. e. I am perfectly acquainted with your rank of honour.

^b To do worse is, to let her and her children be destroyed without warning.

^c Perhaps we should read *shag-bair'd*, for it is an abusive epithet very often used in our ancient plays.

Young fry of treachery?

Son. He has kill'd me, mother:

Run away, I pray you. [*Dies. Exit L. Macduff, crying murder, and pursued by the murderers.*]

SCENE III.

England. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter MALCOLM, and MACDUFF².

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather

Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men, Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom³: Each new morn, New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;

What know, believe; and, what I can redress, As I shall find the time to friend, I will. What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance. This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues; Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well; He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something

You may deserve of him through me: and wisdom⁴ To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb, To appease an angry god.

Macd.

² The part of Holinshed's *Chronicle*, which relates to this play, is no more than an abridgement of John Bellenden's translation of the *Noble Clerk, Hector Boece*, imprinted at Edinburgh, 1541.

³ The allusion is to a man from whom something valuable is about to be taken by violence, and who, that he may defend it without incumbrance, lays it on the ground, and stands over it with his weapon in his hand. Our birthdom, or birthright, says he, lies on the ground; let us, like men who are to fight for what is dearest to them, not abandon it, but stand over it and defend it. This is a strong picture of obstinate resolution. *Birthdom* for *birthright* is formed by the same analogy with *masterdom* in this play, signifying the *privileges or rights of a master*.

⁴ That is, and 'tis wisdom.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge⁵. But I shall crave your pardon;
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace⁶,
Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness⁷ left you wife, and child,
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,)
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties:—You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee! wear thou thy
wrongs⁸,

Thy title is affear'd⁹!—Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st,
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;

And

⁵ A good mind may recede from goodness in the execution of a royal commission.

⁶ This is not very clear. The meaning perhaps is this:—My suspicions cannot injure you, if you be virtuous, by supposing that a traitor may put on your virtuous appearance. I do not say that your virtuous appearance proves you a traitor; for virtue must wear its proper form, though that form be counterfeited by villany.

⁷ Without previous provision, without due preparation, without maturity of counsel.

⁸ That is, Poor country, wear thou thy wrongs.

⁹ Affear'd, a law term for confirm'd.

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And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands: But, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd,
In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden¹, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
That did oppose my will: Better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny: it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hood-wink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows,

¹ Sudden is violent, passionate, hasty.

In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust²: and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: Yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foysons³ to fill up your will,
Of your mere own: All these are 'portable⁴,
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none: The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, persévérance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Upsoar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland! Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!

No,
² Summer-seeming lust, is perhaps lust that seems as hot as summer. Sir W. Blackstone reads—summer-feeding. The allusion is to plants; and the sense is, "Avarice is a perennial weed; it has a deeper and more pernicious root than *lust*, which is a mere annual, and lasts but for a summer, when it sheds its seed and decays." But summer-seeming is, probably, the true reading. In Donne's poems, we meet with "winter-seeming."

³ —*foysons*—] Plenty. It means provisions in plenty. The word was antiquated in the time of Cartwright, [1643,] and is by him put into the mouth of an antiquary. *Foyson* is pure French.

⁴ *Portable* is, perhaps, here used for *supportable*. All these vices, being balanced by your virtues, may be endured.

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No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a most fainted king; the queen, that bore thee,
Ofner upon her knees than on her feet,
Dy'd every day she liv'd³. Fare thee well!
These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste⁶: But God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight
No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself: What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
All ready at a point, was setting forth:
Now we'll together; And the chance, of goodness,

Be

³ The expression is borrowed from the sacred writings: "I protest, by your rejoicing which I have in Christ Jesus, I die daily." To die unto sin, and to live unto righteousness, are phrases used in our liturgy.

⁶ From over-hasty credulity.

Be like our warranted quarrel!⁷ Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray
you?

Doct. Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched souls,
That stay his cure: their malady convinces⁸
The great assay of art; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor.

[*Exit Doctor.*]

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:

A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures⁹;
Hanging a golden stamp¹ about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves

The

⁷ That is, may the event be, of the goodness of heaven, [*pro justitia divina,*] answerable to the cause.

⁸ i. e. overpowers, subdues.

⁹ It has been said, that "the miraculous gift of curing the evil was left to be claimed by the Stuarts: our ancient Plantagenets were humbly content to cure the *cramp*." But this is a mistake. Lancham in his *Account of the Entertainment at Kenilworth Castle*, in 1575, says that Queen Elizabeth, while she was there, cured nine persons "of the painful and dangerous disease called the *Kings Evil*, for that kings and queens of this realm without oother medfin, save only by handling and prayer, only, doo it." So also, Andrew Borde, who wrote in the time of Henry VIII. says, in his *Introduction to Knowledge*, 1542, "the kynges of England, by the power that God hath given them, doth make sick men whole of a sykenes called the *Kyng's Evil*."

¹ This was the coin called an angel.

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The healing benediction². With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter ROSSE.

Macd. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman³; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now: Good God, betimes remove
The means that make us strangers!

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas, poor country;
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the air⁴,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems

A modern

² Dr. Warburton here invents an objection, in order to solve it. "The Confessor (says he) was the *first* who pretended to this gift: how then could it be at that time generally spoken of, that the gift was hereditary? This he [Shakspeare] has solved, by telling us, that Edward had the gift of prophecy along with it."—But Shakspeare does not say, that it was hereditary in Edward, or, in other words, that he had inherited this extraordinary power from his *ancestors*; but that "it was generally spoken, that he *leaves* the healing benediction to succeeding kings;" and such a rumour there might be in the time of Edward the Confessor, (supposing he had such a gift,) without his having the gift of prophecy along with it.

Shakspeare has merely transcribed what he found in Holinshed, without the conceit which Dr. Warburton has imputed to him: "As hath bene thought, he was inspired with the gift of prophesie, and also to have had the gift of healing infirmities and diseases. He used to helpe those that were vexed with the disease commonlie called the King's evil, and left that virtue as it were a portion of inheritance unto his successors, the kings of this realme." Holinshed, Vol. I. p. 195.

³ Malcolm discovers Rosse to be his countryman, while he is yet at some distance from him, by his dress. This circumstance loses its propriety on our stage, as all the characters are uniformly represented in English habits.

⁴ i. e. that *rend*. To *rend* is an ancient verb which has been long ago disused. STEEVENS.

A modern ecstacy¹; the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macd. O, relation,

Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What is the newest grief?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Rosse. No; they were well at peace, when I did leave
them.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: How goes it?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;

Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,

For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:

Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland

Would create soldiers, make our women fight,

To doff² their dire distresses.

Mal. Be it their comfort,

We are coming thither: gracious England hath

Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men;

An older, and a better soldier, none

That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. Would I could answer

This comfort with the like! But I have words,

That would be howl'd out in the desert air,

Where hearing should not latch³ them.

Macd.

¹ *Modern* is *foolish* or *trifling*. It is generally used by Shakspeare to signify *trite*, *common*; as "modern instances," in *As you like it*, &c. &c. *Ecstacy*, is used by him for a temporary alienation of mind.

² To *doff* is to *do off*, to *put off*.

³ To *latch* any thing, is to lay hold of it. To *latch*, (in the North country dialect) signifies the same as to *catch*.

Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief⁸,
Due to some single breast?

Rosse. No mind, that's honest,
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humph! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpriz'd; your wife, and babes,
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry⁹ of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven!—
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too?

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted:
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children¹.—All my pretty ones?

Did

⁸ A peculiar sorrow; a grief that hath a single owner. The expression is, at least to our ears, very harsh.

⁹ *Quarry* is a term used both in *bunting* and *falconry*. In both sports it means either the game that is pursued, or the game after it is killed.

¹ It has been observed by an anonymous critick, that this is not said of Macbeth, who had children, but of Malcolm, who having none, supposes a father can be so easily comforted. Or, the meaning here may be, either that Macduff could not by retaliation revenge the murder of his children, because Macbeth had none himself; or that if he had any, a father's feelings for a father, would have prevented him from the deed.

Did you say, all?—O, hell-kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop²?

Mal. Dispute it like a man³.

Macd. I shall do so;

But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls: Heaven rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue!—But, gentle heaven,
Cut short all intermission⁴; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he escape,
Heaven, forgive him too⁵!

Mal. This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments⁶. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long, that never finds the day. [Exeunt.

² Swoop is the descent of a bird of prey on his quarry. It is frequently, however, used by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*, to express the swift descent of rivers.

³ i. e. contend with your present sorrow like a man.

⁴ i. e. all pause, all intervening time.

⁵ The meaning is, if heaven be so unjust as to let him escape my vengeance, I am content that it should proceed still further in its injustice, and to impunity in this world add forgiveness hereafter.

⁶ i. e. encourage, thrust forward us their instruments against the tyrant.

MACBETH.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Dunfinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter a Doctor of physick, and a waiting Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walk'd?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. — In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me: and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady MACBETH, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accusom'd action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; Two⁷; Why, then 'tis time to do't:—Hell is murky⁸!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him⁹?

Doß. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; Where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o'that, my lord, no more o'that: you mar all with this starting.

Doß. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doß. What a sigh is there? The heart is sorely charged.
Gent.

⁷ Macbeth does not, previously to the murder, mention the hour at which Lady Macbeth is to strike upon the bell, which was to be the signal for his going into Duncan's chamber to execute his wicked purpose; but it seems that Lady Macbeth is now thinking of the moment when she rang the bell; and that two o'clock was the hour when the deed was perpetrated. This agrees with the scene that immediately precedes the murder, but not with that which follows it.

⁸ Lady Macbeth is acting over, in a dream, the business of the murder of Duncan, and encouraging her husband as when awake. She therefore, would not have even hinted the terrors of hell to one whose conscience she saw was too much alarmed already for her purpose. She certainly imagines herself here talking to Macbeth, who (she supposes) has just said, *Hell is murky*, (i. e. hell is a dismal place to go to in consequence of such a deed) and repeats his words in contempt of his cowardice.

Hell is murky!—*Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard?* This explanation, I think, gives a spirit to the passage, which has hitherto appeared languid, being perhaps misapprehended by those who placed a full point at the conclusion of it.

⁹ Statius, in a passage already quoted, speaking of the sword by which an old man was slain, calls it *exentem sanguinis eusem*; and Ovid, (*Met.* l. 7.) describing a wound inflicted on a superannuated ram, has the same circumstance.

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¹ Lady M
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² Astoni
playing.

Vol. II

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. Pray God, it be, fir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: Yet I have known those which have walk'd in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale?—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate¹. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand; What's done, cannot be undone: To bed, to bed, to bed.

[*Exit Lady Macbeth.*]

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: Unnatural deeds, Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets. More needs she the divine, than the physician.— God, God, forgive us all! Look after her; Remove from her the means of all annoyance, And still keep eyes upon her:—So, good-night: My mind she has mated², and amaz'd my sight: I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ Lady Macbeth in her sleep is talking of Duncan's murder, and recalls to her mind the circumstance of the knocking at the gate just after it.

² Astonished, confounded. The expression is taken from *rest-laying*.

SCENE II.

The Country near Dunfinane.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm;
His uncle Siward³, and the good Macduff.
Revenge burn in them: for their dear causes
Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man⁴.

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry; there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths⁵, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great Dunfinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say, he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His peester'd senses to recoil, and start,
When all that is within him does condemn

Itself

³ "Duncan had two sons (says Holinshed) by his wife, who was the daughter of Siward, earl of Northumberland."

⁴ He who has subdued his passions, is dead to the world, has abandoned it, and all the affairs of it: an *Ascetic*.

⁵ An odd expression. It means smooth-faced, unbearded.

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Itself, for being there⁶?

Caib. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the medecin⁷ of the sickly weal;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam. [*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE III.

Dunfinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports⁸; let them fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunfinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences, have pronounc'd me thus:
*Fear not, Macbeth; no man, that's born of woman,
Shall e'er have power upon thee.*—Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures⁹:
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never fagg⁴ with doubt, nor shake with fear.

S 2 *Enter*

⁶ That is, when all the faculties of the mind are employed in self-condemnation.

⁷ i. e. physician. Shakspeare uses this word in the feminine gender where Lafew speaks of Helen in *All's Well that ends well*; and Florizel, in the *Winter's Tale*, calls Camillo "the medicin of our house."

⁸ Tell me not any more of desertions:—Let all my subjects leave me:—I am safe till, &c.

⁹ The reproach of epicurism, on which Mr. Theobald has bestowed a note, is nothing more than a natural invective uttered by an inhabitant of a barren country, against those who have more opportunities of luxury. Shakspeare took the thought from Holinshed, p. 180, of his *History of Scotland*.

⁴ To fagg is to fluctuate, to waver. To sag, or senag, is to sink down by its own weight, or by an over-load. See Junius's *Etymologicon*. It is common in Staffordshire to say, "a beam in a building sags, or has sagged."

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon²!
Where got'st thou that goose look?

Ser. There is ten thousand—

Macb. Geese, villain?

Ser. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lilly-liver'd boy! What soldiers, patch³?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear⁴. What soldiers, whey-face?
Ser. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence.—Seyton!—I am sick at heart.

When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This puff
Will cheer me ever, or defeat me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life⁵
Is fall'n into the sear⁶; the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton!—

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey.

² At present this word is only used in Scotland, and signifies a base fellow.

³ An appellation of contempt, alluding to the *py'd*, *patch'd*, or particoloured coats anciently worn by the fools belonging to noble families.

⁴ The meaning is, they infect others who see them, with cowardice.

⁵ The meaning of this contested passage is this. I have lived long enough. In the course or progress of life, I am arrived at that period when the body begins to decay; I have reached the autumn of my days. Those comforts which ought to accompany old age, (to compensate for the infirmities naturally attending it,) I have no title to expect; but on the contrary, the curses of those I have injured, and the hollow adulation of mortified dependants. I have lived long enough. It is time for me to retire.

⁶ *Sear* is dry. Shakspeare has the same thought in his 73d Sonnet.

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Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.—
Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skirr⁷ the country round:

Hang those that talk of fear!—Give me mine armour.—

How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that:

Canst thou not minister to a mind-diseas'd;

Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;

Raze out the written troubles of the brain;

And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,

Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,

Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physick to the dogs, I'll none of it.—

Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff—

Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me—

Come, sir, dispatch.—If thou could'st, doctor, cast

The water of my land⁸, find her disease,

And purge it to a sound and pristine health,

I would applaud thee to the very echo,

That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—

What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,

Would scour these English hence?—Hearest thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me.—

I will not be afraid of death and bane,

Till Birnam forest come to Dunfinane.

Doct. Were I from Dunfinane away and clear, [*Aside.*
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exeunt.*

S 3

SCENE

⁷ To *skirr*, I believe, signifies to scour, to ride hastily. STEEVENS.
⁸ To cast the water was the phrase in use for finding out disorders
by the inspection of urine.

SCENE IV.

Country near Dunfinane: A wood in view.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD and his Son, MACDUFF, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, ROSSE, and Soldiers, marching.

Mal. Cousins, I hope, the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant⁹
Keeps still in Dunfinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less¹ have given him the revolt;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious foldiership.

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe².
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate³:
Towards which, advance the war. [*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE

⁹ He was confident of success; so confident that he would not fly, but endure their setting down before his castle.

¹ More and less is the same with greater and less.

² When we are governed by legal kings, we shall know the limits of their claim, i. e. shall know what we have of our own, and what they have a right to take from us.

³ i. e. determine.

MACBETH.

95

SCENE V.

Dunfinane. *Within the Castle.*

Enter, with drums and colours, MACBETH, SEYTON, and Soldiers.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, *They come*: Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,
Till famine, and the ague, eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?

[*A cry within, of women.*]

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair⁴
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors⁵;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have dy'd hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word⁶.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time⁷;

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And

⁴ My hairy part, my *capillitium*. *Fell* is *Ain*. A dealer in hides
is still called a *fell-monger*.

⁵ Statius has a similar thought in the second book of his *Thebais*.

⁶ Her death should have been deferred to some more peaceful hour.
There would have been a more convenient time for such intelligence.
—We say, we send word when we give intelligence.

⁷ Recorded time seems to signify the time fixed in the decrees of Heaven for the period of life. The *record* of futurity is indeed no accurate expression, but as we only know transactions past or present, the language of men affords no term for the volumes of prescience in which future events may be supposed to be written. JOHNSON.

Recorded is probably here used for *recording* or *recordable*; one participate for the other, of which there are many instances both in Shakespeare and other English writers. Virgil uses *penetrabile frigus* for *penetrans frigus*, and *penetrabile telum* for *telum penetrans*. STEEVENS.

And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death^s. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an ideot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.—

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Mes. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mes. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave! [*striking him.*]

Mes. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so;
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee^s: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—
I pull in resolution; and begin

To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: *Fear not, till Birnam wood*

Do come to Dunfinane;—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunfinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—

If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.

I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun;

And

^s *The dust of death* is an expression used in the 22d Psalm. *Dusty death* alludes to the expression of *dust to dust* in the burial service, and to the sentence pronounced against Adam: "Dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt return." [Dr. Johnson justly observes that *dusty* is a very natural epithet.

^s *Clang*, in the northern counties, signifies any thing that is shrivelled or shrunk up. By *famine*, the intestines are, as it were, stuck together.

And with the estate o'the world were now undone.—
Ring the alarum bell:—Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back¹. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

The same. A Plain before the Castle.

*Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD,
MACDUFF, &c. and their Army, with Boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough; your leavy screens throw down,
And shew like those you are:—You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.—

Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all
breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*]

SCENE VII.

The same. Another part of the Plain.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have ty'd me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course².—What's he,
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

¹ i. e. with armour. So, in the continuation of Hardyng's Chronicle, 1543: "— well perceyving that the intendours of such a purpose would rather have had their barnesse on their backs, than to have bound them up in barrellies."

² A phrase taken from bear-baiting.

Enter young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[They fight; and young Siward is slain.]

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.—

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. *[Exit.]*

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is:—Tyrant, shew thy face;
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their slaves; either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheath again undeeded. There thou should'st be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited³: Let me find him, fortune! and
More I beg not. *[Exit. Alarum.]*

Enter MALCOLM and old SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord;—the castle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.

*[Exeunt. Alarum.
Re-enter]*

³ From *bruit*, Fr. To *bruit* is to report with clamour; to noise.

MACBETH.

99

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whilst I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! *[They fight.]*

Macb. Thou lovest labour:
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air⁴
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life⁵, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense⁶;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the shew and gaze o' the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole⁷; and under-writ,

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Here

⁴ i. e. air which cannot be cut.

⁵ In the days of chivalry, the champion's arms being ceremoniously blessed, each took an oath that he used no charmed weapons. Macbeth, according to the law of arms, or perhaps only in allusion to this custom, tells Macduff of the security he had in the prediction of the spirit.

⁶ That *palter* with ambiguous expressions.

⁷ That is, on cloth suspended on a pole.

Here may you see the tyrant.

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: Before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, *Hold, enough!*

[*Exeunt, fighting.*]

*Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with Drum and Colours,
MALCOLM, Old SIWARD, ROSSE, LENOX, ANGUS,
CATHNESS, MENTETH, and Soldiers.*

Mal. I would the friends we miss, were safe arriv'd.

Siw. Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he dy'd.

Siw. Then he is dead?

Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of
sorrow

Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal.

"To cry *hold*, is the word of yielding," says Carew's *Survey of
Circumstances*, p. 74; i. e. when one of the combatants cries so.

This incident is thus related from Henry of Huntingdon by
Camden in his *Remains*, from which our author probably copied it.
—When Siward, the martial earl of Northumberland, understood that
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Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more;
They say, he parted well, and paid his score:
And so, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, with Macbeth's head on a pole.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: Behold, where
stands

The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland!

All. Hail, king of Scotland! [*Flourish.*]

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen;
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life;—This, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place:

So

his son, whom he had sent in service against the Scotchmen, was slain, he demanded whether his wounds were in the fore part or hinder part of his body. When it was answered, in the fore part, he replied, "I am right glad; neither wish I any other death to me or mine."

"Malcolm immediately after his coronation called a parlement at Forfar, in the which he rewarded them with lands and livings that had assisted him against Macbeth.—Manie of them that were before thanes, were at this time made earls, as Fife, Menteth, Atholl, Levenox, Murrey, Cathness, Ross, and Angus." *Holinshed's History of Scotland*, p. 176.

So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone*.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

* This play is deservedly celebrated for the propriety of its fictions, and solemnity, grandeur, and variety of its action, but it has no nice discriminations of character; the events are too great to admit the influence of particular dispositions, and the course of the action necessarily determines the conduct of the agents.

The danger of ambition is well described; and I know not whether it may not be said in defence of some parts which now seem improbable, that, in Shakspeare's time, it was necessary to warn credulity against vain and illusive predictions.

The passions are directed to their true end. Lady Macbeth is merely detested; and though the courage of Macbeth preserves some esteem, yet every reader rejoices at his fall. JOHNSON.

It may be worth while to remark, that Milton, who left behind him a list of no less than CIL. dramattick subjects, had fixed on the story of this play among the rest. His intention was to have begun with the arrival of Malcolm at Macduff's castle. "The matter of Duncan (says he) may be expressed by the appearing of his ghost." It should seem from this last memorandum, that Milton disliked the licence that his predecessor had taken in comprehending a history of such length within the short compass of a play, and would have new-written the whole on the plan of the ancient drama. He could not surely have indulged so vain a hope, as that of excelling Shakspeare in the *Tragedy of Macbeth*. STEEVENS.

Macbeth was certainly one of Shakspeare's latest productions, and it might possibly have been suggested to him by a little performance on the same subject at Oxford, before king James, 1605. I will transcribe my notice of it from *Wote's Rex Plauticus*: "Fabulæ ansam dedit antiqua de regiâ profusiâ historiola apud Scoto-Britannos celebrata, quæ narrat tres olim Sibyllas occurrisse duobus Scotiæ proceribus, Macbetho & Banchoni, & illum prædixisse regem futurum, sed regem nullum geniturum; hunc regem non futurum, sed reges geniturum multos. Vaticanii veritatem rerum eventus comprobavit. Banchonis enim è stirpe potentissimus Jacobus oriundus." p. 29.

Since I made the observation here quoted, I have been repeatedly told, that I unwittingly make Shakspeare learned at least in Latin, as this must have been the language of the performance before king James. One might perhaps have plausibly said, that he probably picked up the story at second-hand; but mere accident has thrown an old pamphlet in my way, intitled *The Oxford Triumpb*, by one Anthony Nixon, 1605, which explains the whole matter: "This performance, says Anthony, was first in Latine to the king, then in English to the queene and young prince;" and, as he goes on to tell us, "the conceipt there-

of

of the king did very much, applaud." It is likely that the friendly letter, which we are informed king James once wrote to Shakspeare, was on this occasion.— FARMER.

Dr. Johnson used often to mention an acquaintance of his, who was for ever boasting what great things he would do, could he but meet with Ascham's *Toxophilus*, at a time when Ascham's pieces had not been collected, and were very rarely to be found. At length *Toxophilus* was procured, but—nothing was done. The Interlude performed at Oxford in 1605, by the students of Saint John's college, was for a while so far my *Toxophilus*, as to excite my curiosity very strongly on the subject. Whether Shakspeare in the composition of this noble tragedy was at all indebted to any preceding performance, through the medium of translation, or in any other way, appeared to me well worth ascertaining. The British Museum was examined in vain. Mr. Warton very obligingly made a strict search at St. John's college, but no traces of this literary performance could there be found. At length chance threw into my hands the very verses that were spoken in 1605 by three young gentlemen of that college; and, being thus at last obtained, "that no man" (to use the words of Dr. Johnson) "may ever want them more," I will here transcribe them.

"Ad regis introitum, e Joannensi Collegio extra portam urbis borealem sito, tres quasi Sibyllæ, sic (ut e sylva) salutarunt.

1. Fatidicas olim fama est cecinisse sorores
Imperium sine fine tuæ, rex inclyte, stirpis.
Banquonem agnovit generosa Loquabria Thanum;
Nec tibi, Banquo, tuis sed sceptræ nepotibus illæ
Immortalibus immortalia vaticinatæ:
In saltum, ut lateas, dum Banquo recedis ab aula.
Tres eadem pariter canimus tibi fata tuisque,
Dum spectande tuis, e saltu accedis ad urbem;
Teque salutamus: Salve, cui Scotia servit;
2. Anglia cui, salve. 3. Cui servit Hibernia, salve.
1. Gallia cui titulos, terras dant cætera, salve.
2. Quem divisa prius colit una Britannia, salve.
3. Summe Monarcha Britannice, Hibernice, Gallicæ, salve.
1. ANNA, parens regum, soror, uxor, filia, salve.
2. Salve, HENRICK hæres, princeps pulcherrime, salve.
3. Dux CAROL, et perbelle Polonice regule, salve.
1. Nec metas fatis, nec tempora ponimus istis;
Quin orbis regno, samæ sint terminus astra:
CANUTUM referas regno quadruplicæ clarum;

. Major

Major avis, æquandè tuis diademate solis,
 Nec serimus cædes, nec bella, nec anxia corda;
 Nec furor in nobis; sed agente calescimus illo
 Numine, quo Thomas Whitus per somnia motus,
 Londinensis eques, misit hæc tecta dicavit.
 Musis? imo Deo, tutelarique Joanni.
 Ille Deo charum et curam, prope prætereuntem
 Ire salutatum, Christi precursor, ad ædem
 Christi pergentem, iussit. Dicta ergo salute
 Perge, tuo aspectu sit læta Academia, perge." MALONE.



K I N G J O H N.



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•• A Play entitled *The troublesome raigne of John King of England*, in two parts, was printed in 1591, without the writer's name. It was written, I believe, either by Robert Greene, or George Peele; and certainly preceded this of our author. Mr. Pope, who is very inaccurate in matters of this kind, says that the former was printed in 1611, as written by W. Shakspeare and W. Rowley. But this is not true. In the second edition of this old play in 1611, the letters W. Sh. were put into the title-page, to deceive the purchaser, and to lead him to suppose the piece was Shakspeare's play, which at that time was not published.—See a more minute account of this fraud in *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's Plays*. Our author's *King John* was written, I imagine, in 1596. The reasons on which this opinion is founded, may be found in that Essay. This drama was evidently formed on the old anonymous play. Probably, however, Shakspeare also perused Holinshed's account of this reign, he being undoubtedly his guide in all his historical plays. This play comprehends a period of almost seventeen years, being nearly the whole reign of King John, commencing soon after his accession to the throne, and ending with his death. MALONE.

There must have been some tradition, however erroneous, upon which Mr. Pope's account was founded. I make no doubt that Rowley wrote the first *King John*; and when Shakspeare's play was called for, and could not be procured from the players, a piratical bookseller reprinted the old one, with W. Sh. in the title-page. (FARMER.)

"A booke called *The Historie of Lord Fauconbridge, bastard son to Richard Cordellion*," was entered at Stationers' Hall, Nov. 29, 1614; but I have never met with it, and therefore know not whether it was the old black letter history, or a play on the same subject. For the original *King John*, see *See old plays in which Shakspeare founded &c.* published by S. Leacroft, Charing-Cross. STEVENS.

The historie of Lord Fauconbridge, &c. is a prose narrative, in bl. l. The earliest edition that I have seen of it, was printed in 1616.

A book entitled "*Richard Cœur de Lion*," was entered on the Stationers' Books in 1558. MALONE.

Persons Represented.

King John:
Prince Henry, his son; afterwards King Henry III.
Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, son of Geoffrey, late Duke of Bretagne, the elder brother of King John.
William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke.
Geoffrey Fitz-Peter, Earl of Essex, Chief Justiciary of England.
William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury.
Robert Bigot, Earl of Norfolk.
Hubert de Burgh, Chamberlain to the King.
Robert Faulconbridge, son of Sir Robert Faulconbridge;
Philip Faulconbridge, his half-brother; bastard son to K. Richard the First.
James Gurney, servant to Lady Faulconbridge.
Peter of Pomfret, a Proppet.
Phillip, king of France.
Lewis, the dauphin.
Arch-duke of Austria.
Cardinal Pandulpho, the Pope's Legate.
Melun, a French Lord.
Chauillon, Ambassador from France to king John.
Elinor, the widow of King Henry II. and mother of King John.
Constance, mother to Arthur.
Blanch, daughter to Alphonso king of Castile, and niece to king John.
Lady Faulconbridge, mother to the bastard, and Robert Faulconbridge.

Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sberiff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.

• — *Salisbury,*] *Son to King Henry II. by Rosamond Clifford.*



K I N G J O H N.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Northampton. *A Room of state in the Palace.*

Enter King JOHN, Queen ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, and Others, with CHATILLON.

K. John. **N**OW, say, Chatillon, what would France
with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,
In my behaviour¹, to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning;—borrow'd majesty!

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island, and the territories;
To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine:
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,
Which sways usurpingly these several titles;
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,

Thy

¹ The word *behaviour* seems here to have a signification that I have never found in any other author. *The king of France*, says the envoy, *thus speaks in my behaviour to the majesty of England*; that is, the king of France speaks in the character which I here assume. I once thought that these two lines, *In my behaviour*, &c. had been uttered by the ambassador as part of his master's message, and that *behaviour* had meant the conduct of the king of France towards the king of England; but the ambassador's speech, as continued after the interruption, will not admit this meaning. JOHNSON.

In my behaviour means, I think, in the words and action that I am now going to use. MALONE.

Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control² of fierce and bloody war,
To inforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment³; so answer France.

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:
Be thou as lightning⁴ in the eyes of France;

For ere thou canst report I will be there,

The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:

So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,

And fullen presage⁵ of your own decay.—

An honourable conduct let him have;—

Pembroke, look to't:—Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt CHAT. and PEM.*

Eli.

² *Opposition, from controller.* JOHNSON.

I think, *control* means rather *constraint*, or *compulsion*. So, in the second act of *King Henry V.* when Exeter demands of the king of France the surrender of the crown, and the king answers, "Or else what follows?" Exeter replies:

"Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown

"Even in your hearts, there will be rake for it." MASON.

³ The simile does not suit well: the lightning indeed appears before the thunder is heard, but the lightning is destructive, and the thunder innocent. JOHNSON.

King John does not allude to the destructive power either of thunder or lightning; he only means to say, that Chatillon shall appear to the eyes of the French like lightning, which shows that thunder is approaching: and the thunder he alludes to is that of his cannon. Dr. Johnson forgets, that though philosophically speaking, the destructive power is in the lightning, it has generally in poetry been attributed to the thunder. So, Lear says:

"You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,

"Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,

"Singe my white head!" MASON.

⁴ By the epithet *fullen*, which cannot be applied to a trumpet, it is plain that our author's imagination had now suggested a new idea. It is as if he had said, be a *trumpet* to alarm with our invasion, be a *bird of ill omen* to croak out the prognostick of your own ruin. JOHNS.

I do not see why the epithet *fullen* may not be applied to a *trumpet*, with as much propriety as to a *bell*.

KING JOHN.

7

Eli. What now, my son? have I not ever said,
How that ambitious Constance would not cease,
Till she had kindled France, and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented: and made whole,
With very easy arguments of love;
Which now the manage³ of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right, for us.

Eli. Your strong possession, much more than your right;
Or else it must go wrong with you, and me:
So much my conscience whispers in your ear;
Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

Enter the sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers
Essex.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard: Shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.— [*Exit Sheriff.*]
Our abbies, and our priories, shall pay

Re-enter Sheriff, with Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip,
his bastard brother⁶.

This expedition's charge.—What men are you?

Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,
Born in Northamptonshire; and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge;
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John.

³ i. e. conduct, administration.

⁶ — *bastard brother.*] Though Shakspeare adopted this character of Philip Faulconbridge from the old play, it is not improper to mention that it is compounded of two distinct personages. Matthew Paris says:—
“Sub illius temporis curriculo, *Falsatus de Brete,* Neusteriensis, et spurius ex parte matris, atque *Bastardus*, qui in villi jumento manticato ad regis paulo ante clientelam descenderat,” &c. Matt. Paris, in his *History of the Monks of St. Albans*, calls him *Falso*, but in his *General History*, *Falsatus de Brete*, as above. Holinshed says, “that Richard I. had a natural son named Philip, who in the year following killed the viscount De Limoges, to revenge the death of his father.”

KING JOHN.

K. John. What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?

You came not of one mother then, it seems.

Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king.

That is well known; and, as I think, one father.

But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,

I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother;

Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother,

And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Bast. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;

That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;

The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out

At least from fair five hundred pound a year:

Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!

K. John. A good blunt fellow:—Why, being younger

born,

Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.

But once he slander'd me with bastardy:

But whe'r I be as true begot, or no,

That still I lay upon my mother's head;

But, that I am as well begot, my liege,

(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)

Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.

If old sir Robert did beget us both,

And were our father, and this son like him;—

O old sir Robert, father, on my knee

I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a mad-cap hath heaven lent us

here!

Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face?

The accent of his tongue affecteth him:

Do you not read some tokens of my son

In the large composition of this man?

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The trick, or tricking, is the same as the tracing of a drawing,

meaning that peculiarity of face which may be sufficiently shewn by the

slightest outline. Our author often uses this phrase, and generally in

the sense of a peculiar air or cast of countenance or feature.

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K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Basf. Because he hath a half-face, like my father;
With that half-face would he have all my land:
A half-fac'd groat five hundred pound a year*!

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much;—

Basf. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land;
Your tale must be, how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there, with the emperor,
To treat of high affairs touching that time;
The advantage of his absence took the king,
And in the mean-time sojourn'd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak:

But truth is truth; large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,

(As I have heard my father speak himself,)
When this same lusty gentleman was got.

Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it on his death,

That this, my mother's son, was none of his;
And, if he were, he came into the world

Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,

My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him;

And, if she did play false, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands

VOL. III.

T

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* He sneers at the meagre sharp visage of his brother, by comparing him to a silver groat, that bore the king's face in profile, so shewed but half the face. The groats of all our kings of England, and indeed all their other coins of silver, one or two only excepted, had a full face crowned; till Henry VII. in 1504. coined groats and half-groats, as also some shillings, with half faces, i. e. faces in profile, as all our coin has now. In this allusion the poet is knowingly guilty of an anachronism: for in the time of king John there were no groats at all; they being first, as far as appears, coined in the reign of king Edward III.

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That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;
In sooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him: This concludes,⁹—
My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force,
To dispossess that child which is not his?

Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, fir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather, — be a Faulconbridge,
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land;
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?¹

Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, fir Robert his, like him²;
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd; my face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, Look, where three-farthings goes!³

And,

⁹ This is a *decisive argument*. As your father, if he liked him, could not have been forced to resign him, so, not liking him, he is not at liberty to reject him.

¹ *Lord of thy presence* means master of that dignity and grandeur of appearance that may sufficiently distinguish thee from the vulgar, without the help of fortune. *Lord of his presence* apparently signifies, *great in his own person*, and is used in this sense by king John in one of the following scenes.

² This is obscure and ill expressed. The meaning is: *If I had his shape, — fir Robert's, — as he has. Sir Robert his*, for *fir Robert's*, is agreeable to the practice of that time, when the *'s* added to the nominative was believed, erroneously, to be a contraction of *his*.

³ In this very obscure passage our poet is anticipating the date of another coin; humorously to rally a thin face, eclipsed, as it were, by a full-blown *rose*. We must observe, to explain this allusion, that queen Elizabeth was the first, and indeed the only princess, who coined in England threehalfpence, and three-farthing pieces. And these pieces all had her head; and the *rose* behind. THEOBALD.

Mr.

And, to his shape, were heir to all this land;
'Would I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be sir Nob in any case.

Eli. I like thee well; Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

Bast. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance:
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year;
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.—
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death⁴.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Bast. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;
Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose form
thou bear'st:

Kneel thou down Philip, but rise more great⁵;
Arise sir Richard, and Plantagenet⁶.

Bast. Brother by the mother's side, give me your hand;
My father gave me honour, yours gave land:—
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, sir Robert was away.

T 2

Eli.

Mr. Theobald has not mentioned a material circumstance relative to these three-farthing pieces, on which the propriety of the allusion in some measure entirely depends; viz. that they were made of silver, and consequently extremely thin. From their thinness they were very liable to be cracked. Hence Ben Jonson, in his *Berry Man in his Humour*, says, "He values me at a crack'd three-farthings." MALONE.

⁴ This expression is common among our ancient writers.

⁵ More is here used as a dissyllable.

⁶ It is a common opinion, that *Plantagenet* was the surname of the royal house of England, from the time of king Henry II.; but it is, as Camden observes in his *Remaines*, 1614, a popular mistake. Plantagenet was not a family name, but a nick-name, by which a grandson of Geoffrey, the first earl of Anjou, was distinguished, from his wearing a *breast-hawk* in his bonnet. But this name was never borne either by the first earl of Anjou, or by king Henry II. the son of that earl by the Empress Maude; he being always called Henry First *Empress*; his son, Richard *Coeur-de-lion*; and the prince who is exhibited in the play before us, John *fais-terre*, or *lackland*.

Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!—
I am thy grandame, Richard; call me so.

Bast. Madam, by chance, but not by truth: What
though?

Something about, a little from the right²,

In at the window, or else o'er the hatch³.

Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night;

And have is have, however men do catch:

Near or far off, well won is still well shot;

And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge; now hast thou thy desire,
A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.—

Come, madam, and come, Richard; we must speed
For France, for France; for it is more than need.

Bast. Brother, adieu; Good fortune come to thee!
For thou wast got i'the way of honesty.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*]

A foot of honour⁴ better than I was;

But many a many foot of land the worse.

Well, now can I make any Joan a lady:—

Good den, sir Richard⁵,—God-a-mercy, fellow⁶;—

And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:

For new-made honour doth forget men's names;

'Tis

² I am your grandson, madam, by chance, but not by honesty;—what
then?

³ This speech, composed of allusive and proverbial sentences, is obscure. *I am*, says the spritely knight, *your grandson*, a little irregularly, but every man cannot get what he wishes the legal way. He that dares not go about his designs by day, must make his motions in the night; he, to whom the door is shut, must climb the windows, or leap the hatches. This, however, shall not depress me; for the world never enquires how any man got what he is known to possess, but allows that to have is to have, however it was caught, and that he who wins, lost well, whatever was his skill, whether the arrow fell near the mark, or far off it.

⁴ These expressions mean, to be born out of wedlock.

⁵ A step, unpat.

⁶ Faulconbridge is now entertaining himself with ideas of greatness, suggested by his recent knighthood.—*Good den, sir Richard*, he supposes to be the salutation of a vassal; *God-a-mercy, fellow*, his own supercilious reply to it.

'Tis too respectful, and too sociable,
 For your conversion³. Now your traveller⁴.—
 He and his tooth-pick⁵ at my worship's mess;
 And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
 Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise
 My picked man of countries⁶:—*My dear sir,*
 (Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,) *I shall beseech you*—That is question now;
 And then comes answer like an ABC-book⁷:—
O sir, says answer, at your best command;
At your employment; at your service, sir:—
No, sir, says question; I, sweet sir, at yours:
 And so, ere answer knows what question would,
 (Saving in dialogue of compliment;
 And talking of the Alps, and Apennines,
 The Pyrenean, and the river Po,) *It draws toward supper in conclusion so.*
 But this is worshipful society,
 And fits the mounting spirit, like myself:
 For he is but a bastard to the time⁸,
 That doth not smack of observation;
 (And so am I, whether I smack, or no;)
 And not alone in habit and device,
 Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
 But from the inward motion to deliver

T 3

Sweet

³ *Respectful* is *respectful*.

For your *conversion*, may mean, his late change of condition from a private gentleman to a knight.

⁴ It is said in *All's Well that ends Well*, that "a traveller is a good thing after dinner." In that age of newly excited curiosity, one of the entertainments at great tables seems to have been the discourse of a traveller.

⁵ It has been already remarked, that *to pick the tooth* was in that time, a mark of a man affecting foreign fashions. At my worship's *mess*, means, at that part of the table where I, as a knight, shall be placed.

⁶ The word *piked* may not refer to the beard, but to the *haars*, which were once worn of an immoderate length.

⁷ An *ABC-book*, or, as they spoke and wrote it, an *absy-book*, is a *catechism*.

⁸ He is accounted but a mean man in the present age, who does not shew by his dress, his deportment, and his talk, that he has travelled, and made observations in foreign countries.

Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
Which, though I will not practise to deceive;²
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—
But who comes in such haste³, in riding robes?
What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,
That will take pains to blow a horn⁴ before her?

Enter Lady FAULCONBRIDGE and James Gurney⁵.

O me! it is my mother:—How now, good lady?
What brings you here to court so hastily?

Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he?
That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

Bast. My brother Robert? old sir Robert's son?
Colbrand⁶ the giant, that same mighty man?
Is it sir Robert's son, that you seek to?

Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,
Sir Robert's son: Why scorn'st thou at sir Robert?
He is sir Robert's son; and so art thou.

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Bast. Philip?—Sparrow⁷!—James,
There's toys abroad⁸; anon I'll tell thee more.

[Exit GURNEY.]

Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son;
Sir

² The construction will be mended, if instead of *Which though*, we read *This though*.

³ Milton, in his tragedy, introduces Dalilah with such an interrogatory exclamation.

⁴ He means, that a woman who travelled about like a post, was likely to *horn* her husband.

⁵ Our author found this name in perusing the history of King John; who not long before his victory at Mirabeau over the French, headed by young Arthur, seized the lands and castle of Hugh Gurney, near Butevant in Normandy.

⁶ Colbrand was a Danish giant, whom Guy of Warwick discomfited in the presence of king Athelstan. The combat is very pompously described by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*.

⁷ Dr. Grey observes, that Skelton has a poem to the memory of Philip Sparrow; and Mr. Pope in a short note remarks that a sparrow is called Philip.

⁸ i. e. rumours, idle reports.

Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
 Upon Good-friday, and ne'er broke his fast:
 Sir Robert could do well; Marry, (to confess!)
 Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;
 We know his handy-work:—Therefore, good mother,
 To whom am I beholding for these limbs?
 Sir Robert never holp to make this leg.

Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
 That for thine own gain should'st defend mine honour?
 What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

Bast. Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco-like:
 What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.
 But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son;
 I have disclaim'd sir Robert, and my land;
 Legitimation, name, and all is gone:

Then, good my mother, let me know my father;
 Some proper man, I hope; Who was it, mother?

Lady F. Hast thou deny'd thyself a Faulcoabridge?

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father;
 By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
 To make room for him in my husband's bed:—
 Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!—
 Thou art the issue of my dear offence,
 Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.

Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
 Madam, I would not with a better father.
 Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
 And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:
 Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose*,—

T 4

Subject 1

* There are *sins*, that whatever be determined of them above, are not much censured on earth.

Shakspeare here alludes to the old metrical romance of *Richard Cœur de lion*, wherein this once celebrated monarch is related to have acquired his distinguishing appellation, by having plucked out a lion's heart to whose fury he was exposed by the duke of Austria, for having slain his son with a blow of his fist. From this ancient romance the story has crept into some of our old chronicles; but the original passage may be seen at large in the Introduction to the third Vol. of *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*.

Subjected tribute to commanding love,—
 Against whose fury and unmatched force
 The awless lion could not wage the fight,
 Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand,
 He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
 May easily win a woman's. Ah, my mother,
 With all my heart I thank thee for my father!
 Who lives and dares but say, thou did'st not well
 When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
 Come, lady, I will shew thee to my kin;
 And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
 If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:
 Who says, it was, he lies; I say, 'twas not. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

France. *Before the walls of Angiers.*

Enter, on one side, the Archduke of Austria, and forces; on the other, PHILIP, King of France, and forces, LEWIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and Attendants.

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria,—
 Arthur, that great fore-runner of thy blood,
 Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
 And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
 By this brave duke came early to his grave⁹:

And,

⁹ The old play led Shakspeare into this error of ascribing to the duke of Austria the death of Richard, who lost his life at the siege of Chaluz, long after he had been ransom'd out of Austria's power. STEVENS.

The producing *Austria* on the scene is also contrary to the truth of history, into which anachronism our author was led by the old play. Leopold Duke of Austria, by whom Richard I. had been thrown into prison in 1193, died in consequence of a fall from his horse in 1195, some years before the commencement of the present play.

The original cause of the enmity between Richard the First, and the duke of Austria, was, according to Fabian, that Richard "took from a knight of the Duke of *Qrichs* the said duke's banner, and in despite of the said duke, trade it under foote, and did unto it

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And, for amends to his posterity,
At our importance ¹ hither is he come,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John:
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death,
The rather, that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war:
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lew. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love;
That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore ²,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders,
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the west,
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

T 5

Const.

all the spite he might." Harding says, in his Chronicle, that the cause of quarrel was Richard's taking down the Duke of Austria's arms and banner, which he had set up above those of the king of France and the king of Jerusalem. The affront was given, when they lay before Acre in Palestine. This circumstance is alluded to in the old *King John*, where the Bastard, after killing Austria, says,

"And as my father triumph'd in thy spoils,

"And trod *thine* ensigns underneath his feet," &c.

Other historians say, that the duke suspected Richard to have been concerned in the assassination of his kinsman, the Marquis of Montferrat, who was stabbed in Tyre, soon after he had been elected king of Jerusalem; but this was a calumny, propagated by Richard's enemies for political purposes.

¹ At our importunity.

² England is supposed to be called Albion from the *white rocks* facing France.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
To make a more requital³ to your love.

Auf. The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well then, to work; our cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town.—
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots⁴ of best advantages:—
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvise'd you stain your swords with blood:
My lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter CHATILLON.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady⁵!—lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd.—
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord,
We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I:
His marches are expedient⁶ to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,

An

³ More signified in our author's time, *greater*.

⁴ —the plots—] i. e. the ground, or posts. *MALONE*.

⁵ The wonder is only that Chatillon happened to arrive at the moment when Constance mentioned him; which the French king, according to a superstition which prevails more or less in every mind agitated by great affairs, turns into a miraculous interposition, or omen of good.

⁶ —expedient—] Immediate, *expeditious*.

An Até⁷, stirring him to blood and strife;
 With her her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;
 With them a bastard of the king's deceas'd:
 And all the unsettled humours of the land,—
 Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
 With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,—
 Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
 Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
 To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
 In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
 Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er⁸,
 Did never float upon the swelling tide,
 To do offence and scath⁹ in Christendom.
 The interruption of their churlish drums [Drums beat:
 Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,
 To parly, or to fight; therefore, prepare.

K. Phi. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
 We must awake endeavour for defence;
 For courage mounteth with occasion:
 Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

*Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, the BASTARD,
 PEMBROKE, and Forces.*

K. John. Peace be to France; if France in peace permit

Our just and lineal entrance to our own!
 If not; bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven!
 Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
 Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.

K. Phi. Peace be to England; if that war return
 From France to England, there to live in peace!
 England we love; and, for that England's sake,
 With burthen of our armour here we sweat:

T 6

This

⁷ *Até* was the Goddess of Revenge. This image might have been borrowed from the celebrated libel, called *Leicester's Commonwealth*, 1584.

⁸ *Waft* for *wasted*; as afterwards, in this play, *beat* for *beated*.

⁹ Destruction, harm.

This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
 But thou from loving England art so far,
 That thou hast under-wrought¹ his lawful king,
 Cut off the sequence of posterity,
 Out-faced infant state, and done a rape
 Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
 Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face;—
 These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:
 This little abstract doth contain that large,
 Which dy'd in Geoffrey; and the hand of time
 Shall draw this brief² into as huge a volume.
 That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,
 And this his son; England was Geoffrey's right,
 And this is Geoffrey's: In the name of God,
 How comes it then, that thou art call'd a king,
 When living blood doth in these temples beat,
 Which owe the crown that thou o'er-mastereſt?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission,
 France,

To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. Phi. From that supernal judge, that stirs good
 thoughts

In any breast of strong authority,

To look into the blots and stains of right³.

That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:

Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong;

And, by whose help, I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phi. Excuse; it is to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France?

Const. Let me make answer;—thy usurping son.

Eli. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king;

That

¹ i. e. underworked, undermined.

² Our author has elsewhere used *brief* for a short note, or description.

³ The illegitimate branch of a family always carried the arms of it with what in ancient heraldry was called a *blot* or *difference*. *Blots* and *points* occur again together in A& III. sc. I. STEEVENS.

Blot had certainly the heraldical sense mentioned by Mr. STEEVENS. But it here, I think, means only *blimishes*. So again, in A& III. MALONE.

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That thou may'st be a queen, and check the world⁴!

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true,
As thine was to thy husband: and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geoffrey,
Than thou and John in manners; being as like,
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think,
His father never was so true begot;

It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother⁵.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot

Aust. Peace!

[thee.

Bast. Hear the crier⁶.

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Bast. One that will play the devil, fir, with you,
An 'a may catch your hide and you alone⁷.

You

4 "Surely (says Holinshed) Queen Eleanor, the kyngs mother, was fore against her nephew Arthur, rather moved thereto by envye conceived agaynst his mother, than upon any just occasion, given in the behalfe of the childe; for that she saw, if he were king, how his mother Constance would look to beare the most rule within the realme of Englande, till her sonne should come to lawfull age, to govern of himselfe. So hard a thing it is, to bring women to agree in one minde, their natures commonly being so contrary."

5 Constance alludes to Elinor's infidelity to her husband Lewis the Seventh, when they were in the Holy Land; on account of which he was divorced from her. She afterwards (1151) married our K. Henry II.

6 Alluding to the usual proclamation for silence, made by criers in courts of justice, beginning *Oyez*, corruptly pronounced *O-Ya*. Austria has just said, *Peace*.

7 The ground of the quarrel of the Bastard to Austria is no where specified in the present play. But the story is, that Austria, who killed king Richard *Cœur-de-lion*, wore as the spoil of that prince, a lion's *bide*, which had belonged to him. This circumstance renders the anger of the bastard very natural, and ought not to have been omitted. This circumstance is particularly alluded to in the old play of *King John*, Sign. C. 1. King Richard, however, was not killed by the duke of Austria, but by Bertrand de Gourdon at the siege of Chaluz, a castle belonging to the Viscount de Lymoges. The omission of this incident was natural. Shakspeare having familiarised the story to his own imagination, forgot that it was obscure to his audience; or what is equally probable, the story was then so popular that a hint was sufficient at that time to bring it to mind; and these plays were written with very little care for the approbation of posterity.

You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard;
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to't; i'faith, I will, i'faith.

Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe,
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

Bast. It lies as lightly on the back of him,
As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass:—
But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back;
Or lay on that, shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?

K. Phi. Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.

Lew. Women and fools, break off your conference.—
King John, this is the very sum of all,—
England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:

Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?

K. John. My life as soon:—I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

Const. Do, child, go to it' grandam, child:

Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will

Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:

There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace!

I would, that I were low laid in my grave;

I am not worth this coil, that's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

Const. Now shame upon you, whe'r she does, or no!

His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee;

Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd

To

* A double allusion was intended; first, to the fable of the ass in the lion's skin; then Richard I. is finely set in competition with Alcides, as Austria is satirically coupled with the ass.

To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!

Call not me slanderer; thou, and thine, usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights,
Of this oppressed boy: This is thy eldest son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee;
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say,—

That he's not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague.
On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,
And with her plague, her sin; his injury
Her injury,—the beadle to her sin;
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her; A plague upon her!

Eli.

9 This passage appears to me very obscure. The chief difficulty arises from this, that Constance having told Elinor of her *sin-conceiving womb*, pursues the thought, and uses *sin* through the next lines in an ambiguous sense, sometimes for *crime*, and sometimes for *offspring*.

He's not only plagued for her sin, &c. He is not only made miserable by vengeance for her *sin* or *crime*; but her *sin*, her *offspring*, and she, are made the instruments of that vengeance, on this descendant; who, though of the second generation, is *plagued for her and with her*; to whom she is not only the cause but the instrument of evil.

The next clause is more perplexed. All the editions read:

— *plagu'd for her,*

And with her plague her sin; his injury.

Her injury, the beadle to her sin,

All punish'd in the person of this child.

I point thus:

— *plagu'd for her*

And with her.—Plague her son; his injury

Her injury, the beadle to her sin.

That is; instead of inflicting vengeance on this innocent and remote descendant, *punish her son*, her immediate offspring: then the affliction will fall where it is deserved; *his injury* will be *her injury*, and the misery of her *sin*; her son will be a *beadle*, or chastiser, to her *crime*, which are now *all punish'd in the person of this child*. JOHNSON.

KING JOHN.

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;
A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!

K. Phi. Peace, lady; pause, or be more temperate:
It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim
To these ill-tuned repetitions.¹—

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, Arthur's, or John's.

Trumpets sound. Enter Citizens upon the walls.

1. *Cit.* Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England, for itself:

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

K. John. For our advantage;—Therefore, hear us first.²

These flags of France, that are advanced here

Before the eye and prospect of your town,

Have hither march'd to your endamagement:

The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;

And ready mounted are they, to spit forth

Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:

All preparation for a bloody siege,

And merciless proceeding by these French,

Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates;³

And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,

That as a waist do girdle you about,

By the compulsion of their ordnance

By this time from their fixed beds of lime

Had been dishabited, and wide havock made

For bloody power to rush upon your peace.

But,

¹ Dr. Warburton has well observed on one of the former plays, that to cry aim is to encourage.

The phrase (as Dr. Johnson has suggested,) "was borrowed from archery, aim having been the word of command as we now say present."

² If we read—For your advantage, it would be a more specious reason for interrupting Phillip.

³ I. e. gates hastily closed from an apprehension of danger.

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But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,—
 Who painfully, with much expedient march,
 Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
 To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,—
 Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle;
 And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
 To make a shaking fever in your walls,
 They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
 To make a faithless error in your ears:
 Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
 And let us in, your king; whose labour'd spirits,
 Forweary'd in this action of swift speed,
 Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both,
 Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
 Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
 Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet;
 Son to the elder brother of this man,
 And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys:
 For this down-trodden equity, we tread
 In warlike march these greens before your town;
 Being no further enemy to you,
 Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
 In the relief of this oppressed child,
 Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
 To pay that duty, which you truly owe,
 To him that owes it*; namely, this young prince:
 And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
 Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up;
 Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
 Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
 And, with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
 With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruised,
 We will bear home that lusty blood again,
 Which here we came to spout against your town,
 And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.
 But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,

'Tis

* *Owe* is here, as in other books of our author's time, used for *own*.

'Tis not the roundure^s of your old-fac'd walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war;
Though all these English, and their discipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?

1. *Cit.* In brief, we are the king of England's subjects;
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

1. *Cit.* That can we not: but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal; till that time,
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?
And, if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

Bast. Bastards, and else.

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phi. As many, and as well-born bloods as those,—

Bast. Some bastards too.

K. Phi. Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.

1. *Cit.* Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls,
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. Phi. Amen, Amen!—Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

Bast. Saint George,—that swing'd the dragon, and e'er
since;

Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence!—Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, sirrah, [*to Aust.*] with your lionsess,
I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.—

Aust. Peace; no more.

Bast. O, tremble; for you hear the lion roar.

K. John.

^s *Roundure* means the same as the French *rondeur*, i. e. the circle.

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KING JOHN.

27

K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we'll set forth
In best appointment, all our regiments.

Bast. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.

K. Phi. It shall be so;—[to Lewis.] and at the other
hill

Command the rest to stand.—God, and our right!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same.

*Alarums and Excursions; then a Retreat. Enter a French
Herald, with trumpets, to the gates.*

F. Her. You men of Angiers⁶, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in;
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground:
Many a widow's husband groveling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French;
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

Enter an English Herald, with trumpets.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers⁷, ring your bells;
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day!
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;
There stuck no plume in any English crest,
That is removed by a staff of France;
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth;

And,

⁶ This speech is very poetical and smooth, and except the conceit of the widow's husband embracing the earth, is just and beautiful.

⁷ The English herald falls somewhat below his antagonist. Silver armour gilt with blood is a poor image. Yet our author has it again in *Macbeth*.

And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen¹, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes:
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

1. *Cit.* Heralds, from off our towers² we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured³;
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted
power:

Both are alike; and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest: while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

*Enter, at one side, King JOHN, with his power; ELINOR,
BLANCH, and the BASTARD; at the other, King
PHILIP, LEWIS, AUSTRIA, and forces.*

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right roam on?
Whose passage vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-swell
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores;
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. Phi. England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood,
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more: And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,—
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead;
Gracing the scrawl, that tells of this war's loss,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,

When

¹ It was, I think, one of the savage practices of the chase, for all to stain their hands in the blood of the deer, as a trophy.

² These three speeches seem to have been laboured. The citizen's is the best; yet *both alike we like* is a poor jingle.

³ i. e. cannot be estimated.

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When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
 O, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel;
 The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
 And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men²,
 In undetermin'd differences of kings.—
 Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
 Cry, havock, kings³! back to the stained field,
 You equal potents⁴, fiery-kindled spirits!
 Then let confusion of one part confirm
 The other's peace; till then, blows; blood, and death!

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?

1. *Cit.* The king of England, when we know the king.

K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
 And bear possession of our person here;
 Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

1. *Cit.* A greater power than we, denies all this⁵;

And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
 Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates:
 King'd of our fears⁶, until our fears, resolv'd,
 Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers⁷ flout you,
 kings;

And

² *Mousing*, like many other ancient and now uncouth expressions, was expelled from our author's text by Mr. Pope; and *mounting*, which he substituted in its room, has been adopted in the subsequent editions, without any sufficient reason, in my apprehension. *Mousing* is, I suppose, mamocking, and devouring eagerly, as a cat devours a mouse.

MALONE.

³ That is, *command slaughter to proceed*. So, in another place: "He with Até by his side, *Crits, bawock!*"

⁴ *Potents* for potentates.

⁵ i. e. the *Lord of hosts*, who has not yet decided the superiority of either army; and till it be undoubted, the people of Angiers will not open their gates.

⁶ i. e. Our fears being our kings, or rulers.

King'd is used as a participle passive by Shakspeare more than once. —It is scarce necessary to add, that, *of*, here (as in numberless other places) has the signification of, *by*.

⁷ *Escrouelles*, Fr. i. e. scabby, scrophulous fellows. Ben Jonson uses the word in *Every Man in his Humour*.

And stand securely on their battlements,
 As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
 At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
 Your royal presences be rul'd by me;
 Do like the mutines^a of Jerusalem,
 Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
 Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
 By east and west let France and England mount
 Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths;
 Till their soul-fearing clamours^b have brawl'd down
 The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
 I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
 Even till unfenced desolation
 Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
 That done, dissever your united strengths,
 And part your mingled colours once again;
 Turn face to face, and bloody point to point:
 Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth
 Out of one side her happy minion;
 To whom in favour she shall give the day,
 And kiss him with a glorious victory.
 How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
 Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
 I like it well:—France, shall we knit our powers,
 And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
 Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?

Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,—
 Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town,—
 Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
 As we will ours, against these saucy walls:
 And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
 Why, then defy each other; and, pell-mell,
 Make work upon ourselves, for heaven, or hell.

K. Phi. Let it be so:—Say, where will you assault?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
 Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phi.

^a The mutines are the mutineers, the seditious.
^b i. e. soul-appalling.

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¹ The
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² Zep
 lition.

K. Phi. Our thunder from the south,
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Bast. O prudent discipline! From north to south;
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth: [*Aside.*
I'll stir them to it:—Come, away, away!

1. *Cit.* Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe a while to stay,
And I shall shew you peace, and fair-fac'd league;
Win you this city without stroke, or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field:
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favour; we are bent to hear.

1. *Cit.* That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch¹,
Is near to England; Look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid:
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love² should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:
If not complete, O say, he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not he:
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such a she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in:
And two such shores to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.

This

¹ The lady Blanch was daughter to Alphonso the Ninth, king of Castile, and was niece to king John by his sister Eleanor.

² Zealous seems here to signify pious; or influenced by motives of religion.

This union shall do more than battery can,
 To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match,
 With swifter spleen³ than powder can enforce,
 The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
 And give you entrance: but, without this match,
 The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
 Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
 More free from motion; no, not death himself
 In mortal fury half so peremptory,
 As we to keep this city.

Bas. Here's a stay,
 That shakes the rotten carcass of old death⁴
 Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
 That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas;
 Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
 As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
 What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
 He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and bounce;
 He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
 Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his,
 But buffets better than a fist of France:
 Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words,
 Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;
 Give with our niece a dowry large enough:
 For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
 Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,
 That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
 The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
 I see a yielding in the looks of France;
 Mark, how they whisper: urge them, while their souls
 Are capable of this ambition;

Lest

³ Our author uses *spleen* for any violent hurry, or tumultuous speed. So, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* he applies *spleen* to the lightning. I am loath to think that Shakspeare meant to play with the double of *match* for *nuptial*, and the *match* of a gun.

⁴ *Stay*, here signifies a *supporter of a cause*. Here's an extraordinary partizan, that shakes, &c. It is observable that *partizan* in like manner, though now generally used to signify an *adherent* to a party, originally meant a pike or halberd.

Left zeal, now melted³, by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

1. *Cit.* Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been forward
To speak unto this city: What say you? [first

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,
Can in this book of beauty read, I love,
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea
(Except this city now by us besieg'd)
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face;

Lew. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow:
I do protest, I never lov'd myself,
Till now infixed I beheld myself,
Drawn in the flattering table⁶ of her eye.

[Whispers with Blanch.

Blanch. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!—
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!—

And quarter'd in her heart!—he doth espy
Himself love's traitor: This is pity now,

Vol. III.

U

That

³ We have here a very unusual, and, I think, not very just image
of *zeal*, which, in its highest degree, is represented by others as a
flame, but by Shakspeare, as a frost. To represent *zeal*, in the language
of others, is to *cool*, in Shakspeare's to *melt* it; when it exerts its ut-
most power it is commonly said to *flame*, but by Shakspeare to be *con-
gealed*. The poet means to compare *zeal* to metal in a state of fusion,
and not to dissolving ice. The allusion is to dissolving ice.

⁶ *Table*, it has already been observed, was in our author's time a
term for a picture. *Tablæus*, Fr.

That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should be,
In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will, in this respect, is mine:

If he see aught in you, that makes him like,

That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,

I can with ease translate it to my will;

Or, if you will, (to speak more properly,)

I will enforce it easily to my love.

Further I will not flatter you, my lord,

That all I see in you is worthy love,

Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,

(Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your
judge.)

That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John. What say these young ones? What say you,
my niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do

What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, prince Dauphin; can you love
this lady?

Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;

For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volqueffen⁷, Touraine,
Maine,

Poitiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,

With her to thee; and this addition more,

Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.

Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,

Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes us well;—Young princes, close your
hands.

Auf. And your Hps too; for, I am well assur'd;

That I did so, when I was first assur'd⁸.

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,

Let

⁷ This is the ancient name for the country now called the *Vexin*; in Latin, *Pagus Velecessius*. That part of it called the *Norman Vexin*, was in dispute between Philip and John.

⁸ *Assur'd* is here used both in its common sense, and in an uncommon one, where it signifies *affianced*, *contracted*.

Let in that amity which you have made;
For at saint Mary's chapel, presently,
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.—

Is not the lady Constance in this troop?—

I know, she is not; for this match, made up,

Her presence would have interrupted much:—

Where is she and her son; tell me, who knows?

Lew. She is sad and passionate⁹ at your highness' tent.

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league, that we have
made,

Will give her sadness very little cure.—

Brother of England, how may we content

This widow lady? In her right we came;

Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way;

To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all:

For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,

And earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town

We make him lord of.—Call the lady Constance;

Some speedy messenger bid her repair

To our solemnity:—I trust we shall,

If not fill up the measure of her will,

Yet in some measure satisfy her so,

That we shall stop her exclamation.

Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,

To this unlook'd for unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard. The Citizens retire
from the walls.*]

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!

John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,

Hath willingly departed with a part¹:

And France, (whose armour conscience buckled on;

Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,

As God's own soldier,) rounded in the ear²

With that same purpose-changer, that fly devil;

U

That

⁹ *Passionate* in this instance does not signify *disposed to anger*, but a prey to mournful sensations.

¹ *To part* and *to depart* were formerly synonymous.

² i. e. *whispered in the ear*.

That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith;
 That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,
 Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids;—
 Who having no external thing to lose
 But the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of that;
 That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity,—
 Commodity³, the bias of the world;
 The world, who of itself is peised well,
 Made to run even, upon even ground;
 Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
 This sway of motion, this commodity,
 Makes it take head from all indifferency,
 From all direction, purpose, course, intent:
 And this same bias, this commodity,
 This bawd, this broker⁴, this all-changing word,
 Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
 Hath drawn him from his own-determin'd aid,
 From a resolv'd and honourable war,
 To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—
 And why rail I on this commodity?
 But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:
 Not that I have the power to clutch my hand⁵,
 When his fair angels would salute my palm;
 But for my hand⁶, as unattempted yet,
 Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
 Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
 And say,—there is no sin, but to be rich;
 And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
 To say,—there is no vice, but beggary:
 Since kings break faith upon commodity,
 Gain, be my lord; for I will worship thee!

[Exit 7.
 A C T

³ Commodity is interest.

⁴ A broker in old language meant a pimp or procurer.

⁵ To clutch my hand, is to clasp it close.

⁶ For has here, as in many other places, the signification of because.

⁷ In the old copy the second act extends to the end of the speech of Lady Constance in the next scene, at the conclusion of which she throws herself on the ground. The present division which was made by Mr. Theobald, and has been adopted by the subsequent editors, is certainly right.

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ACT III. SCENE I.

*The same. The French king's Tent.**Enter* CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and SALISBURY.

Const. Gone to be marry'd! gone to swear a peace!
 False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be friends!
 Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch those provinces?
 It is not so; thou hast mis-spoke, mis-heard;
 Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:
 It cannot be; thou dost but say, 'tis so;
 I trust, I may not trust thee; for thy word
 Is but the vain breath of a common man:
 Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
 I have a king's oath to the contrary.
 Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
 For I am sick, and capable of fears;
 Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
 A widow⁹, husbandless, subject to fears;
 A woman, naturally born to fears:
 And though thou now confests, thou didst but jest,
 With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
 But they will quake and tremble all this day.
 What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
 Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
 What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
 Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
 Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
 Be these sad signs¹ confirmers of thy words?

U 3

Then

right. By this means (as he has observed) a proper interval is made for Salisbury's going to Lady Constance, and for the solemnization of the marriage between the Dauphin and Blanch; and the chasm which the former division produced in the action of the play, is avoided.

⁸ i. e. I have a strong *sensibility*; I am tremblingly alive to apprehension.

⁹ This was not the fact. Constance, was at this time married to a third husband, Guido, brother to the Viscount of Touars. She had been divorced from her second husband, Ranulph, Earl of Chester.

¹ The sad signs are, the *shaking of his head*, the *laying his hand on his breast*, &c.

Exit 7.
C T

because.
speech of
throws
by Mr.
certainly
right.

Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as, I believe, you think them false,
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter so,
As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die.—
Lewis marry Blanch! O, boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England! what becomes of me?—
Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy sight;
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. If thou, that bid'st me be content, were grim,
Ugly, and stand'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless^a stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious^b,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou,
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose: but fortune, O!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to fortune, and king John;

That

^a The poet uses *sightless* for that which we now express by *unsightly*, disagreeable to the eyes.

^b That is, *portentous*, so deformed as to be taken for a forerunner of evil.

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That strumpet fortune, that usurping John:—
 Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
 Eavenom him with words; or get thee gone,
 And leave those woes alone, which I alone
 Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam.

I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go with thee:
 I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
 For grief is proud, and makes his owner stoop⁴:
 To me, and to the state of my great grief,
 Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,
 That no supporter but the huge firm earth
 Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit;
 Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[*She throws herself on the ground.*]

*Enter King JOHN, King PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH,
 ELINOR, BASTARD, AUSTRIA, and Attendants.*

K. PHIL. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day
 Ever in France shall be kept festival:
 To solemnize this day⁵, the glorious sun
 Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist;
 Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,
 The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:
 The yearly course, that brings this day about,
 Shall never see it but a holy-day.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holy-day!— [*rising.*]
 What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done;
 That it in golden letters should be set,
 Among the high tides⁶, in the calendar?
 Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week⁷;

U 4

This

⁴ Our author has rendered this passage obscure, by indulging himself in one of those conceits in which he too much delights, and by bounding rapidly, with his usual licence, from one idea to another.

⁵ From this passage Rowe seems to have borrowed the first lines of his *Fair Penitents*.

⁶ I. e. solemn seasons, times to be observed above others.

⁷ In allusion (as Mr. Upton has observed) to Job iii. 3. "Let the day perish," &c. and v. 6. "Let it not be joined to the days of the year, let it not come into the number of the months."

This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with children
Pray, that their burthens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd:
But on this day⁹, let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day made:
This day, all things begun come to ill end;
Yea, faith itself to hollow falshood change!

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,
Resembling majesty¹; which, being touch'd, and try'd,
Proves valueless: You are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours²:

The grappling vigour and rough frown of war,
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league:—

Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings!

A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!

Let not the hours of this ungodly day

Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sun-set,

Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings³!

Hear me, O, hear me!

Aust. Lady, Constance, peace.

Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.

O Lymoges! O Austria⁴! thou dost shame

That

⁸ i. e. be disappointed by the production of a prodigy, a monster.

⁹ That is, *except on this day*. In the ancient almanacks the days supposed to be favourable or unfavourable to bargains, are distinguished among a number of other particulars of the like importance.

¹ i. e. a false coin. A *counterfeit* formerly signified also a portrait.—A representation of the king being usually impressed on his coin, the word seems to be here used equivocally.

² I am afraid here is a clinch intended: *You came in war to destroy my enemies, but now you strengthen them in embraces.* JOHNSON.

³ *Set armed discord, &c.* Shakspeare makes this bitter curse effectual.

⁴ O Lymoges! O Austria! The propriety or impropriety of these titles, which every editor has suffered to pass unnoted, deserves a little consideration. Shakspeare has, on this occasion, followed the old play,

which

That bloody spoil : Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward ;
 Thou little valiant, great in villainy !
 Thou ever strong upon the stronger side !
 Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
 But when her humourous ladyship is by
 To teach thee safety ! thou art perjur'd too,
 And sooth'ft up greatness. What a fool art thou,
 A ramping fool ; to brag, and stamp, and swear,
 Upon my party ! Thou cold-blooded slave,
 Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side ?
 Been sworn my soldier ? bidding me depend
 Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength ?
 And dost thou now fall over to my foes ?
 Thou wear a lion's hide ! doff it for shame⁵;
 And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs⁶.

Aust.

which at once furnished him with the character of Faulconbridge, and ascribed the death of Richard I. to the duke of Austria. In the person of Austria, he has conjoined the two well-known enemies of Cœur-de-lion. Leopold, duke of Austria, threw him into prison, in a former expedition [in 1193] ; but the castle of Chalus, before which he fell, [in 1199] belonged to Vidomar, viscount of Limoges ; and the archer, who pierced his shoulder with an arrow (of which wound he died) was Bertrand de Gourdon. The editors seem hitherto to have understood *Lymoges* as being an appendage to the title of Austria, and therefore enquired no further about it.

Holinshed says on this occasion : " The same yere, Philip, bastard sonne to king Richard, to whome his father had given the castell and honor of Coinack, killed the viscount of *Lymoges*, in revenge of his father's death, &c." Austria, in the old play [printed in 1591,] is called *Lymoges, the Austrich duke*."

With this note, I was favoured by a gentleman to whom I have yet more considerable obligations in regard to Shakspeare. His extensive knowledge of history and manners has frequently supplied me with apt and necessary illustrations, at the same time that his judgment has corrected my errors ; yet such has been his constant solicitude to remain concealed, that I know not but I may give offence while I indulge my own vanity in affixing to this note the name of my late friend HENRY BLAKE, Esq. STEEVENS.

⁵ To *doff* is to *do off*, to *put off*.

⁶ When fools were kept for diversion in great families, they were distinguished by a *calf skin coat*, which had the buttons down the back ; and this they wore that they might be known for fools, and escape the resentment of those whom they provoked with their waggeries. The

Auf. O, that a man should speak those words to me!

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Auf. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!—

To thee, king John, my holy errand is.

I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,

And from pope Innocent the legate here,

Do, in his name, religiously demand,

Why thou against the church, our holy mother,

So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,

Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop

Of Canterbury, from that holy see?

This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name,

Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories,

Can task the free breath of a sacred king?

Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name

So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,

To charge me to an answer, as the pope.

Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England,

Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest

Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;

But as we under heaven are supreme head,

So, under him, that great supremacy,

Where

custom is still preserved in Ireland; and the fool, in any of the legends, which the mummers act at Christmas, always appears in a calf's or cow's skin.

i. e. What earthly name, subjoined to interrogatories, can force a king to *spee* and answer them. MALONE.

This must have been at the time when it was written, in our struggles with popery, a very captivating scene.

So many passages remain in which Shakspeare evidently takes his advantage of the facts then recent, and of the passions then in motion, that I cannot but suspect that time has obscured much of his art, and that many allusions yet remain undiscovered, which perhaps may be gradually retrieved by succeeding commentators. JOHNSON.

Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand :
So tell the pope ; all reverence set apart,
To him, and his usurp'd authority.

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. John. Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,

Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out ;
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself :
Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish ;
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose

Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,

Thou shalt stand curs'd, and excommunicate :

And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt

From his allegiance to an heretick ;

And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,

Canonized, and worship'd as a saint,

That takes away by any secret course

Thy hateful life^a.

Const. O, lawful let it be,

That I have room with Rome to curse a while !

Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,

To my keen curses ; for, without my wrong,

There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

Const. And for mine too ; when law can do no right,

Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong :

Law cannot give my child his kingdom here ;

For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law :

Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,

U 6.

How

^a This may allude to the bull published against queen Elizabeth. Or we may suppose, since we have no proof that this play appeared in its present state before the reign of king James, that it was exhibited soon after the popish plot. I have seen a Spanish book in which Garnet, Faux, and their accomplices are registered as saints. Jon. W. Ch.

How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,

Let go the hand of that arch-heretick;

And raise the power of France upon his head,

Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Eli. Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.

Const. Look to that, devil! lest that France repent,

And, by disjoining hands, 'hell lose a soul.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because—

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?

Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal?

Lew. Bethink you, father; for the difference

Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome⁹,

Or the light loss of England for a friend:

Forgo the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.

Const. O Lewis, stand fast; the devil tempts thee here,
In likeness of a new untrimmed bride¹.

Blanch. The lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.

Const. O, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,

That need must needs infer this principle,—

That faith will live again by death of need:

O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;

Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. John. The king is mov'd, and answers not to this.

Const. O, be remov'd from him, and answer well.

Aust. Do so, king Philip; hang no more in doubt.

Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.

K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

Pand.

⁹ It is a political maxim, that *kingdoms are never married*. Lewis, upon the wedding, is for making war upon his new relations.

¹ *Trim is dress*. An *untrimmed* bride is a bride *undress*. Could the tempter of mankind assume a semblance in which he was more likely to be successful.

Pand. What canst thou say, but will perplex thee more,
If thou stand excommunicate, and curs'd?

K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me, how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit;
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Marry'd in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows;
The latest breath, that gave the sound of words,
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves;
And even before this truce, but new before,—
No longer than we well could wash our hands,
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,—
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and over-stain'd
With slaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensed kings:
And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both*,
Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret?†
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm;
Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O holy sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so:

Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order; and then we shall be blest
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,

A cased

* I believe the meaning is, *love so strong in both parties.* JOHNSON.
Rather, in *barred* and in *love*; in deeds of *amity* or *blood.* HENLEY.
† A *regret* is an exchange of salutation.

A cased lion⁴ by the mortal paw,
A fasting tyger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. Pbi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So mak'ft thou faith an enemy to faith;
And, like a civil war, set'ft oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd;

That is, to be the champion of our church!

What since thou swor'ft, is sworn against thyself,

And may not be performed by thyself:

For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,

Is not amiss, when it is truly done⁵;

And being not done, where doing tends to ill,

The truth is then most done, not doing it:

The better act of purposes mistook

Is, to mistake again; though indirect,

Yet indirection thereby grows direct,

And falshood falshood cures; as fire cools fire,

Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.

It is religion, that doth make vows kept;

But thou hast sworn against religion⁶;

By what thou swear'ft, against the thing thou swear'ft;

And

⁴ A cased lion, is a lion irritated by confinement.

⁵ That is, (as an anonymous writer has suggested,) *when it is not done*; for such is the meaning of *truly*; and the licentiousness of the expression is certainly sufficiently suitable to the other riddling terms used by the legate.

⁶ The propositions, that the voice of the church is the voice of heaven, and that the pope utters the voice of the church, neither of which Pandulph's auditors would deny, being once granted, the argument here used is irresistible; nor is it easy, notwithstanding the gingle, to enforce it with greater brevity or propriety. I know not whether there is any corruption beyond the omission of a point. The sense, after I had considered it, appeared to me only this: *In swearing by religion against religion, to which thou hast already sworn, thou makest an oath the security for thy faith against an oath already taken. I will give, says he, a rule for conscience in these cases. Thou may'st be in doubt about the matter of an oath; when thou swearest thou may'st not be always sure to swear rightly; but let this be thy settled principle, swear only not to be forsworn; let not the latter oaths be at variance with the former. Truth, through this whole speech, means rectitude of conduct.* JOHNSON.

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And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
 Against an oath: The truth thou art unsure
 To swear, swear only not to be forsworn;
 Else, what a mockery should it be to swear?
 But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
 And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
 Therefore, thy latter vows, against thy first,
 Is in thyself rebellion to thyself:
 And better conquest never canst thou make,
 Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
 Against these giddy loose suggestions:
 Upon which better part our prayers come in,
 If thou vouchsafe them: but, if not, then know,
 The peril of our curses light on thee;
 So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,
 But, in despair, die under their black weight.

Auf. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Bas. Will't not be?

Will not a calf's skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lew. Father, to arms!

Blanch. Upon thy wedding day?

Against the blood that thou hast married?

What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?

Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums,—

Clamours of hell,—be measures¹ to our pomp?

O husband, hear me!—ah, alack, how new

Is husband in my mouth!—even for that name,

Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,

Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms

Against mine uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee,

Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,

Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom

Fore-thought by heaven.

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love; What motive may

Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,

His honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!

Lew.

¹ The *measures*, it has already been more than once observed, were a species of solemn dance in our author's time.

Lew. I muse, your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phi. Thou shalt not need :—England, I'll fall from thee.

Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty!

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

Bast. Old time the clock-setter, that bald sexton time,
Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercastr with blood: Fair day, adieu!
Which is the side that I must go withal?

I am with both: each army hath a hand;

And, in their rage, I having hold of both,

They whirl asunder, and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win;

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose;

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;

Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;

Affured loss, before the match be play'd.

Lew. Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.—

[*Exit* Bastard.]

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;

A rage, whose heat hath this condition,

That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,

The blood, and dearest-valu'd blood, of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:

Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threatens.—To arms, let's hie! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S.CENE II.

The same. Plains near Angiers.

Alarums, Excursions. Enter the BASTARD, with AUSTRIA'S head.

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some airy devil hovers in the sky,⁸
And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there;
While Philip breathes.

Enter King JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy:—Philip⁹, make up;
My mother is assailed in our tent¹,
And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescu'd her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. *[Exeunt.]*

⁸ Shakspeare here probably alludes to the distinctions and divisions of some of the demonologists, so much read and regarded in his time. They distributed the devils into different tribes and classes, each of which had its peculiar properties, attributes, &c. These are described at length in Burton's *Anatomic of Melancholy*, Part I. sect. II. p. 45, 1632.

⁹ Here the King, who had knighted him by the name of Sir Richard, calls him by his former name. Mr. Tyrwhitt would read:

Hubert, keep [thou] this boy, &c. STEVENS.

¹ The author has not attended closely to the history. The Queen-mother, whom King John had made Regent in Anjou, was in possession of the town of Mirabeau in that province. On the approach of the French army with Arthur at their head, she sent letters to King John to come to her relief; which he did immediately. As he advanced to the town, he encountered the army that lay before it, routed them, and took Arthur prisoner. The Queen in the mean while remained in perfect security in the castle of Mirabeau. Such is the best authenticated account. Other historians however say that Arthur took Eleanor prisoner. The author of the old play has followed them. In that piece Eleanor is taken by Arthur, and rescued by her son.

SCENE III.

The same.

Alarums; Excursions; Retreat. Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, the BASTARD, HUBERT, and Lords.

K. John. So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind,
[*to Elinor.*

So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad:
Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief.

K. John. Cousin, [*to the Bast.*] away for England;
haste before:

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hearing abbots; imprisoned angels
Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must, by the hungry, now be fed upon:¹
Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle² shall not drive me back;
When gold and silver beck me to come on.

I leave your highness:—Grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)

For your fair safety; so I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewel, gentle cousin.

K. John. Cox, farewel. [*Exit Bast.*

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.

[*She takes Arthur aside.*

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We

¹ The meaning, I think, is, “—the fat ribs of peace must now be fed upon by the hungry troops,”—to whom some share of this ecclesiastical spoil would naturally fall. The expression, like many other of our author's, is taken from the sacred writings. MALONE.

² In an account of the Romish curse given by Dr. Grey, it appears that three candles were extinguished, one by one, in different parts of the execration. In Archbishop Winchelsea's sentences of excommunication, anno 1298, (see Johnson's *Ecclesiastical Law*, Vol. II.) it is directed that the sentence against infringers of certain articles should be “—throughout explained in order in English, with bells rolling, and candles lighted, that it may cause the greater dread; for laymen have greater regard to this solemnity, than to the effect of such sentence.”

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We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh
 There is a soul, counts thee her creditor,
 And with advantage means to pay thy love;
 And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
 Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
 Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
 But I will fit it with some better time.
 By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
 To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet;
 But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,
 Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.
 I had a thing to say,—But let it go:
 The sun is in the heaven; and the proud day,
 Attended with the pleasures of the world,
 Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds⁴,
 To give me audience:—If the midnight bell
 Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
 Sound one unto the drowfy race of night;
 If this same were a church-yard where we stand,
 And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
 Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
 Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick;
 (Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,
 Making that ideot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
 And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
 A passion hateful to my purposes;)
 Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply

Without

⁴ *Gawds* are any showy ornaments.

⁵ In Chaucer and other old writers *one* is usually written *on*. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's Glossary to the *Canterbury Tales*. So *once* was anciently written *on*. And it should seem from a quibbling passage in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, that *one*, in some counties at least, was pronounced in our author's time as if written *on*. See Vol. I. p. 122, n. 5. Hence the transcriber's ear might have easily deceived him.—One of the persons whom I employed to read aloud to me each sheet of the present work before it was printed off, constantly sounded the word *one* in this manner. He was a native of Hertfordshire. MALONE.

Without a tongue, using conceit⁵ alone,
 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
 Then, in despite of brooded watchful day⁶,
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
 But, ah, I will not:—Yet I love thee well;
 And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
 Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
 By heaven, I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know, thou would'st?
 Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
 On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
 He is a very serpent in my way;
 And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
 He lies before me: Dost thou understand me?
 Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so,
 That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.

I could be merry now: Hubert, I love thee;
 Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
 Remember?—Madam, fare you well;
 I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

Eli. My blessing go with thee!

K. John. For England, cousin, go:

Hubert

⁵ *Conceit* here, as in many other places, signifies *conception*, thought.

⁶ *Brooded*, is here used, with our author's usual licence, for *brooding*; i. e. day, who is as vigilant, as ready with open eye to mark what is done in his presence, as an animal at brood.

⁷ This is one of the scenes to which may be promised a lasting commendation. Art could add little to its perfection, and time itself can subtract nothing from its beauties.

⁸ King John, after he had taken Arthur prisoner, sent him to the town of Falaise in Normandy, under the care of Hubert, his Chamberlain; from whence he was afterwards removed to Rouen, and delivered to the custody of Robert de Vespont. Here he was secretly put to death.

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KING JOHN.

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Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The same. The French King's Tent.

Enter King PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, and Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado⁹ of convicted fail'
Is scatter'd, and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'er-bearing interruption, spite of France?

Lew. What he hath won, that hath he fortify'd:
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example: Who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will;
In the vile prison of afflicted breath:
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace!

K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Con-
stance!

Const.

⁹ *Armado* is a Spanish word signifying a *fleet of war*. The *armado* in 1588 was called so by way of distinction.

¹ Overpowered, baffled, destroyed. To *convict* and to *convince* were in our author's time synonymous. See *Minshew's Dict.* 1647.

² A *fierce cause* is a cause conducted with precipitation. "Fierce wretchedness," in *Timon*, is, *hasty, sudden misery*.

Const. No, I defy all counsel³, all redress,
 But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
 Death, death:—O amiable lovely death!
 Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
 Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
 Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
 And I will kiss thy detestable bones;
 And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;
 And ring these fingers with thy household worms;
 And stop this gap of breath⁴ with fulsome dust,
 And be a carrion monster like thyself:
 Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,
 And burs thee as thy wife! Misery's love,
 O, come to me!

K. Rhi. O fair affliction, peace.

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:—
 O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
 Then with a passion would I shake the world;
 And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
 Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
 Which scorns a modern invocation⁵.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so;
 I am not mad: this hair I tear, is mine;
 My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's wife;
 Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
 I am not mad;—I would to heaven, I were!
 For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:
 O, if I could, what grief should I forget!—
 Preach some philosophy to make me mad.

And

³ To defy anciently signified to resist.

⁴ The gap of breath is the mouth; the outlet from whence the breath issues.

⁵ Thou, death, who art courted by *Misery* to come to his relief, O come to me.

⁶ It is hard to say what Shakspeare means by *modern*. It is not opposed to *antient*. In *All's Well that ends well*, speaking of a girl in contempt, he uses this word: "her *modern* grace." It apparently means something *fresh* and *inconsiderable*. JOHNSON.

Modern, I believe, is *fresh*, common. STEVENS.

And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal; I
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself;
If I were mad, I should forget my son;
Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses: O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glew themselves in sociable grief;
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.

K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will; And wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds; and cry'd aloud,
O that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty!
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male-child,
To him that did but yesterday expire,

There

⁷ It was necessary that Constance should be interrupted, because a passion so violent cannot be borne long. I wish the following speeches had been equally happy; but they only serve to shew, how difficult it is to maintain the pathetic long. JOHNSON.

⁸ Neither the French king, nor Pandolph, has said a word of England, since the entry of Constance. Perhaps therefore, in despair, she means to address the absent King John: "Take my son to England, if you will;"—now that he is in your power, I have no prospect of seeing him again. It is therefore of no consequence to me where he is.

⁹ *To expire* in Shakspeare, I believe, only means *to breathe*.

STEEVENS.

There was not such a gracious creature born.
 But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
 And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
 And he will look as hollow as a ghost;
 As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
 And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
 When I shall meet him in the court of heaven,
 I shall not know him: therefore never, never
 Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
 Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
 Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
 Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
 Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
 Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.
 Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
 I could give better comfort than you do:
 I will not keep this form upon my head,

[*Tearing off her head-dress.*]

When there is such disorder in my wit.
 O lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son,
 My life, my joy, my food, my all the world,
 My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure!

K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her. [Exit.]

Lew. There's nothing in this world, can make me
 joy:

Life is as tedious as a twice-fold tale,
 Vexing.

Gracious, in this instance, as in some others, signifies *gracious*.
 This is a sentiment which great sorrow always dictates. Whoever
 cannot help himself casts his eyes on others for assistance, and often
 mistakes their inability for coldness.

The young prince feels his defeat with more sensibility than his fa-
 ther. Shame operates most strongly in the earlier years; and when can
 disgrace be less welcome than when a man is going to his bride?

Our author, here and in another play, seems to have had the
 90th Psalm in his thoughts: "For when thou art angry, all our days
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KING JOHN.

Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man ;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet word's taste,
That it yields nought, but shame, and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest ; evils, that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil :
What have you lost by losing of this day ?

Lew. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pan. If you had won it, certainly, you had.
No, no : when fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threat'ning eye.
'Tis strange, to think how much king John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won :
Are not you griev'd, that Arthur is his prisoner ?

Lew. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak, with a prophetick spirit ;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne ; and, therefore, mark.
John hath seiz'd Arthur ; and it cannot be,
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest :
A scepter, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
Must be as boist'rously maintain'd as gain'd :
And he, that stands upon a slippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up :
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall ;

Vol. III.

X

So

are gone, we bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told." So again, in *Macbeth* :

" Life's but a walking shadow ;—

" ——— it is a tale

" Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,

" Signifying nothing."

3 The *fairest word* is *life* ; which, says the speaker, is no longer sweet, yielding now nothing but shame and bitterness. Mr. Pope, with some plausibility, but certainly without necessity, reads—the sweet world's taste.

So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

Pand. You, in the right of lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green you are, and fresh in this old world!
John lays you plots⁶; the times conspire with you:

For he, that sleeps his safety in true blood⁷,

Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.

This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts

Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;

That none so small advantage shall step forth,

To check his reign, but they will cherish it:

No natural exhalation in the sky,

No scape of nature⁸, no distemper'd day,

No common wind, no custom'd event,

But they will pluck away his natural cause,

And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,

Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,

Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lew. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,

If that young Arthur be not gone already,

Even at that news he dies: and then the hearts

Of all his people shall revolt from him,

And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;

And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,

Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.

Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot;

And, O, what better matter breeds for you,

Than I have nam'd!—The bastard Faulconbridge

Is now in England, ransacking the church,

Offending charity: If but a dozen French

Were

⁶ That is, lays plots, which must be serviceable to you. Perhaps our author wrote—*your* plots. John is doing your business.

⁷ The blood of him that has the *just* claim.

⁸ The author very finely calls a *monstrous birth*, an *escape of nature*. As if it were produced while she was busy elsewhere, or intent on some other thing.

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Were there in arms, they would be as a call⁹
 To train ten thousand English to their side;
 Or, as a little snow¹, tumbled about,
 Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
 Go with me to the king: 'Tis wonderful,
 What may be wrought out of their discontent:
 Now that their souls are top-full of offence,
 For England go; I will whet on the king.

Lew. Strong reasons make strange actions: Let us go;
 If you say, ay, the king will not say, no. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Northampton². *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter HUBERT, and two Attendants.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and, look thou stand
 Within the arras: when I strike my foot
 Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth;
 And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
 Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

1. Attend. I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to't.—

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

⁹ The image is taken from the manner in which birds are sometimes caught; one being placed for the purpose of drawing others to the net, by his note or call.

¹ Bacon, in his *History of Henry VII.* speaking of Siminel's march, observes, that "their snow-ball did not gather as it went."

² The fact is, that Arthur was first confined at Falaise, and afterwards at Rouen in Normandy, where he was put to death.—Our author has deviated in this particular from the history, and brought King John's nephew to England; but there is no circumstance, either in the original play, or in this of Shakspeare, to point out the particular castle in which he is supposed to be confined. The castle of Northampton has been mentioned in some modern editions as the place, merely because in the first act King John *seems* to have been in that town.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!

Methinks, no body should be sad, but I:

Yet, I remember, when I was in France,

Young gentlemen would be as sad as night³,

Only for wantonness. By my christendom⁴,

So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,

I should be as merry as the day is long;

And so I would be here, but that I doubt

My uncle practises more harm to me:

He is afraid of me, and I of him:

Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?

No, indeed, is't not; And I would to heaven,

I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate

He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:

Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch.

[*Aside.*]

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:

In sooth, I would you were a little sick;

That I might sit all night, and watch with you:

I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.—

Read here, young Arthur. [*showing a paper.*] How now,
foolish rheum!

[*Aside.*]

Turning dispiteous torture out of door!

I must

³ It should seem that this affectation had found its way into England, as it is ridiculed by B. Jonson in the character of Master Stephen in *Every Man in his Humour*, 1601. I doubt whether our Author had any authority for attributing this species of affectation to the French. He generally ascribes the manners of England to all other countries.

MALONE.

⁴ This word is used both here and in *All's Well* that ends well, for baptism, or rather the baptismal name: nor is this use of the word peculiar to our author. Lilly, his predecessor, has employed the word in the same way.

I must be brief; lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
And I did never ask it you again:

And with my hand at midnight held your head;

And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,

Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;

Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?

Or, What good love may I perform for you?

Many a poor man's son would have lain still,

And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;

But you at your sick service had a prince.

Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,

And call it cunning; Do, an if you will:

If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,

Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?

These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,

So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it;

And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah! none, but in this iron age, would do it!

The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,

Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,

And quench this fiery indignation*,

X 3 Even

* The participle *beat*, though now obsolete, was in use in our author's time. So, in the sacred writings: "He commanded that they should heat the furnace one seven times more than it was wont to be *beat*."

As the iron is not yet produced, perhaps our author wrote—*fiery indignation*. By *this fiery indignation*, however, he might mean, —the indignation *thus* produced by the iron being made red-hot for such an inhuman purpose. These last words are taken from the Bible. In the Epistle to the Hebrews, we read—"a certain fearful looking-for of judgment and fiery indignation."

Even in the matter of mine innocence:
 Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
 But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
 Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
 An if an angel should have come to me,
 And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
 I would not have believ'd him; no tongue, but Hubert's.
Hub. Come forth.

Re-enter Attendants, with cord, irons, &c.

Do as I bid you.
Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,
 Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boist'rous-rough?
 I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
 For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
 Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
 And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
 I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
 Nor look upon the iron angrily:
 Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
 Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

1. *Attend.* I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

[Exeunt Attendants.]

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend;
 He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—
 Let him come back, that his compassion may
 Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven!—that there were but a moth in
 yours,

A grain,

Shakspeare very probably meant this line to have been broken off
 imperfectly; thus:

I would not have believ'd him's tongue; but Hubert's—
 The old reading is, however, sense.

Our author, who has borrowed so much from the sacred writings,
 without doubt remembered, And why beholdest thou the moth that

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A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

Artb. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue²,
So I may keep mine eyes; O, spare mine eyes;
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Artb. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief³,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extremes: See else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal²;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Artb. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog, that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office: only you do lack

X 4

That

is in thy brother's eye," &c. A *mote* is a small particle of straw or chaff. It is likewise used by old writers for an *atom*.

¹ This is according to nature. We imagine no evil so great as that which is near us.

² The sense is: *the fire*, being created not to hurt, but to comfort, is dead with grief for finding itself used in acts of cruelty, which, being innocent, I have not deserved.

³ Dr. Gray says, "that no malice in a burning coal is certainly absurd, and that we should read:

"There is no malice burning in this coal." STARRS.

Dr. Grey's remark in this passage is an hyper-criticism. The coal was still burning, for Hubert says, "he could revive it with his breath:" but it had lost for a time its power of injuring by the abatement of its heat.

That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live²; I will not touch thine eye
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu;
Your uncle must not know but your are dead:
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence; no more: Go closely in with me³;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [Exit.

SCENE II.

The same. A Room of state in the Palace.

*Enter King JOHN, crown'd; PEMBROKE, SALISBURY,
and other Lords. The king takes his state.*

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pemb. This once again, but that your highness pleas'd,
Was once superfluous³: you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;

Fresh

¹ The meaning is not,—keep your eyesight, that you may live (for he might have lived though blind). The words, agreeably to a common idiom of our language, mean, no more than live.

² i. e. secretly, privately. So, in the *Arbust's Tragedy*, 1612, Act IV. sc. i. "Enter Frisco *closely*."—Again, in Sir Henry Wotton's *Parallel's*—"that when he was free from restraint, he should *closely* take out a lodging at Greenwich."

³ This one time more was one time more than enough. John's second coronation was at Canterbury in 1201. He was crowned a third time at the same place, after the murder of his nephew, in April 1203; probably with a view of confirming his title to the throne, his competitor no longer standing in his way.

Fresh expectation troubled not the land,
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title⁶ that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

Pemb. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told⁷;
And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured:
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pemb. When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness:
And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse;
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault⁸,
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counsel: but it pleas'd your highness
To over-bear it; and we are all well pleas'd;
Since all and every part of what we would⁹,
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation

X. 5

I have

⁶ To guard, is to fringe; or rather, to ornament with a border, or lace.

⁷ We have already had this allusion in a former scene.

⁸ Fault means blemish.

⁹ Since the whole and each particular part of our wishes, &c.

I have possess'd you with, and think them strong;
And more, more strong (when lesser is my fear)
I shall indue you with: Mean time, but ask
What you would have reform'd, that is not well;
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pemb. Then I, (as one that am the tongue of these,
To sound the purposes¹ of all their hearts,)
Both for myself and them, (but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies,) heartily request
The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument,—
If, what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why then your fears² (which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong) should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise³?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no further ask,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal, he have his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so; I do commit his youth

Enter HUBERT.

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you?

Pemb. This is the man should do the bloody deed;
He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine:

The

¹ To declare, to publish the desires of all those.

² The construction is, If you have a good title to what you now quietly possess, why then should your fears move you, &c.

³ In the middle ages the whole education of princes and noble youths consisted in martial exercises, &c. These could not be easily had in a prison, where mental improvements might have been afforded as well as any where else; but this sort of education never entered into the thoughts of our active, warlike, but illiterate nobility.

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The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does shew the mood of a much-troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe, 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience⁴,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set⁵:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pemb. And, when it breaks⁶, I fear, will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:—
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead;
He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd, his sickness was past cure.

Pemb. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was
Before the child himself felt he was sick:
This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame,
That greatness should so grossly offer it:—
So thrive it in your game! and so farewell.

Pemb. Stay yet, lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood, which ow'd the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold; Bad world the while!

X 6

This

⁴ Between the criminal act that he *planned* and commanded to be executed, and the reproaches of his conscience consequent on the execution of it.

⁵ But heralds are not planted, I presume, in the midst betwixt two lines of battle; though they, and trumpets, are often sent over from party to party, to propose terms, demand a parley, &c. I have therefore ventured to read—*sent*. THEOBALD.

Set is not *fixed*, but only *placed*; heralds must be *set* between battles in order to be *sent* between them. JOHNSON.

⁶ This is but an indelicate metaphor, taken from an impostumated tumour.

This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt. [*Exeunt* Lords.]

K. John. They burn in indignation; I repent:
There is no sure foundation set on blood;
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.—

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast; Where is that blood,
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather:—How goes all in France?

Mes. From France to England?—Never such a power
For any foreign preparation,
Was levy'd in the body of a land!
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;
For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care;
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

Mes. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April, dy'd
Your noble mother: And, as I hear, my lord,
The lady Constance in a frenzy dy'd
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
O, make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers!—What! mother dead?
How wildly then walks my estate in France?⁷—
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,
That thou for truth giv'st out, are landed here?

Mes. Under the Dauphin.

Enter

⁷ The king asks how all goes in France; the messenger catches the word goes, and answers, that whatever is in France goes now into England.

⁸ i. e. How ill my affairs go in France!—The verb, to walk, is used with great licence by old writers. It often means to go; to move.

Enter the BASTARD, and Peter of Pomfret.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Bast. But, if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amaz'd
Under the tide: but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood; and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Bast. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But, as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasy'd;
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:
And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhimes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore did'st thou say
so?

Pet. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him; imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd:
Deliver him to safety*, and return,
For I must use thee.—O my gentle cousin,

[Exit HUBERT, with Peter.]

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

Bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it:
Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury,
(With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire.)
And others more, going to seek the grave

* That is, Give him into safe custody.

Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies:
I have a way to win their loves again;
Bring them before me.

Basf. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.—
O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!—
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels;
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Basf. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.

[Exit.

K. John. Spoke like a sprightly noble gentleman.—
Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.

Mef. With all my heart, my liege.

[Exit.

K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say, five moons were seen to-
night:

Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons?

Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the streets
Do prophecy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths;
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he, that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist;
Whilst he, that hears, makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,

The

10 This incident is mentioned in the old *King John*.

The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
 With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
 Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
 Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste
 Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet²),
 Told of a many thousand warlike French,
 That were embattled and rank'd in Kent;
 Another lean unwash'd artificer
 Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
 Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
 Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause
 To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings³, to be attended
 By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
 To break within the bloody house of life:
 And, on the winking of authority,
 To understand a law; to know the meaning
 Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
 More upon humour than advis'd respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and
 earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
 Witness against us to damnation!
 How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
 Makes deeds ill done? Hadest not thou been by,
 A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,

Quoted,

² Shakspeare seems to have confounded the man's shoes with his gloves. He that is frighted or hurried may put his hand into the wrong glove, but either shoe will equally admit either foot. The author seems to be disturbed by the the disorder which he describes. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson forgets that ancient *slippers* might possibly be very different from modern ones.

³ This plainly hints at Davison's case, in the affair of Mary queen of Scots. It is extremely probable that our author meant to pay his court to Elizabeth by this covert apology for her conduct to Mary. The queen of Scots was beheaded in 1587, some years before he had produced any play on the stage.

Quoted ⁴, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
 This murder had not come into my mind:
 But, taking note of thy abhor'd aspect,
 Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
 Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,
 I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
 And thou, to be endeared to a king,
 Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,—

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head ⁵, or made a
 pause,
 When I spake darkly what I purposed;
 Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
 And bid me tell my tale in express words;
 Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
 And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
 But thou didst understand me by my signs,
 And didst in signs again parley with sin;
 Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
 And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
 The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.—
 Out of my sight, and never see me more!
 My nobles leave me; and my state is brav'd,
 Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
 Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
 This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
 Hostility and civil tumult reigns

Between

4 i. e. observed, distinguish'd.

5 There are many touches of nature in this conference of John with Hubert. A man engaged in wickedness would keep the profit to himself, and transfer the guilt to his accomplice. These reproaches vented against Hubert are not the words of art or policy, but the eruptions of a mind swelling with consciousness of a crime, and desirous of discharging its misery on another.

This account of the timidity of guilt is drawn *ad ipsos recessibus mentis*, from the intimate knowledge of mankind; particularly that line in which he says, that to have bid him tell his tale in express words, would have struck him dumb: nothing is more certain, than that bad men use all the arts of fallacy upon themselves, palliate their actions to their own minds by gentle terms, and hide themselves from their own detection in ambiguities and subterfuges.

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Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you,
Young Arthur is alive: This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,
And you have slander'd nature in my form;
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O, answer not; but to my closet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haste:
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast. *[Exeunt,*

S C E N E III.

The same. Before the Castle.

Enter ARTHUR on the walls.

Art. The wall is high; and yet will I leap down
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!

Nothing can be falser than what Hubert here says in his own vindication; for we find, from a preceding scene, the motion of a murd'rous thought had entered into him, and that very deeply: and it was with difficulty that the tears, the intreaties, and the innocence of Arthur had diverted and suppressed it.

In what manner Arthur was deprived of his life, is not ascertained: Matthew Paris, relating the event, uses the word *conuincit*; and indeed as King Philip afterwards publicly accused King John of putting his nephew to death, without mentioning either the manner of it or his accomplices,

There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,
 This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
 I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
 If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
 I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
 As good to die, and go, as die, and stay. [*leaps down.*]
 O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:—
 Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones! [*dies.*]

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at saint Edmund's-bury;
 It is our safety, and we must embrace
 This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pemb. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?

Sal. The count Melun, a noble lord of France;
 Whose private with me^a, of the Dauphin's love,
 Is much more general than these lines import.

Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Sal. Or, rather, then set forward: for 'twill be
 Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet^a.

Enter the BASTARD.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords!
 The king, by me, requests your presence straight.

Sal. The king hath dispossest^d himself of us;

We

accomplices, we may conclude that it was conducted with impenetrable secrecy. The French historians however say, that John coming in a boat, during the night-time, to the castle of Rouen, where the young prince was confined, ordered him to be brought forth, and having stabbed him, while supplicating for mercy, the king fastened a stone to the dead body, and threw it into the Seine, in order to give some colour to a report, which he afterwards caused to be spread, that the prince attempting to escape out of a window of the tower of the castle, fell into the river, and was drowned.

^a i. e. whose private account of the Dauphin's affection to our cause, is much more ample than the letters.

⁹ This phrase, so frequent in our old writers, is not well understood. *Or* is here the same as *et*, i. e. *beside*. The addition of *ever*, or *e'er*, is merely augmentative. That *or* has the full sense of *beside*, and that *e'er* when joined with it is merely augmentative, is proved from innumerable passages in our ancient writers, wherein *or* occurs simply without *e'er*, and must bear that signification.

We will not line his thin bestained cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks:
Return, and tell him so; we know the worst.

Bast. What e'er you think, good words, I think, were best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now¹.

Bast. But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore, 'twere reason, you had manners now.

Pemb. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

Bast. 'Tis true; to hurt his master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison: What is he lies here?

[*Seeing ARTHUR.*]

Pemb. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

Big. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?

Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this object,
Form such another? This is the very top,

The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,

The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,

Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pemb. All murders past do stand excus'd in this;
And this, so sole, and so unmatched,

Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten sin of times;

And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exempl'd by this heinous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,

If

¹ To reason, in Shakspeare, is not so often to argue, as to talk.

If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?—
We had a kind of light, what would ensue:
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice, and the purpose, of the king:
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow;
Never to taste the pleasures of the world;
Never to be infected with delight;
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving at the worship of revenge.

Pemb. Big. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you:
Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.

Sal. O, he is bold, and blushes not at death:
Aye, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

Hub. I am no villain.

² This is a copy of the verse made in the ages of superstition and chivalry.

³ The *worship* is the *dignity*, the *honour*. We still say *respectful* of magistrates. JOHNSON.

I think it should be—*a glory to this head*;—pointing to the dead prince, and using the word *worship* in its common acceptation. *A glory* is a frequent term.

"Round a quaker's beaver cast a *glory*," says Mr. Pope: the solemn confirmation of the other lords seems to require this sense. The late Mr. Gray was much pleased with this correction. FARMER.

The old reading seems right to me, and means,—*till I have famed and renowned my own hand by giving it the honour of revenge for so foul a deed*. *Glory* means *splendor* and *magnificence* in St. Matthew.

TOLLET.

I think the old reading the true one. In the next act we have the following lines:

"—— I will not return,

"Till my attempt so much be glorify'd

"As to my ample hope was promised." MALONE.

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Sal. Must I rob the law? [*drawing his sword.*]

Bas. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again,

Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.

Hub. Stand back, lord Salisbury, stand back, I say;
By heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours;

I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,

Nor tempt the danger of my true defence⁴;

Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget

Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Big. Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?

Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not prove me so;

Yet, I am none⁵: Whose tongue so'er speaks false,

Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pemb. Cut him to pieces.

Bas. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gaul you, Faulconbridge.

Bas. Thou wert better gaul the devil, Salisbury:

If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,

Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,

I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;

Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron⁶,

That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?
Second a villain, and a murderer?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Big. Who kill'd this prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep

My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rheum;

And

⁴ *Honest* defence; defence in a good cause.

⁵ Do not make me a murderer by compelling me to kill you; I am hitherto not a murderer.

⁶ The same thought is found in *King Henry V*: "I dare not fight, but I will wink and hold out mine iron. It is a simple one, but what though? it will *toast cheese*."

And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse⁷ and innocency.
Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly favours of a slaughter-house;
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

Big. Away, toward Bury, to the Dadphin there!

Pemb. There, tell the king, he may enquire us out.

[*Exeunt* Lords.]

Bast. Here's a good world!—Knew you of this fair
work?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir.

Bast. Ha! I'll tell thee what;

Thou art damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul,—

Bast. If thou didst but consent

To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on: or, would'st thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.—
I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.—

I am amaz'd, methinks; and lose my way

Among

⁷ *Remorse* here, as almost every where in these plays, and the con-
temporary books, signifies *pity*.

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Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
 How easy dost thou take all England up!
 From forth this morsel of dead royalty;
 The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
 Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
 To tug, and scramble^a, and to part by the teeth
 The unowed interest^b of proud-swelling state.
 Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty,
 Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
 And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
 Now powers from home, and discontents at home,
 Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits
 (As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast)
 The imminent decay of wrested pomp^c.
 Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture can
 Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,
 And follow me with speed; I'll to the king:
 A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
 And heaven itself doth frown upon the land. [Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King JOHN, PANDULPH with the Crown, and Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
 The circle of my glory.

Pand. Take again [giving John the crown,
 From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
 Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the
 French;

And

^a — and scramble.] i. e. scramble.

^b That is, the interest which is not at this moment legally possessed by any one, however rightfully entitled to it. On the death of Arthur, the right to the English crown devolved to his sister, Eleanor.

^c *Wrested pomp* is greatness obtained by violence. Or, rather, greatness wrested from its possessor.

And from his holiness use all your power
 To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.
 Our discontented counties do revolt;
 Our people quarrel with obedience;
 Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,
 To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
 This inundation of mistemper'd humour
 Rests by you only to be qualify'd.
 Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,
 That present medicine must be minister'd,
 Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
 Upon your stubborn usage of the pope:
 But, since you are a gentle convertite²,
 My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
 And make fair weather in your blustering land.
 On this Ascension-day, remember well,
 Upon your oath of service to the pope,
 Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [*Exit.*]

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet
 Say, that, before Ascension-day at noon,
 My crown I should give off? Even so I have:
 I did suppose, it should be on constraint;
 But heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the BASTARD.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out,
 But Dover castle: London hath receiv'd,
 Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:
 Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
 To offer service to your enemy;
 And wild amazement hurries up and down
 The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
 After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the streets;
 An empty casket, where the jewel of life

² A *convertite* (a word often used by our old writers, where we should now use *convert*), signified either, one converted to the faith, or one reclaimed from worldly pursuits, and devoted to penitence and religion.

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By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me, he did live.

Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.

But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?

Be great in act, as you have been in thought;

Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,

Govern the motion of a kingly eye:

Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;

Threaten the threat'ner, and out-face the brow

Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,

That borrow their behaviours from the great,

Grow great by your example, and put on

The dauntless spirit of resolution.

Away; and glitter like the god of war,

When he intendeth to become the field:

Shew boldness, and aspiring confidence.

What, shall they seek the lion in his den?

And fright him there; and make him tremble there?

O, let it not be said!—Forage³, and run

To meet displeasure farther from the doors;

And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with me,

And I have made a happy peace with him;

And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers

Led by the Dauphin.

Bast. O inglorious league!

Shall we, upon the footing of our land,

Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,

Insinuation, parley, and base truce,

To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,

A cocker⁴ silken wanton brave our fields,

Mocking his spirit in a warlike foil,

Mocking the air with colours idly spread,

And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:

Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;

Or if he do, let it at least be said,

They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

VOL. III.

Y

Bast.

³ To *forage* is here used in its original sense, for to range abroad.

Bast. Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe⁴. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A Plain near St. Edmund's-bury.

Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and Soldiers.

Lew. My lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance:
Return the precedent⁵ to these lords again;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal, and an unurg'd faith,
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a fore of time
Should seek a plaister by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,
By making many: O, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker; O, and there,
Where honourable rescue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury:
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physick of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—
And is't not pity, O my grieved friends!
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger march⁶

Upon

⁴ Faulconbridge means; for all their boasting I know very well that our party is able to cope with one yet prouder and more confident of its strength than theirs.

⁵ i. e. the original treaty between the Dauphin and the English lords.

⁶ Our author often uses *stranger* as an adjective. See the last scene.

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Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
 Her enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw and weep
 Upon the spot⁷ of this enforced cause,)
 To grace the gentry of a land remote,
 And follow unacquainted colours here?
 What, here?—O nation, that thou could'st remove!
 That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
 Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
 And grapple thee unto a pagan shore⁸;
 Where these two Christian armies might combine
 The blood of malice in a vein of league,
 And not to spend it so unneighbourly⁹!

Lew. A noble temper dost thou shew in this;
 And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom,
 Do make an earthquake of nobility.
 O, what a noble combat hast thou fought,
 Between compulsion, and a brave respect¹!
 Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
 That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
 My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
 Being an ordinary inundation;
 But this effusion of such manly drops,
 This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
 Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
 Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
 Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
 Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
 And with a great heart heave away this storm:
 Commend these waters to those baby eyes,

⁷ Spot is used here for *stain*.

⁸ Our author seems to have been thinking on the wars carried on by Christian princes in the holy land against the Saracens; where the united armies of France and England might have laid their mutual animosities aside, and fought in the cause of Christ, instead of fighting against brethren and countrymen, as Salisbury and the other English noblemen who had joined the Dauphin, were about to do.

⁹ This is one of many passages, in which Shakspeare concludes a sentence without attending to the manner in which the former part of it is constructed.

¹ This *compulsion* was the necessity of a reformation in the state; which, according to Salisbury's opinion (who, in his speech preceding, calls it an *enforced cause*,) could only be procured by foreign arms: and the *brave respect* was the love of his country.

Upon
 well that
 confident of

English lords,
 last scene.

That never saw the giant world enrag'd;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity,
As Lewis himself:—so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter PANDULPH, attended.

And even there, methinks, an angel spake²:
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven;
And on our actions set the name of right,
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France!
The next is this,—king John hath reconcil'd
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome:
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war;
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in shew.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back;
I am too high-born to be property'd,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chāstis'd kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;

And

² Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton read here—as
angel speaks. I think unnecessarily. The Dauphin does not yet hear
the legate indeed, nor pretend to hear him; but seeing him advance,
and concluding that he comes to animate and authorize him with the
power of the church, he cries out, *at the sight of this holy man, I am
encouraged as by the voice of an angel.* JOHNSON.

Rather, *as what I have now said*, an angel spake; for see, the
holy legate approaches, to give a warrant from heaven, and the name of
right to our cause. MALONE.

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And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
 With that same weak wind which enkindled it;
 You taught me how to know the face of right,
 Acquainted me with interest to this land,
 Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart;
 And come ye now to tell me, John hath made
 His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
 I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
 After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
 And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,
 Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
 Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
 What men provided, what munition sent,
 To underprop this action? is't not I,
 That undergo this charge? who else but I,
 And such as to my claim are liable,
 Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
 Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roy! as I have bank'd their towns?
 Have I not here the best cards for the game,
 To win this easy match play'd for a crown?
 And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
 No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return
 Till my attempt so much be glorify'd
 As to my ample hope was promised
 Before I drew this gallant head of war,
 And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
 To out-look conquest, and to win renown
 Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—

[Trumpet sounds.]

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the BASTARD, attended.

Bast. According to the fair-play of the world,

Y 3 Let
 3 Bank'd their towns may mean, thrown up entrenchments before
 their towns. But the old play of *King John* leaves this interpretation
 extremely disputable. It appears from thence that these salutations
 were given to the Dauphin as he sailed along the banks of the river.
 This, I suppose, Shakspeare calls *banking* the towns. STEEVENS.

Let me have audience; I am sent to speak:—
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
'The youth says well:—Now hear our English king;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepar'd; and reason too, he should:
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd sawciness, and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand, which had the strength, even at your door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch;
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;
To crouch in litter of your stable planks;
To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks;
To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons; and to thrill, and shake,
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Thinking this voice an armed Englishman;—
Shall that victorious hand be feeble here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No: Know, the gallant monarch is in arms;
And like an eagle o'er his airy towers⁶,
To fouse annoyance that comes near his nest.—
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neros, ripping up the womb

OF

⁴ To take the hatch, is to leap the hatch. To take a badge or a ditch is the hunter's phrase.

⁵ I believe our author, with his accustomed licence, used *concealed* for *concealing*; wells that afforded concealment and protection to those who took refuge there. MALONE.

⁶ An airy is the nest of an eagle.

Of your dear mother England, blush for shame:
 For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,
 Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;
 Their thimbles into armed gantlets change,
 Their needs to lances, and their gentle hearts
 To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace;
 We grant, thou canst out-scold us: fare thee well;
 We hold our time too precious to be spent
 With such a brabler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Bast. No, I will speak.

Lew. We will attend to neither:—

Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
 Plead for our interest, and our being here.

Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
 And so shall you, being beaten: Do but start
 An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
 And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
 That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
 Sound but another, and another shall,
 As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
 And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand
 (Not trusting to this halting legate here,
 Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need,)
 Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
 A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
 To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A field of battle.

Alarums. Enter King JOHN, and HUBERT.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear: How fares your majesty?

Y 4

K. John.

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me; O, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,
Desires your majesty to leave the field;
And send him word by me, which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinestead, to the abbey
there.

Mes. Be of good comfort; for the great supply⁷,
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands.
This news was brought to Richard⁸ but even now:
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.—
Set on toward Swinestead: to my litter straight;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

The same. Another part of the same.

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and Others.

Sal. I did not think the king so stor'd with friends.

Pemb. Up once again; put spirit in the French;
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spight, alone upholds the day.

Pemb. They say, king John, sore sick, hath left the field.

Enter MELUN wounded, and led by soldiers.

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.

Pemb. It is the count Melun.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel.

⁷ Supply is here and in a subsequent passage in Scene V. used as a noun of multitude.

⁸ Sir Richard Faulconbridge;—and yet the king a little before (Act III. sc. ii.) calls him by his original name of Philip.

Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold^o;
 Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
 And welcome home again discarded faith.
 Seek out king John, and fall before his feet;
 For, if the French be lords of this loud day,
 He means to recompence the pains you take,
 By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworn,
 And I with him, and many more with me,
 Upon the altar at saint Edmund's-bury;
 Even on that altar, where we swore to you
 Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible! may this be true!

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
 Retaining but a quantity of life;
 Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax^a
 Resolveth² from his figure 'gainst the fire?
 What in the world should make me now deceive,
 Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
 Why should I then be false; since it is true
 That I must die here, and live hence by truth?
 I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
 He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
 Behold another day break in the east:
 But even this night,—whose black contagious breath
 Already smokes about the burning crest
 Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,—
 Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire;
 Paying the fine of rated treachery³,
 Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,

If

^o This expression appears to have been proverbial; intimating that *fool play* has been used. I have met with it in many old English books, but cannot at present turn to the instances. MALONE.

¹ This is said in allusion to the images made by witches. Holinshed observes that it was alledged against dame Eleanor Cobham and her confederates, "that they had devised an *image of wax*, representing the king, which by their sorceries by little and little consumed, intending thereby in conclusion to waste and destroy the king's person."

² i. e. *dissolveth*. So, in *Hamlet*:

"Thaw, and *resolve* itself into a dew."

³ It were easy to change *rated*, to *bated*, for an easier meaning; but *rated* suits better with *fine*. The Dauphin has *rated* your treachery, and set upon it a *fine* which your lives must pay.

If Lewis by your assistance win the day,
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king;
The love of him,—and this respect besides,
For that my grandfire was an Englishman,—
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee,—And bespew my soul
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight;
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course⁴,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'er-look'd,
And calmly run on in obedience,
Even to our ocean, to our great king John.—
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye⁵.—Away, my friends! New flight;
And happy newness⁶, that intends old right.

[*Exeunt, leading off Melun.*]

SCENE V.

The same. The French Camp.

Enter Lewis, and his Train.

Lew. The sun of heaven, methought, was loth to set;
But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,
When the English measur'd backward their own ground
In faint retire: O, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,

After

⁴ *Rank*, as applied to water, here signifies *exuberant*, ready to overflow: as applied to the actions of the speaker and his party, it signifies *inordinate*.

⁵ *Right* signifies *immediate*. It is now obsolete.

⁶ *Happy innovation*, that purposed the restoration of the ancient rightful government.

After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
And wound our tattering⁷ colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!—

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

Lew. Here:—What news?

Mes. The count Melun is slain; the English lords,
By his persuasion, are again fallen off:
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.

Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy very heart!
I did not think to be so sad to-night,
As this hath made me.—Who was he, that said,
King John did fly, an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

Mes. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lew. Well; keep good quarter, and good care to-night:
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

An open place in the neighbourhood of Swinestead Abbey.

Enter the BASTARD, and HUBERT, meeting.

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I
shoot.

Bast. A friend:—What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bast. Whither dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee? Why may not I demand
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

Bast. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will, upon all hazards, well believe

Thou

⁷ Tattering, which in the spelling of our author's time was tattering, is used for tatter'd. The active and passive participles are employed by him very indiscriminately.

Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:
Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt: an if thou please,
Thou may'st befriend me so much, as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyeless night,
Have done me shame:—Brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?

Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.

Bast. Brief, then; and what's the news?

Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Bast. Shew me the very wound of this ill news;
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk;
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

Hub.

Not one of the historians who wrote within sixty years after the death of King John, mentions this very improbable story. The tale is, that a monk, to revenge himself on the king for a saying at which he took offence, poisoned a cup of ale, and having brought it to his majesty, drank some of it himself to induce the king to taste it, and soon afterwards expired. Thomas Wykes is the first who relates it in his Chronicle, as a report. According to the best accounts John died at Newark, of a fever.

That you might be able to prepare instantly for the sudden revolution in affairs which the king's death will occasion, in a better manner than you could have done, if you had not known of it till the event had actually happened, and the kingdom was reduced to a state of confusion and quiet.

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,

And brought prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!—
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,
These Lincoln washes have devoured them;
Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escap'd.
Away, before! conduct me to the king;
I doubt, he will be dead, or ere I come. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII.

The Orchard of Swinstead-Abbey.

Enter Prince HENRY, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

P. Hen. It is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly¹; and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pemb. His highness yet doth speak; and holds belief,
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.—
Doth he still rage? *[Exit Bigot.]*

Pemb. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

P. Hen. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes,
In their continuance, will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,

Leaves

¹ i. e. corruptively. Such was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age.

Leaves them invisible²; and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies;
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves³. 'Tis strange, that death should
sing.—

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude⁴.

*Re-enter BIGOT, and Attendants, who bring in King JOHN
in a chair.*

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty?

K. John. Poison'd,—ill fare;—dead, forsook, cast off:
And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;

Nor

² *Invisible* is here used adverbially. Death, having glutted himself with the ravage of the almost wasted body, and knowing that the disease with which he has assailed it is mortal, before its dissolution, proceeds, from mere satiety, to attack the mind, leaving the body *invisible*; that is, in such a secret manner that the eye cannot *precisely* mark his progress, or see when his attack on the vital powers has ended, and that on the mind begins; or in other words, at what particular moment reason ceases to perform its function, and the understanding, in consequence of a corroding and mortal malady, begins to be disturbed. Henry is here only pursuing the same train of thought which we find in his first speech in the present scene.

³ In their tumult and hurry of resorting to the last tenable part.

⁴ A description of the Chaos almost in the very words of Ovid:

Quem dixere Chaos; rudis indigestaque moles. *Met. l.*

Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom ; nor intreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold :—I do not ask you much,
I beg cold comfort ; and you are so strait,
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O, that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you !

K. John. The salt in them is hot.—
Within me is a hell ; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprieveable condemned blood.

Enter the BASTARD.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye :
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd ;
And all the shrouds⁵, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair :
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered ;
And then all this thou see'st, is but a clod,
And module⁶ of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward ;
Where, heaven he knows, how we shall answer him :
For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood⁷.

[*The king dies.*
Sal.

⁵ Shakspeare here uses the word *shrouds* in its true sense. The *shrouds* are the great ropes, which come from each side of the mast. In modern poetry the word frequently signifies the sails of a ship.

⁶ *Module* and *model*, it has been already observed, were in our author's time only different modes of spelling the same word. *Model* signified not an archetype after which something was to be formed, but the thing formed after an archetype ; and hence it is used by Shakspeare and his contemporaries for a *representation*.

⁷ This untoward accident really happened to king John himself. As he passed from Lynn to Lincolnshire, he lost by an inundation all his treasure, carriages, baggage, and regalia.

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.—
My liege! my lord!—But now a king,—now thus.

P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay!

Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge;
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.—
Now, now, you stars, that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers? Shew now your mended faiths;
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction, and perpetual shame,
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems, you know not then so much as we:
The cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin;
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal:
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Bast. Let it be so:—And you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr'd;
For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then.

And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!

To

To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

P. Hen. I have a kind soul, that would give you thanks;
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

Bast. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs⁸.—
This England never did (nor never shall)

Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true⁹. [Exeunt.]

⁸ Let us now indulge in sorrow, since there is abundant cause for it. England has been long a scene of confusion, and its calamities have anticipated our tears. By those which we now shed, we only pay her what is her due. MALONE.

⁹ The tragedy of *K. John*, though not written with the utmost power of Shakspeare, is varied with a very pleasing interchange of incidents and characters. The lady's grief is very affecting; and the character of the Bastard contains that mixture of greatness and levity which this author delighted to exhibit.

THE END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.



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